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William Scott Ament

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William Scott Ament

Missionary of the American
Board to China

By
HENRY D. PORTER, M. D., D. D.
Author of "Biography and Memorial of Henry Dickinson Smith"

ILLUSTRATED

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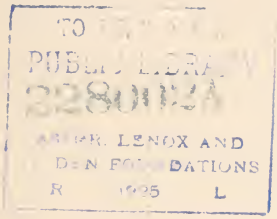

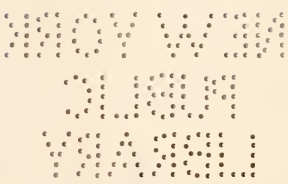

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To the Oberlin men and women
in China
Evangelists, Confessors, and Martyrs

"A noble band of men and boys
The matron and the maid,"

this record, of the earliest
of their number in service,

is gladly dedicated

DEC 1925
R FROM C. O.

The Threshold Sign

THE entrance court of many a mandarin's home is emblazoned with narrow wooden placards in red, recording the successive steps by which he has ascended from the low initial office to some high grade of influence and authority. This is the threshold sign.

All life when rightly viewed is a life of progression. The Chinese proverb sums up the thought when it says:

> He starts from the plain who ascends the heights,
> He proceeds from the near who journeys afar.

The missionary life is such a life of progress. The simple common life of a man takes on strength and beauty as its aim is to carry other lives into the high atmosphere of true living and thinking into the large atmosphere of rightly directed faith and love.

The purpose of this volume is essentially not that of eulogy. It is a study of work and service in a great cause.

There is always a place for praise and commendation in a good life. The wise and thoughtful estimate of many friends and associates will find natural expression at the appropriate place and time.

The attractiveness of the present record will be found in the details of a distant and commanding effort. It is the fascination of Christian service which invites the heart to its tables of effort and to its hope of progress.

Through fifty years of dramatic political interest, China has drawn to herself the gaze of the nations wondering at her quaintness and isolations. The recent years have informed the thinking world of China's position among the old as well as the new nations. It is of her future and

not of her past that men are making an estimate now. We know her in the large.

But of that pathway by which progress is made, by which our Western civilization is making inroads upon her isolated past, little is known in detail. And of that missionary service which assumes now such vast proportion still less has been known.

The details of such service, slowly unfolding from little to large, will be found here, recorded in familiar letters, in the individual lives influenced, and the organizations established through simple and constant as well as patient effort. In the more formal letters to the missionary secretaries will be seen clearly the political aspects of the work in hand, through commercial and diplomatic necessities.

The thrilling days of the great revolt of China against foreign influence and domination are here portrayed in clear-cut lines, with the result of a new China and a new hope.

Opportunities pass into results. The union and federation of Christians in the glad work of bringing the blessed kingdom of God to a people happily well prepared for peace and quietness of life are here shown as a rich though unfulfilled hope.

Because of these, the author ventures to solicit the interest and the prayers of his readers.

It will be fitting here to acknowledge a great indebtedness to Mrs. Ament for her careful gathering of the abundant letters, illustrating the many years of her husband's service, as well as for her frequent suggestions and counsel as to facts and occasions.

A like indebtedness is due to Miss M. G. Schirmer, and to the Rev. Dr. Leete, of New Haven, for letters and newspaper clippings.

H. D. P.

La Mesa, California.

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"A brilliant boy that I once knew,
In far-off, happy days of old,
With sweet, frank face and eyes of blue,
And hair that shone like gold;

"A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong,
A laugh infectious in its glee,
A voice as beautiful as song
When heard along the sea."

—*O'Brien.*

I

ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD

AN American transferred to China learns to estimate his ancestry from a new point of view. It is enough for the average American lad to think chiefly of the self-made man, and to rejoice in his individuality. As others have risen from humble homes to high honors or to great wealth, the ambition of the American youth leads him to make little of heredity, select his own environment, turn the tides of life and of men to his own personal development. Others have with happy daring adopted the apothegm of the untrammelled poet:

"I am Captain of my soul."

Whatever may have been the original beating of youthful wings against the bars guarded by the modern angels, Heredity and Environment, which, forceful and fateful, preside over the possibilities of life, William Scott Ament would not have hesitated to accept the prime monitions so constant among the Chinese in quotation, and so full of meaning in their application:

"Treasure the origins
Search the sources"

"The Princely man," that is the gentleman and scholar,
"Never forgets his originals."

Filial Piety adopts these ancient phrases and keeps its records as faithfully as the Scribes who gathered the names in the Scripture Chronicles. In our modern days Science and Religion join easily with patriarchal form bidding men to search and find the source of Life, of Mind, of Matter.

It is, then, with peculiar interest that one may turn to gather the items suggestive of physical and mental qualities which we are to find in the unfolding aptitudes of an American boy preparing unwittingly for a far-off and distinguished service. For us his life has a fuller interpretation when we place on record the story of ancestors whose names appear in English and New England history, as well as in that of Holland and France. The "Melting Pot" is not the discovery alone of the twentieth century.

William Scott Ament, the second child and eldest son of Winfield Scott and Emily Hammond Ament, was born at Owosso, Michigan, September 14, 1851. His father, Winfield Scott, was descended from Pieter Ament and Elizabeth van Thienhoven, who came from Holland and settled in New Jersey, near enough to New York to attend the old Dutch church, where their eleven children were baptized. These baptisms are carefully listed in the early volumes of the church records 1639–1730.

In the third generation, Eldert Ament, son of Eldert Ament, the son of Pieter, was a soldier of the Revolution, and moved to Albany, thence to Schenectady and finally to Dansville. His son William met in his native village of Dansville Susan Perine, daughter of Captain William Perine, fifth settler in Dansville. Here the line of Dutch descent joins with that of the Huguenot. William Perine was a descendant of Daniel Perrin, an immigrant, who came to America in the good ship *Philip* with Governor George Carteret in 1665. "Captain William Perine was

born in New Jersey. He served in the Revolution five years under Francis Marion, and was mustered out at the close of the war. He moved to Cambridge and thence by team to Williamsburg and finally to Dansville in 1799." The history of Dansville speaks of Captain William Perine as having gained the respect of Indians and their obedience. He was a man of weight and influence. Susan, the fifth daughter, married William Ament, a merchant of Dansville. After the death of her husband and eldest son, she married a Mr. Griswold. After the death of the latter, Mrs. Griswold and her family of sons removed to Owosso, Michigan, about 1840. The oldest of these, Winfield Scott, was a worker in iron, and went to New Orleans each winter, by steamer, to ply his trade among the plantations. Extracts from his journal are quaint and interesting.

"October 25, 1844.—Left Detroit at eight o'clock in the *Julia Palmer;* arrived at Cleveland at eight o'clock in the morning. Bargained with captain of the canal boat *Nile* to carry us through to Portsmouth for six dollars each. Cleveland is altogether a pretty place.

"October 30th.—Good country these Buckeyes have got. The Muskingum Valley is beautiful beyond description. Cornfields of a hundred acres each stretched along its banks, and the inhabitants in their log cabins present a strange contrast of wealth and poverty.

"Thursday.—Passed Newark. Quite a business place. The country now assumes a different aspect. Large and beautiful farms with elegant buildings present themselves to our view. The Coshocton too is an interesting sight with its mills and manufactories. Great Whig country this. Elected a Whig governor. All Whig poles along here. Three cheers for Ohio. 6th.—Arrived at Cincinnati this morning on steam packet *Meteor,* splendid new boat. Cincinnati is truly a great city. Crossed over to Covington by the ferry. Smart little place. We visited the iron works. About a hundred hands are employed. Iron both wrought and pig metal.

"Saturday, 6th.—Reached Memphis, Tennessee. Went up

in town—pretty place; some say three or four thousand inhabitants. I saw lots of slaves loading a steamboat with cotton, their principal export. Memphis is the largest place in the state.

"Friday morning, 22d.—Here we are in the Crescent City, six miles in length on the river and one mile in depth back into the Swamp—one canal to Lake Ponchartrain; two railroads over to Carrollton. Strange contrast to see the splendid mansion of the French grandee by the side of the hut of the poor peasant. Very narrow streets and very filthy. Sunday. —Beautiful day, fine as summer. Went to church, a fine stone building well filled with people all grades and conditions; heard a good sermon.

"Thursday, Nov. 28th.—Went out on the levee to see the ships and steamboats as far as the eye can reach up and down the river and such a multitudinous mass of human beings. Some at work lading and unlading vessels. Business men hurrying to and fro. All the cripples and paupers and wenches, with apples, oranges, or with cigars or bananas, are sitting on every log or stick of timber begging of you to buy, and little boys with their arms full of newspapers meeting you at every turn. Hoosiers, Suckers and Corn Crackers with their flatboats loaded with the products of the past season are making ready to retail their produce to the citizens of the city. Take it all in all it is a perfect Bedlam.

"February 24, 1845 (Rocky Springs, Mississippi).—Still with the planters and still pass by the appellation, the Yankee blacksmith, doing up their ploughs at the roundest rate they ever had it done. Outdoing any man that has made his appearance in the South, doing what they had never expected to have done, laying ploughs, that they had thrown by as useless. Made tools, jumped axes, and received a great deal of praise for my workmanship."

On a second trip malaria claimed Winfield as a victim, and as trade languished, he became homesick, and returned to Michigan where his brother had started the first newspaper of the town whose name, the *Argus*, still survives in a successor. His mother had left Dansville after the second period,—frame houses succeeding log,—and found herself again in frontier conditions. She is

described by those who knew her in Dansville as vivacious and quite a belle, having a dainty taste in dress and also an imperious will. Ill health and the loss of children and husband left their mark in later years upon her once bright and lively disposition. She made her home with Winfield, whose good cheer and hearty cordial ways made him a centre of attraction.

Winfield Ament made no mistake when he took as his bride Emily Hammond, of Fleming, Cayuga County, New York. Her vigorous practical mind, gentle disposition, and deeply religious nature, tinged with something of melancholy, gave her great power to help and influence those about her. Through her father, Ephraim Hammond, farmer, surveyor and legislator, she was descended from William Hammond of London, England, and Elizabeth Penn, sister of the Admiral Sir William Penn and aunt to William Penn the Quaker. "William Hammond died and was buried in London. His widow with her son Benjamin came over to New England in the troublous times of 1634, from a desire to have the liberty to serve God according to the dictates of their conscience. They arrived in Boston, September 18, 1634, in the ship *Griffin*, and had with them the Rev. John Lothrop, their minister. Mrs. Hammond lived in Boston and Watertown until 1638 when she joined Rev. John Lothrop's church in Scituate, being the thirty-third member of that church."[1] Rochester, now Marion, Mass., was long the home of the Hammond family—Ephraim's grandfather moved to Dutchess County, New York, and his father to Cayuga County. Emily's mother was Ruth Goodrich, a descendant of the Goodriches of Herefordshire. Mr. Goodrich came from England in 1640 and married Sara

[1] Hammond Genealogy, Boston, David Clapp and Son, Printers, 1894.

Marvin of Wethersfield, Conn., in 1648. Glastonbury and other Connecticut towns appear in the history, but finally Dutchess County, New York, is reached and soon Cayuga County where Ruth met her fate and marrying Ephraim Hammond became the mother of nine sons and daughters of whom the fifth was fair Emily, Winfield's bride and William Scott's mother.

Mr. Winfield Ament was a prosperous business man. After his marriage he remained in Owosso. So many came from a distance to have their tools mended and their horses shod that he was obliged to build and conduct a hotel to accommodate them. This was the first brick building in town, and with an added story is still the leading hotel, under the name of The National Hotel. He added a stage route and kept many horses for use in carrying the United States mails over bridle paths and through the forests. We learn that William Scott was early entrusted with responsibility, driving parties to a distance, and coming back alone, proud master of the team, when but eleven years old. The vigor, initiative and cheerful spirits of his father seem to have been inherited and the training in taking responsibility left a permanent mark on his character. A story is told of him when he was five years old. His elder sister Claribel and two cousins with the child were allowed one day to go with the hired man for some hay. Returning, all the children were seated on the load, Will and his cousin Addie on the sides and Claribel and the baby in the middle. Going down Ashery Hill, the horses got beyond the control of the careless driver and the children began slipping. They clasped hands and hung,—Will on one side and Addie on the other—till the bottom of the hill was reached. The hill sloped down to an Indian camp beside the Shiawassee River. It was one of the delights of the children to take hold of hands and run down the hill,

EMILY HAMMOND AMENT,
1860

WINFIELD SCOTT AMENT
1860

WILLIAM AMENT, AGE 12

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trying to stop suddenly before coming in sight of the Indians. A drunken Indian, once, chasing them to the top of the hill, put a stop to the game. These Indians, who belonged to the Chippewa Nation, camped here in the summer to fish and sell their baskets. In the winter they went back to their villages and resumed their trade of hunting. Game was plenty—deer, turkeys and sometimes bears driven down by fires in the northern woods. At a little store in Owosso a lively trade in furs was carried on.

Owosso, "This Bright Spot," on the "Sparkling Water" was indeed a beautiful place. Everywhere the forest was unbroken. Ere long a little schoolhouse appeared, and here on a little bench William began his letters, sitting in front. No studying at home in those days, and plenty of time to watch the Indian boys shooting at a mark set up in front of the store to draw their trade.

The Congregational church was the first one built in town. Before it was built, William's uncle, Daniel Gould, used to read sermons in the schoolhouse. Thus, undoubtedly, the first voice heard in public worship was that of his uncle, in the schoolhouse on Washington Street.

Winfield Ament died when the lad was only fourteen. Henceforth the guidance of his life was to be under the influence of his mother, of whom he was glad to say, "I owe all I am to my mother's prayers." Congenial natures and later common responsibilities aided in forming the closest and most affectionate companionship between mother and son. As Dr. Wilder has fittingly said: "They actually lived through life together. She followed every movement of her son with lively interest and supported him with her sympathy and prayers."

There is always something very attractive about a strong and vigorous boy, whose unconscious life overflows upon his fellows. "Will" Ament was such a boy,

happy-hearted beyond the measure of many. His bright blue eyes added something to his attractive address. He was full of life and overflowing energy. One of his early classmates at school says of him that he was a brave, free-hearted boy, whose eyes fairly danced with fun and frolic, a boy among boys, who could run, wrestle, swim and play ball with the best. This youthful eagerness in sport never failed him until the very end. The kind of youth he himself was is perhaps best illustrated in his desire as respects his boys in the school at Peking. He was wont to say, "I like a masterful boy. I try to get such into my schools. They are ready to fight and make trouble, but that is the kind that make leaders in the end." Having been from youth such a sort of leader, kindly and forceful among his fellows, he naturally sought out such. He might have quoted the brilliant Chinese proverb, "You cannot cut a bowl out of punk wood." It was the verve and energy of an inward impulse that made his boyhood happy and strong.

Many a mother, with unfailing Christian wisdom, is led almost unconsciously to the right plan of molding the thoughts or the ways of a lad. When Will was fifteen years old he planned to go to the Lakes as a sailor. The nearness to Detroit and the tales of the lake voyagers might easily lead a boy to such a thought. When he asked his mother permission to go she replied: "Yes, you may go"; but she immediately betook herself to a whole night of prayer that he might change his purpose. The boy knew what she was doing and never again mentioned the plan. It should not seem strange then that under such careful influence the ardent boy should early be led to consider himself a Christian. He joined the church at Owosso when he was twelve years old. There is both a safeguard and a peril in such early assent to the traditions of family and social life. The safeguard is in

the happy restraint which naturally follows upon the frequent lawlessness of boys and men. The peril is in later losing the high purpose aimed at in the daily experience of life. The peril and the safeguard were alike seen in the personal history of William Ament. Like many another Christian disciple he had his ups and downs. An unfortunate record of an early pastor of his church cooled the ardor of the young disciple. But that was not for long. It is recorded that a revival of religion came to the home church when William was about fourteen years of age. The death of his father about this time may have added to the serious impression made upon him.

The serious cast to his deeper thought did not hinder the onflowing of healthful youth. His high school days were full of the joy of mental and physical development. He was active in the sports of the day and was second baseman in the then local champion team, "The Blue Sox." One of his younger relatives writes of that period as follows: "I used to be one of the regular attachments of the club in those days. I can never forget just how Will appeared on the baseball diamond. I can see him, in memory this minute, and can feel the old thrill of those days when he stepped up to the plate to bat; can see him running the bases and hear the cheers and shouts as he made the usual home run. He was called 'Home run Ament,' I presume you know, because he would knock the ball clear over into the corner of the fair ground fence (or over it), and make a circuit of the bases. The impressions of those scenes will be fresh in memory if I live a hundred years,—the setting in the fields of the fair grounds, with the big trees about it. I have never seen a baseball game in later years that I do not recall the scene, and invariably as a part of it is Will Ament. To me he was the acme of everything noble, brave and

manly. Since I was a little boy he has been my ideal of a man."

It may well be believed that such a vigorous youth might the more naturally be on the outlook for something to do in the world. Sport and muscular development were the side issue even then, for at the same time he was impressed deeply and earnestly with a desire to devote his life to the highest and best things. Among the influences which he was glad to acknowledge was that of his older sister, an ardent and brilliant girl, critical in her judgments and tastes, easily the zealous leader of the younger in urging him on to the high standard she had set for herself. In all these things the kindly and careful mother was a constant help. It was fortunate for his future that a wise and thoughtful pastor, the Rev. John Patchin, could make the suggestion of taking the higher course of study at Oberlin College. Having taken part of the regular course in the Owosso High School, he entered upon further study in the Academy at Oberlin. His spiritual experiences and growth under the favoring influences at Oberlin have for us a special interest. Under the advice of his pastor, William Ament took with him a letter from the Owosso church, but he did not feel as if he could present it, and coming under some peculiar influences, natural to an expanding mind at such a period, he destroyed the letter. Later he received a new and deep spiritual impulse and joined the Second Church at Oberlin on profession of his faith. From that time on he was hearty, aggressive and fearless in meeting those who opposed Christianity, and made the service of Christ the chief thing of life. His religious life exhibited the open, hearty, buoyant qualities of after years. His former schoolmates have many memories of his kindly relation to them on his not infrequent vacations from college, and of his appeals

to them to give their lives to the love and the service of Christ. One of these records as follows :

"During vacation times we formed a very pleasant acquaintance and I believe our first visit, sitting on the top rail of a pasture fence, ended in an earnest exhortation to me to become a clean Christian boy and man, and what he tried to do for me he tried to do for all the boys."

Another of the old friends records : "The social life of Owosso at that time was very different from the present. Then everybody knew everybody else almost intimately, since the community was so small. He was the second boy from the town to go to college, and the first one to graduate, hence he was followed by the constant esteem and emulation of the village."

The life at Oberlin was ardent and strenuous, as in all our colleges of the period. We may catch a glimpse of that life in its early years in the following from Rev. Lyman B. Hall, Professor of History at Oberlin : "I first met William Ament in the fall of 1867, when he came to Oberlin and entered the Academy. During the two years of his academy study we were quite intimate. He was fond of baseball, and the acquaintance begun there was developed by an almost constant sitting together in the college chapel. Ament was one of the youngest members of the Academy, and was rather small for his age—he was sixteen—so that his appearance was eminently boyish, and as he had no affectation of mannish ways, he seemed quite a child to me at first. His bearing was thoroughly manly ; not the least suggestion of the spoiled child ; but he was so frank, so merry, so enthusiastic in his sports, so bright and quick, so fond of a good laugh, that I was quite fascinated with the boy, and in spite of my rank as a freshman, made him quite my chum for the two years of his stay in the Academy."

This is my youth,—its hopes and dreams,
How strange and shadowy it all seems,
After these many years.
Turning the pages idly so,
I look with smiles upon the woe,
Upon the joy with tears.
—*Aldrich.*

II

COLLEGE AND SEMINARY LIFE

WILLIAM AMENT entered Oberlin College with the class of 1873. The Oberlin of his day was still under the influence of Finney, Morgan and Cowles. It was often an education merely to hear Dr. Finney once, so tremendous was the urgency of his special form of Christian effort and moral impulse. How much more then, the impress of such a life continued through the molding years of college life, plastic to the touch of a noble spirit, one whom the world admires and honors. Dr. Finney's power in prayer and public address was always insistent, and his quaint originality added to his influence on young men and women. Oberlin as a storm centre of deep spiritual experiences was influenced further by the profound ardor of Professor Morgan, who sought for his pupils the spirit of true holiness. His sweetly spiritual nature was less aggressive than that of Dr. Finney. His humility may have suggested a hesitating character in contrast to that of President Finney. We are assured that Dr. Finney more often presented God as a Lawgiver, though not always. Professor Morgan spoke of Him as a Loving Father. Dr. Fairchild wrote of Professor Morgan as follows: "The influence of Professor Morgan in the enterprise was conservative in the best sense, not by reason of any inertia or immobility of nature. His enthusiasm, in any well considered movement, was always prompt, but his

breadth of nature and thought and knowledge gave him a view of all sides of every question, and he could not accept or hold an extreme position or enjoy any extreme action. He could patiently tolerate the extravagances of others because of his kindliness and hopefulness. Probably no one among the many instructors who have been at Oberlin has held a larger place in the hearts of all." Dr. Morgan's house was Will Ament's home during his senior year.

During his Academy days, however, he boarded with one of the leaders of the small and diminishing group of "perfectionists." It was this leader who at one time called upon Dr. Morgan and told him that they were concerned for his soul. With characteristic humility he invited them to kneel and pray for him. Of these perfectionists William Ament would have known little had he not boarded among them. They made quite an impression upon him but he never adopted their views. We shall read later Dr. Morgan's estimate of the student Ament. Here it will be sufficient to note his writing: "He is very young and immature. He is apt to dabble in all sorts of speculations and the writings of sceptics are apt to get a hold of his mind." What would those sainted enthusiasts think could they now return to the flesh and sit in the class rooms of the present guides of Oberlin in Philosophy and Christian Reconstruction!

William Ament bore the stamp of those days of molding influence, whatever may have been his variance in after years from the high doctrines of the Oberlin leaders.

Henceforth he was to voice, through all his effort and ardency of work, the note of unalloyed interest in every form of evangelism. This it was that turned his thoughts towards mission life, and this it was which will mark the happy years of his life service. Many a college man has said and many more have thought: "I have no doubt

forgotten all I ever learned from books, but the noble men who were my teachers have left their impress, and I shall never forget my large debt to them." Thus it is that the training of college life becomes unconsciously as well as consciously an elevating and educating force. And he who strives to secure that which is best in the training of those days finds his personal powers alert and ready for the wider experience in life towards which all that training should fitly tend. Life begets life, scholarship begets scholarship, moral purpose becomes contagious, spiritual elevation leads on to new emulation, and the awakened and energetic student follows perhaps with greater ardency the leadership of those worthy to be such friends and leaders.

"The Oberlin of those college years," writes his friend, Rev. J. Cromer, in the Envelope Series, "contained a small number of 'Holiness Propagandists,' among whom Ament walked like the sane Christian man he always was. He did not avoid them. He went at times into their meetings. He did not denounce them nor contend much with them. However, his views of the Christian life were different from theirs. It showed itself in deeds more than in professions of exceptional esoteric experiences. A classmate tells of how, returning from the winter months' work at teaching school, Ament related with joy the coming of a revival of religion to that little community, and how one and another had been converted to Christ."

The life of any college student during the decade of Ament's student life was much the same. The courses in the classical and literary departments were prescribed. There was no effort at specialization, or, if there were, it was confined to the few. The year of study was divided so that the students could have a vacation in the winter, enabling them to teach for three months. Many of the

men and women availed themselves of this privilege. William Ament acknowledged that he liked sports and athletics more than study. But such a remark is often made in a mild depreciation of one's own diligent effort in the monotony of prolonged studies. One may judge that this was eminently true with him. He had a fine record of scholarship and stood well with his class and the College. There came a time when his mental awakening received a distinct impulse and he became an ardent and successful seeker after true learning. The natural vigor and enthusiasm of his personality easily led him to make much of an ideal. The writer was once greatly interested in his criticism of an author, "He has no imagination, and gives one no chance for the play of a larger interest."

The capacity of throwing into his studies an imaginative element enhanced all of his disciplinary effort. "He had an enormous appetite for books and being left in care of one of the professor's houses one summer, devoured most of the books in the library, especially the British poets and essayists. Carlyle was his favorite." He once explained his mental awakening in the direction of literature to the writer, "It was in reading the essays of Montaigne that my mind was really aroused to the value of deep thinking and skillful expression." Those who afterwards noticed the easy affluence of his later public speech, whether in English or Chinese, might have traced it to this early enthusiasm for the best of literature. During these college years he took an interest in the literary societies. He was an active member of the Phi Kappa Pi, and especially enjoyed the debates in this open literary society.

An essential part of his college life was personal engagement in Christian work for others. He joined with many others in going out to the near-by villages and

"corners," teaching in the Sunday-schools and conducting religious services. Of him Mr. Cromer says, "Ament never came into personal relations with another without commending the Christ whom he thus early loved and served. And all this was perfectly natural and never savored of religious cant or pretense. The gift and faculty for what we call in stereotype phrase, 'The doing of personal work for Christ,' was his in a marked degree." Like many another such youth in like service it was a source of joy to him to have an opportunity of influence. The title of his oration delivered at the Junior Exhibition of his class was "Joyousness," a subject which he amply illustrated.

With these few sketches of his college career we pass on to the widening life awaiting him. He had made a good record; a good scholar, esteemed by his fellow students and teachers, an earnest, warm-hearted Christian, an enthusiastic worker, a charming friend easily coöperating with others in sport, in study, in Christian effort. To such an one the values of life are wont to be rich and full.

His first opportunity in further development came, as was most natural and fitting, in the line of teaching for a year. He became principal of the school at Richfield, Summit Co., Ohio. It is a real delight to any young man to feel the responsibility of taking care of himself. It is true that this was not the first experience in that line. One of his early friends tells us that his courageous spirit made it possible for him to work his way through college. He told this friend that he often went back to college with only money enough to pay his fare and get settled. The rest he must earn himself. At Richfield Center he encountered a sceptical atmosphere and beyond his duties as a teacher he dealt some earnest blows at the enemies of religion. He called upon President Fairchild

himself for suggestion and encouragement, which he received in a fatherly letter.

We are not let in, directly, to the secret of William Ament's decision to enter the ministry. No doubt his life at Oberlin was tending in that direction. Loyalty to the blessed Master, and pleasure in helping his fellows might point in that direction. One of his boyhood friends says of him, "He had a wonderful constructive imagination." It was easy for such friends to expect he would become an effective worker for Christ, so it may have been easy for him to decide what his life-work was to be. Undoubtedly the influence of his mother, her ideal for him not expressed in tangible form, may have been one of the underlying influences. It was at last in full consultation with her that he decided to study for the ministry. The Union Theological Seminary was his choice. The opportunity of sustaining himself there while studying was a deciding element. A crisis in the family affairs required all available funds, and his summer earnings went to leave the dear mother in a comfortable condition. He therefore arrived in New York with but a trifle in his purse. He put himself at once in touch with a Teacher's Agency in the city and secured teaching in the evenings. Ere long he was able to find more valuable work. Through the "Agency" of Miss Young he became tutor to the son of a rich family, and was able to make his way comfortably. Through Miss Young he became acquainted with Miss M. G. Shirmer, ever after his devoted friend and admirer. We shall see from his occasional letters to her how deeply he felt indebted to her for help and suggestion. Such letters will give us insights into his growing purpose, his character and work.

On Sundays, he took charge of a class in the mission school at Elizabeth and Broome Streets, following the

boys who were members of the class with loving interest for many years. He rejoiced that some of them "made good." He was ready also to extend the hand to one who came to call on him when he was once at home on furlough, though he was gloriously drunk when he came in. Once a friend, once an object of affection, always a friend whom he was ready to help in any way possible. How marked this characteristic became, his colleagues in China had abundant reason to learn.

We have a brief word from Professor Hall, regarding this period in his student life. "I met Ament, next, in the winter of 1874–1875, in New York City, when both of us were students in Union Theological Seminary. As I had followed his subsequent brilliant career in China, nothing seems to surprise me. He has always seemed to me the same character I knew as a boy of fifteen. The same enthusiasm, the same love of justice, the same courage in championing every worthy cause, the same sympathy with suffering and misfortune, the same promptness of decision and action, the same readiness to take necessary responsibility, the same generous, knightly temper, which have marked his devotion and fruitful service in China, have always seemed to me to have characterized the boy I knew in the Academy, and the man who sought to encourage and comfort me in the Seminary."

The second year of theological study was also spent at Union Theological Seminary. No doubt to him as to so many others it was an exhilarating year in the deeper studies essential to the course, and the increasing nearness to the time of wider service. Such approach enjoins progressive effort in self-culture and he used these to the best advantage. Miss M. G. Schirmer gives a brief but brilliant picture of the ardent student in a recent personal letter to Mrs. Ament: "When I go back to thirty-five

years ago and remember the happy hours he spent in my home among such lovely Christian people—how he bounded into my room saying, 'I have worked so many hours and now I am as hungry as a wolf,'—I can see my dear old Jane bringing in a tray with something nice, and I can see him, always cheerful and grateful for the smallest kindness. Those were happy days and evenings—when I went over to the Theological Seminary with a basket full of sandwiches, cakes, fruit and lemon juice sweetened, all ready to pour into a pailful of water, to enjoy with fifteen or twenty young men coming in for a share of the good things; when stories were told and jokes made as the evening was passing, when beautiful prayers were offered and dear familiar hymns were sung, and the young men would see us home—those were happy days and never to be forgotten. Your husband always had a key to the front door, and the freedom of my rooms where he could read, write, or always find a welcome to any meal he wished to stay for. I loved him as a younger brother and can never forget when he preached my mother's funeral sermon—how tenderly he spoke of my love and care for her in the days of her illness in April, 1876. May his son know what his father meant by true friendship, and how lasting ours was."

The senior year of seminary study finds Mr. Ament transferred to Andover Seminary. There were no doubt times when the teaching at Union went steadily against the grain of any free man, such as the Oberlin students were apt to be. He joined the class of 1877. There were twenty-four members in the regular course and four or five resident graduates. Of these four are widely known missionaries of the American Board in Turkey, Japan and China; three have become teachers in our theological seminaries, and others successful and beloved pastors and leaders. The class secretary is the Rev. Dr. Samuel T.

Kidder, formerly of Wisconsin, and now pastor of the Congregational church at McGregor, Iowa. The following paragraph gives a brief picture of Ament at Andover.

"I met Dr. Ament first on going to Andover in 1876 for a third seminary year. My first impression was of a boyish, happy-faced classmate, quick moving and of athletic build, who revealed none of the conventional qualities of the theologue, or the missionary volunteer which I heard he was. He had the brisk air of a genial young business man. I was not then aware that he gave promise of greatness, though he was a ready student, of easy manner, on hand for any tramp afoot or any baseball or football game with the Phillips 'Cads.' The year ran swiftly. I soon knew that he was deeper than the surface and warm of heart, that his bodily briskness and vigor symbolized alertness of mind and robustness of soul that were worth knowing. He said little of himself, but his words and prayers in the devotional meetings of the class and the Seminary were tersely and practically to the point. Somehow, without his telling, we knew that China was on his heart and he was eager to weigh anchor for the scene of his destiny."

Mr. Ament's formal application for appointment as a missionary seems not to have been made till the late autumn of his senior year at the Seminary, although he had had correspondence with the secretaries for more than a year. His letter of application is full of personal interest.

Andover, Nov. 4, 1876.

Rev. N. G. Clark, D. D.

Dear Sir:—Desiring to act as a missionary under the auspices of the American Board, I hereby present my application for appointment with the following statement:

My purpose to preach and later to be a missionary has been the result of a gradual growth. I have no visions or special

revelations on this subject, but a deepening and ever increasing conviction that my duty pointed in that direction. I have no inclination to shirk the work to which Providence has directed me, but rather rejoice that such a high privilege could be mine. From a contemplation of the various fields, my own adaptations and inclinations, I have come to desire the missionary work above all others. To help me in that work, I have a strong physical frame, in perfect health, and with no hereditary or acquired disease. I am engaged to a young lady who sympathizes with me most fully in my missionary aspirations, and has been consecrated to the work from infancy. My mother, my only near relative left to me, possesses sufficient property to free her from all dependence on me. I am confident that my desire to be a missionary is the result of no ephemeral emotion. I propose to do my life-work, to consecrate to it all my energies and to do my best. Difficulties do not appall me, for I rest assured that as my day is so my strength shall be. Obstacles greater than I shall encounter have been overcome by earnest men.

I accept the doctrines as generally held by the Congregational churches of the land. I should place as central and most important the doctrine of the Deity of Christ. If He be not God, the Bible is false, and Christianity is a huge delusion. As the God-man Christ alone possesses sufficient dignity and worth of character, such as by the sacrifice of Himself would make it safe for the Father to forgive guilty sinners. I would preach much concerning the Love of God as revealed in His glorious redemptive plan. I hold firmly to the Congregational form of church government and can recognize any man as a minister of Christ who has been regularly ordained to the work and is faithful to his trust.

There is nothing in the rules and regulations of the Board to which I could object and can discover nothing in its methods which would prevent me from working cheerfully in conformity with them.

Yours respectfully,
W. S. Ament.

A few credentials, as testimonials to an estimate of his character, from his early instructors, are full of interest.

Dr. William Adams, President of Union Seminary, writes: "He has impressed me as more than commonly

alert, frank, ingenuous, earnest and faithful. His manners are prepossessing and I know he has the confidence and affection of Christian people in the city."

Professor Morgan, of Oberlin, wrote: "He is full of ardor and industry, has a bright active mind and is not afraid of work."

President Fairchild wrote: "I regard him as an earnest, warm-hearted Christian, an enthusiastic worker, a good scholar, and safe in temper and nerves."

The following letter from Dr. Lindley, the widely known missionary to South Africa, will be read with unalloyed interest.

New Canaan, Ct., Sept. 28, 1876.

Rev. S. B. Treat,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Brother:—You ask me for my impression of Mr. Ament who is now a student at Andover. I heard him preach once, and was a guest at his mother's house for nearly three days. For good sense and solid piety his mother is much more than a common woman. I think her son is more than a common young man. His sermon was doubtless his own production, and was both in thought and style highly respectable. He has fine abilities. I noticed that he was much respected by persons of all ages in his native place, and was pleased to see an easy freedom with which he could and did address many of his acquaintances among the young people in regard to their spiritual interests. I think he has a large share of sanctified common sense and would readily adapt himself to the various circumstances into which he might come as a missionary. There is much go-ahead in him and on occasions in which cautious deliberation would be needed he might possibly decide too quickly. While I say this, I have great confidence in the soundness of his judgment. I do not hesitate to say that he should be sent, if he wishes to go on a foreign mission. If not mistaken in my opinion of him, he is amiable and will work in harmony with others. The more I saw of him during the three days I was with him the more I liked him.

Fraternally yours,
D. Lindley.

W. S. AMENT, 1877 MARY P. AMENT, 1877

OWOSSO CHURCH, WHERE AMENT WAS ORDAINED

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

The spring vacation in those days was still somewhat extended, allowing students the privilege of finding some active preaching work, thus materially aiding them in the expenses of the year. Mr. Ament used his senior vacation in visiting his home and in making fit arrangements for his early entrance upon his chosen work.

A letter to his New York friend, Miss Schirmer, the first in a long series that will interest us, tells of future plans: "On my arrival at home, after embracing my dear old mother, the first topic of conversation concerned my missionary plans. To my surprise and delight, my mother warmly commended my plans and advised me to go this fall. She says it is my life-work and the sooner I begin it the more I can accomplish. I have determined to depart in September."

Mr. Ament graduated from Andover in the early summer and returned at once to his mother's home to complete his preparation for service abroad. He writes to Secretary Clark from Owosso, August 7th:

"Mr. and Mrs. Pierson spent last Sabbath with us. He preached in the Congregational church in the morning and in the evening we had a large union service. Popular opinion on the subject of foreign missions is rapidly changing in Owosso. My mother is far more cheerful in view of my departure than I ever dared to expect. She astonishes us all with her serenity." Mr. Pierson, on furlough since early in 1876, was returning to Pao Ting Fu, with his charming wife, formerly Miss Sarah Dyer.

On the 23d of August Mr. Ament was married, at Cleveland, to Mary Alice Penfield, daughter of Professor Penfield, who had long held the professorship of Greek and Latin at Oberlin. He now lived in Cleveland. Professor Penfield was a stepson of Prof. Henry Cowles. He had married Miss Wyett, daughter of an English

gentleman. Of this mother there were a son and two daughters, Miss Mary being the younger. A maternal aunt, Miss A. M. Wyett, was for many years the teacher in painting and drawing at Oberlin College. Some years after the death of Mary's mother, Professor Penfield had married again and a third daughter was added to his family.

The ordination of Mr. Ament to the ministry and his dedication to missionary service was appointed for the 5th of September. To the people of Owosso and to the churches of Michigan, the setting apart of one so well known and admired, locally, might fittingly be called a great occasion. The pastor of the church was Rev. L. O. Lee, who later became a missionary to Central Turkey. The following newspaper clipping preserved by Mrs. Stewart, of Owosso, tells the story: "The ordination of William S. Ament as a missionary took place last Wednesday evening. The candidate passed a most creditable examination before an able council. The evening exercises were most interesting. The church was filled to overflowing, owing to the fact that Mr. Ament was brought up in Owosso and is universally esteemed as a young man of great promise for his chosen field of labor." Thus it was with a high sense of duty and with glad expectation of useful service that these young people began their journey with joy in their hearts.

From Oakland, Mr. Ament writes to his friend Miss Schirmer: "We sail October 17th. Our steamer is the *China*. I am favorably impressed with the Chinese whom we daily see. I await with impatience the study of the language that I may make known the riches of the Gospel. My mother seems to have grown in cheerfulness and serenity."

And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rock for me to break;
Some handful of His corn to take
And scatter far afield,
Till it, in turn, shall yield
Its hundred fold
Of grains of gold
To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me.
—*E. E. Hale.*

III

LIFE AT PAO TING FU

PAO TING FU was adopted as a station of the North China Mission in the spring of 1873, at the annual meeting held in Peking. It was especially attractive as a possible place of interior residence. It was the provincial capital and all the provincial officers were located there, though the governor, as Viceroy of Chihli, selected Tientsin for his main residence, spending only the winter months at Pao Ting Fu.

Rev. Isaac Pierson and Dr. A. O. Treat, stationed at Yü Chou in the mountains, felt their isolation and en route to Peking visited Pao Ting Fu. Their report was favorable and the mission easily acceded to their request to be appointed to the new charge. Their coming attracted much attention. They were kindly received and found some friends. One incident is full of special interest. Rev. W. C. Burns, the missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church, the well-known translator of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into the Mandarin speech, had passed through the city in his evangelistic tours south of Peking. He had visited a village fifty miles south of Pao Ting Fu, had taught a few men and women the gospel story. Among these was a Mr. Meng, a reading man, though

not a graduate. Some years later, Mr. Meng and two of his companions started out for Peking to find Mr. Burns. On the streets at Pao Ting Fu they saw the two foreigners and followed them to their inn. Mr. Pierson received them very kindly, told them that Mr. Burns was no longer living and invited them to come to them when they located in the city. Immediately after the mission meeting Mr. Pierson and Dr. Treat returned to Pao Ting Fu. They succeeded in renting an inn where they had chanced to stay and which ere long became the centre for Christian work. The inn was in T'ang Chia Lane, in the southwest portion of the city. The premises were of narrow, oblong shape, with a width of three shop fronts. On the right of the gateway was a native shop, on the left a room soon fitted up for a preaching chapel. In the rear of the shop were two considerable courts with doorways opening upon the cart way. The two small courts became the mission home for some years, while small rooms of the inn sufficed for rooms for helpers and servants. The work of the station slowly developed in this compact little inn. For two years Mr. Pierson carried on the work much alone, since Dr. Treat returned to the United States in 1874. For another two years during Mr. Pierson's furlough, the writer carried on the medical and evangelistic work. Mr. Meng and two companions were early received as members, the former proving a most valuable adviser and helper through many years of service until his death. In the autumn of 1876, he sent his son and another lad to the boys' school at Tungchow. The former after eight years of study entered the ministry, became the first native pastor of the Pao Ting Fu church and a proto-martyr of blessed memory. The second lad returned from school to be Dr. Peck's pupil in medicine and later his chief medical assistant both at Pao Ting Fu and at P'ang Chuang. At present he is in

charge of a sanitary department of the government in Peking. The autumn of 1877 was made busy and pleasurable in preparing for the return of Mr. Pierson, with his wife and sister, and for the new recruits, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ament.

The following letter will fitly begin the story of long service in China.

To N. G. CLARK, *Secretary*.

DEAR DR. CLARK:—Pao Ting Fu has been our home for two weeks. I am rejoiced to reach home after eleven weeks of travel. Our voyage to Japan occupied twenty-seven days of most delightful sailing. Good friends welcomed us all along the way. Our progress was uninterrupted until we reached the Taku bar, where we were delayed six days. At Tientsin Mr. and Mrs. Smith opened their doors to us. As the rivers were frozen over we were delayed several days in preparation for the journey. Three carts, three wheelbarrows and a mule litter for Mrs. Ament were secured for the journey of 130 miles. We had the usual experience with Chinese inns in very cold weather. We spent five nights on the way. Mrs. Ament was the first lady who had travelled through this region. We found our home waiting for us with two rooms ready. Mr. Pierson had kindly set up a stove for us, so that warm rooms awaited us. I long to begin work in our nice little chapel.

W. S. AMENT.

Pao Ting Fu, North China, Feb. 18, 1878.

DEAR MISS SCHIRMER:

My life here is one of unalloyed happiness. Our little compound is the scene of activity from early morn till late at night. At nine o'clock our teacher comes and we wrestle with the language till one. I almost envy the beggars on the street, I so much long to master the language. Should you walk through the city at this time you would see many strange sights. Heathen processions in long array, lanterns of every variety, making the city as brilliant as tallow candles can. Men and women with bundles of incense and colored paper to be burnt before their idols. The Feast of Lanterns celebrates the close of their New Year festivities. It is the great event of the year. The most popular amusement is the flying of kites. These are

made in the most grotesque forms, resembling huge butterflies, crickets and men. The air is made hideous by these whirring monsters and the shouts of men and boys who manage them.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of our winter nights. The moon sheds light like a vast chandelier and the heavens sparkle with diamonds. The heavens are usually cloudless and I can easily understand how the Orientals were the first astronomers.

Of this city of 150,000 inhabitants,[1] 21,000 are beggars and in the winter live in the city mat sheds prepared for them. Seventy miles from here the people are dying by scores because there is no food. We desire very much a missionary doctor for our station.

Faithfully yours,
W. S. AMENT.

In March of this year Mr. Ament writes to Secretary Clark: "The romance of our first establishment here has not worn off, and I trust it never will. The work at Pao Ting Fu seems to have an auspicious beginning. Our helpers are good Christian men and efficient. My limited experience convinces me that a great work is possible for the Chinese."

The strenuous life of a missionary to China begins long before he can be prepared for it. Two months before Mr. Ament arrived at Pao Ting Fu, the reports of a wide-spread famine, due to lack of rain, became ominous. Missionaries in Eastern Shantung had begun relief work, and the distress in Shansi had been reported at Hankow earlier than in Chihli. With the opening of the year 1878, the distress in Chihli and Shantung became widely spread and efforts to give relief were organized on a large scale. The committee at Shanghai made a strong appeal and solicited aid from every quarter. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, in his volume, "Rex Christus," sums up the

[1] This estimate of population is extreme. One hundred thousand would be more than generous. In 1883 Mr. Pierson held that there were not more than 70,000 or 80,000 inhabitants.

terribleness of the great famine as follows: "Both Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, together with members of the Imperial Customs, sixty-nine foreigners in all, engaged in the work of distribution. The horrors of that time will never pass out of remembrance. The official report of the committee estimated the loss of life at from nine to fourteen millions, and, according to Dr. S. W. Williams, no famine is recorded in the history of any land which equalled this in the death rate." The great distress in Shantung and central Chihli did not appear until the opening of the year 1878. Active relief was begun in the village of P'ang Chuang, Shantung, about the middle of March, continuing until the end of June. This one station distributed about twelve thousand taels to about twenty thousand mouths. Pittance as it was for such a multitude many thousands of lives were saved. In the great Roman Catholic region of Ho Chien Fu and Hsien Hsien, the distribution was carried on by their own missionaries and some members of the Imperial Customs service. The region which Mr. Pierson and Mr. Ament visited was southwest of Ho Chien Fu with the market town of Liu Chiu as their centre of relief.

August 10, 1878.

My dear Miss Schirmer:

Imagine a young man alone, not an English speaking man within oceans of miles, possessing only a smattering of the language, living in a low room of a Chinese inn, with black walls and brick floor, sleeping on a Chinese brick bed, the abode of fleas and other worst inhabitants, having to deal with men whose business it is to cheat and lie, surrounded each day by hundreds of people whose bones protrude for want of food, separated from his source of supplies, so that he had no food but the coarse grain the natives sold him; imagine all this and you may realize in a measure the condition of W. S. A., when the courier brought him a batch of home letters. Not the last one to be opened was the one from "*23*." It was Sabbath

morning when the courier arrived. The whole day nearly was occupied in perusing my letters, there were so many. Fervently did I thank the Great Father of us all for the gift of friends and the opportunity of communing with them as well as with Him, on His holy day. I was alone in the country about three weeks, then, Mr. Pierson arriving, I went to Peking on horseback to get more money for distribution and of course to see my wife from whom I had been separated for more than two months. In eight days I returned to Liu Chiu with a thousand taels, and in fourteen days Mr. Pierson and I had finished our distribution and preaching, and began our long march to Peking to recruit for a short season before returning to Pao Ting Fu, our home. The summer rains had set in and the roads were in a horrible condition. We took different routes to Peking, I hoping to reach there by a shorter and less travelled road. The first night after our separation, I was stretched on my back by an attack of dysentery, a disease that has carried away China's best missionaries. In the morning I was able to proceed. My cart was remarkably slow, the rains constant, so that we were five days in travelling a little over one hundred miles. The streets in Peking in the rainy season are the worst in the whole round world. Strong mules can scarce draw a cart. I was several times stuck fast in the mud and once overturned. It was only by the aid of three extra men that I was able to reach the central city where the missionaries live. I found that owing to the presence of typhus fever most of the missionaries had fled to the hills ten miles from the city for fresh air and recreation. Mrs. A. was there, residing in a Buddhist temple in the family of Dr. Blodget. Having good society, good food and fresh air and daily donkey rides over the hills, I have rapidly recruited and now after a delay of ten days in this charming locality, feel like returning to Pao Fu to begin the labor of another year. The whole summer has been devoted to work for the starving, and now I long for my little study where I can devote myself to systematic study of the language. So bidding farewell to our good friends at the hills we started en route homeward.

August 14th.—I must tell you more about our residence at the hills. From the first settlement of foreigners at Peking they have felt it necessary during the hot months to escape from the vapors and the mud of the city. The mountain range which extends north to Mongolia has its foot-hills about ten miles from

Peking. All North China is one vast range till you reach the hills which rise gradually to thousands of feet, when it stretches away in the vast plateau of Siberia. What a relief it was to my eyes weary with gazing on flat, uninteresting fields for so many months, to see once more the "upland lawns, the rising slopes" and grassy surface of the lovely hills. The Buddhist priests have monopolized all the most beautiful valleys and spots for the erection of temples and pagodas. These latter pleasantly vary the landscape and add especially to the beauty of the plains below. These temples are kept by the dirty priests who burn incense in front of their hideous divinities, whose presence they summon by striking on bells and beating drums. The priests, whose avarice is usually equal to their filth, rent their temples to the foreigners, scores of whom reside here during the summer. The mode of travelling is usually on donkeys that traverse the narrow and stony paths with great ease. I am the proud possessor of one of these noble beasts, to which I am much attached. Mrs. Ament joins with me in expression of greatest regard for my friend.

Ever yours,
W. S. Ament.

Peking, Aug. 15, 1878.

Dear Dr. Clark:

Now that my summer work is ended it seems fit that I should give you some little account of it. Immediately on the conclusion of the annual meeting in April and May, Mr. Pierson and I started for the interior with money to relieve the starving thousands. As Pao Ting Fu was full of beggars and pestilence we left the ladies of the station in Peking, giving them a fine opportunity to study the language and become acquainted with the other members of the mission. We hastened on, as rapidly as Chinese carts drawn by mules whose bones protruded for want of food could carry us, to the market village of Liu Chiu in the Hsien district of Yao Yang about 400 li from Peking and 180 li from Pao Ting Fu. Mr. Goodrich had been there a few weeks before us and had in a measure prepared the way, acquainting the people with our motives in giving aid, and also with our plan of operations. At the time of our arrival the people had been somewhat disturbed by many robberies, some of them very bold, that had recently taken place. A soldier told me that fourteen robbers had been captured in

that vicinity and several executed. The latter fact was not news to me as I saw the ghastly heads swung in cages on the street for the inspection of the people. Our method of procedure was by personal inspection to find out the needs of a village, secure the names of the families and the number of them, and then on the following day give them funds for ten days' sustenance. Mr. Hunt's death occurring, also Dr. Blodget's illness, Mr. Pierson was invited to come to Peking and assist in the care of the treasury and press. Arriving at Pao Ting Fu he remained for three weeks waiting for further advices. In the meantime, I was alone in the country carrying on the work as best I could. After the expiration of three weeks Mr. Pierson returned to Liu Chiu and I went to Peking for more money and a few days' recreation. I am glad to say that I made a five days' journey in three days, showing the best time on horseback yet made between Pao Ting Fu and Peking.

The deaths of four missionaries and the illness of Mr. Smith, all with typhus fever, depressed my spirits very much and made me anxious to complete our work in the country where fever seemed to have its natural home. I think I have felt the sensations of a soldier under fire for the first time. Comrades have dropped on all sides from an enemy more deadly and pitiless than the leaden bullet. Never did my religion appear more grand and precious, or the presence of Christ more comforting. Surely the law of compensation holds good in spiritual as in financial affairs.

Finishing our work as rapidly as possible, Mr. Pierson and I bade farewell to that desolate region and the throngs who came to see us depart, and launched our carts for Peking. I will say launched as the roads by recent rains had been reduced to that state of consistency when liquidity and not solidity prevails. Such roads! The imagination of a Dante could not conceive of worse in the region of the lost. At Ho Chien Fu we separated, he going to Pao Fu, I hastening on to Peking, which place I reached August 2d almost as much dead as alive, a vile carter having annoyed me, and diarrhœa having weakened me, throughout the whole journey of seven days. But weariness seemed to vanish when I entered the pleasant rooms and grasped the warm hand of good Dr. Blodget, with whom Mrs. Ament had been spending her leisure at the hills. It was refreshing to be in association with this learned and good man. Our temple, snuggled in a pleasant valley, made us a charm-

ing home, and the fresh influences of nature, directed by the Father's hand, assisted to restore a soul oppressed and saddened by long association with poverty and sin. After ten days of such recreation, I began to long for home and Pao Ting Fu from which I have been separated for four long months. August 14th Mrs. Ament and I set our faces homeward. After a short visit with the invalid Brother Chapin at Tung-chow we hope to take boat via Tientsin for Pao Fu.

Pao Ting Fu, Sept. 19, 1878.

MR. AMENT *to* DR. CLARK:

Home again! After five months of wandering and separation we find ourselves once more a united station.

We reached Tientsin Saturday P. M., and after spending the Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and collecting the boxes of supplies waiting for us, we on Monday boarded our little boat once more and after a delightful ride of four days, found ourselves on the "bund" in Pao Ting Fu. Though quite a boisterous crowd followed us through the streets we succeeded in reaching home safely.

The summer's experience, hard as it may have been, has not, I hope, been lost upon us. It has taught me independence, has confirmed my little knowledge of the language and given me a deeper insight into Chinese character. I am not dismayed by the depravity of nature thus revealed to me, but think that I can discern the germs that may be developed into a noble manhood under the genial influences of the Gospel. The Chinese are very susceptible to kindness and fully appreciate honesty, so little known among them. They know that truth is the exception among themselves and deplore the fact. Dr. Blodget told me that the leading Chinaman in the recent troubles with the English said, "The foreigners are honest, and therefore will prevail."

We have vigorously entered upon the work of repairs, endeavoring to make ourselves comfortable for another year. The rains had crumbled the walls of our buildings and the roofs were also soaked through.

December 6, 1878.

TO DR. CLARK:

We have had one communion season since our return from Peking. Four were received on confession into our little

church, which now numbers about thirty-five, and others were received on probation. *Among the former was a little boy, Chang So* (*son of our oldest helper Meng*), twelve years of age, who to us is an object of great interest. He has a bright and winning face, jet black, brilliant eyes, and a still more brilliant intellect. He reads better than most young men of twenty years, sings well, daily reads his Bible, apparently with an understanding heart. He is the light and sunshine of our little group of Christians. We wish to educate him at our school at Tung-chow but alas, where is the money to come from? The missionaries there say the allowance of the Board is already insufficient for the expense and they cannot take new boys. What is to be done? If this church wishes to spend fifty or sixty dollars a year for this boy you may be educating one who may be a shining light in the Church of God and lead many to righteousness. (Now pastor in Pao Ting Fu since 1900, Meng Chi Tseng.)

I feel much encouraged with my recent progress in the language. I conduct my own family prayers and expect soon to begin my daily Bible class. In these exercises I am assisted by our oldest helper who readily catches my meaning and helps me out of my difficulties. The coming year we wish to prosecute a vigorous campaign. We missionaries are much hampered in our work by the great number who come to us for medical aid. A good physician is the one thing needed to complete the equipment of our station. Dr. Porter will no doubt tell you how the work opens before us in that direction.

Pao Ting Fu, Jan. 25, 1879.

DEAR MISS SCHIRMER:

I start on Monday for a long tour in the country. I go alone and try my young wings as a preacher when I have no other foreigner at hand to help me. I fear nothing except the cold which is very intense. Imagine me in a long sheepskin and Chinese woolen boots and mittens. I also carry skates, for fear I shall reach the overflowed land where carts cannot go, and I must go many miles on foot. I have men to carry my luggage and I go with skates till I reach a preaching place. Mrs. Ament is quite strong again but is hardly courageous enough to face the cold with me. Chinese New Year occurred on the 21st of January. The streets are quiet and all the people are in their homes and most of them are gambling, drinking

whiskey, or eating great quantities of food which they consider a duty at this season. Many people are making calls with their red cards. Their customs at this season are similar to ours. Accept this line in great haste.

Your faithful friend,
W. S. AMENT.

Pao Ting Fu, March 18, 1879.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Mr. Pierson has been gone more than a month in the country and I have had the whole care of the station. The work among the women is most interesting. They really come in throngs and our three women have their hands full. Mary does wonders in the language and in medicine and has also begun a school for boys which now numbers six or eight scholars. She is quite strong again, and loves her street Arabs. The leader of the boys is called "Nick in the nose," because he has a smallpox mark on the end of his nose. They are keen little fellows and learn our catechism very rapidly. Yesterday Mary and I went to visit some Mohammedan friends and had a very pleasant time. They fed us with all kind of confectionery and a kind of mince pie, which we could never eat before, but we found that used with garlic they were quite eatable. They wanted Mary to come alone, but I was afraid to have her, fearing some trap on their part. The Mohammedan women are quite superior to the Chinese women and have a very ladylike manner.

I preach regularly every Sabbath to a congregation of about forty men and women. Of course my idioms are very imperfect and words and ideas considerably mixed, but I manage in some way to get through a sermon. I also have a class of men on Sabbath afternoon. Last week I received four men on probation. They came here to see us, supposing we were Roman Catholics. They knew much about religion and wished to enter. Thinking of keeping them from going to the devil that way, I explained the doctrine of Jesus and served to convince them that Christ was better than the Pope. They changed their minds and resolved to cast in their lots with us. I have found a Nicodemus here also. A man from a large government office, in his silk garments, comes here frequently in the late evenings. He told me the other evening that our doctrine was a great one but he could not attend to it in the daytime.

He is a very bright man and knows a great deal of our doctrine. Pray the Lord that he may have boldness to state his sentiments without fear of persecution.

Mr. Pierson in the country was nearly suffocated by charcoal gas, and fainted after he left the room. Suffocation is one of the dangers of winter travel in China. Hundreds of people are anxious to hear the Gospel in the country, and many villages have invited Mr. Pierson to go and preach to them. He expects to visit two villages a day for the next two weeks. What are we among so many?

With very much love from myself and Mary,

Your son,

W. S. AMENT.

Pao Ting Fu, April 4, 1879.

DEAR MISS SCHIRMER:

We are about starting to Peking for our annual mission meeting. At this time we expect to meet President Grant who will arrive in Peking in a few weeks. Mr. Pierson has just arrived from the country after a tour of seven weeks. He brings terrible reports of the work of the Roman Catholics. The Chinese officials hate the priests. They are continually meddling with the course of law and the execution of their orders. We are all in splendid health and full of work. The women come here in throngs and our Sabbath congregations overflow all the rooms. I preach regularly on the Sabbath, though as yet in a stammering manner. Mrs. Ament leads us all in accuracy of speech. I quite envy her progress.

Ever your sincere friend,

W. S. AMENT.

Pao Ting Fu, June 26, 1879.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Summer has come and with it the dreadful dry heat of this, at present, rainless region. The air is almost like a sirocco from the desert. The officials of the city have been out to the temples to pray for rain several times, and yet the dragon holds his supply. We do most heartily pray to the true God of heaven that this region may not be given over to the horrors of another famine. Fruit is getting prematurely ripe and the grain looks yellow. If it were not for the mat sheds which we have over our houses, I am afraid that we could not stand the

heat from these brick walls and courts. As it is we suffer but little and are very grateful that we are so well cared for. Next week I start on a country tour and my tune in regard to the weather will be changed. Of course I go in a Chinese cart which will be covered and will be very hot. I can occasionally exchange the cart for a donkey. I expect to meet Mr. Goodrich at Liu Chiu, one of our stations. He is an old experienced missionary, and his presence will relieve the journey of much tedium and distress. He is a beautiful speaker of the language and I anticipate much help. He is also a fine singer and musician and his coming is relished by the natives. I take for my food several cans of vegetables and fruit. During the summer, life is precarious in the country at best and it is wisest to take good care of oneself. I could live wholly on Chinese food if necessary, but the experience of older men proves that not to be the wisest course. I also am well provided with medicines. I find that there is no special value or benefit in making hardships just for the sake of bearing them, and I am learning to take some care of myself. Mary is still in Peking.

Peking, July 19, 1879.

To Miss Schirmer:

My little wife is prostrate on a bed of illness. I returned two days ago after a separation of nine weeks. I was among the cold and indifferent heathen, separated by a country flooded with water, and she was languishing alone, unable to lift a hand in self-defense. She has never recovered from her sickness of last October and because we had no physician sickness which cannot be cured in a month or two has been entailed upon her. She is so patient and cheerful that she has won golden opinions from everybody and seems to breathe the very atmosphere of heaven. We hope that when the cold weather comes on she will improve and be able in the course of time to go about her accustomed duties.

Just before I left home I had the pleasure of baptizing two literary men who seem willing to give up their earthly prospects for the Gospel.

Peking, July 23, 1879.

W. S. Ament *to* Dr. Clark:

You see by my address that I am again in Peking. At the annual meeting Mrs. Ament was not able to be moved and

Pao Ting Fu has been deprived of her presence for the spring and summer. There seems no other way but for me to leave Mrs. A. here in the hands of those already overburdened with work, and return to Pao Fu alone to keep up our station. I know you have made great exertions to get us a physician and we do not complain. I regard our station as in the most encouraging attitude of any in the mission.

I have just returned to Peking after a nine weeks' absence. During a portion of this time I had the pleasure of Mr. Goodrich's company in a short tour in the region south of Pao Fu. The season was a little unfortunate owing to the wheat harvest which occupied the whole attention of the villagers. As it was we found that most of the probationers received in the winter had remained constant and some others stood ready to enter our ranks. The helpers had been doing good work though without the presence of their pastors, and we look forward with hope to their increased efficiency. We were also assisted by some of the boys from the Tung-chow school. They give great promise of future usefulness. One promising feature of their early attempts at preaching is their large use of Scripture with which they seem to be familiar. Native learning is so superficial that we find helpers and boys from the school are efficient just in proportion as they drink from the sacred fountain. I begin to see more clearly that the Bible itself is our best preaching agency. The story of the cross seems less to move the Chinese heart than the grand sentiments (often akin to the sentiments of their sages) and holy fervor of the Psalms and other portions of the Old Testament. The work in Pao Fu is in that state which gives us hope of speedy enlargement. The Sabbath before I started for Peking we celebrated the Lord's Supper and two men, our personal teachers, were received by baptism into the church. These were literary men, one of whom has known the doctrine for several years, and never before manifested any desire to accept it for himself. We regard him now as a converted man, one who gives up his prospects of government employ for the sake of Christ. This step for these literary men, we trust, will be of special significance and value in our community. It means for them (unless results are different than we expect) social ostracism and exclusion from the honors of office.

Five women were also received on probation and two men, one of whom is surgeon in a military yamen or office. These

women are from the better classes, well dressed, with clean, bright faces. Their faithfulness has been tested by months of regular attendance on our Sunday service and a positive desire to learn shown in their committing much Scripture to memory and the mastery of several hymns and a printed prayer. This work among the women fills us with perpetual joy. At the other stations it seems difficult to secure any women listeners. We in Pao Fu City have more such listeners than we can find room for. Mrs. Ament has been a large factor in their work, but now she is laid aside. Would that we had unmarried ladies sufficient to push this work vigorously.

Pao Ting Fu, Oct. 7, 1879.

My dear Mother:

Still in my widowed solitude awaiting the arrival of the Piersons. I hope that next week will see them here. Two days ago I received the first mail I had seen for a long while. You may imagine the zeal with which I tore open the little package which finally did come by slow Chinese post. These fellows are an independent crowd and if it rains or if their supply of letters is small they will loiter on the way, drink and sing at the inns, and you may howl and rage all you please, they will take their own time.

We have several probationers who are patiently waiting till their day shall come. One old man, a merchant, and the wealthiest man in our little group of churchgoers, said he wanted to be baptized also. He had hardly courage to shut up his shop on Sabbath and we wait for him to make that decision. This is always a test question with a Chinaman.

I work hard and study myself hoarse almost every day to learn the language. I am trying to become as learned as possible in Chinese history and folk-lore, and if I do not write much upon the subject now it is because I am laying in materials for future use. China is a country especially whose institutions and history need to be mastered, not in a day or a year. The old books are locked up in the hardest kind of classical language, very different from the colloquial, and, then too, their customs are so numerous and methods of thought so utterly different from what we have been accustomed to that you must grow into a Chinaman before you can understand them. I want to be a Christian Chinaman, with an American education. Chinese ideas and phrases and ways of looking at things

are gradually soaking into me, and I hope in good time I may draw some out by dint of hard squeezing. I suppose I carry about with me the celestial aroma.

I use a little charcoal fire, pay one-tenth of a cent for hot water for my tea (we never steep tea ourselves here) and eat the usual amount of rice and millet, cabbage, sweet potatoes, onions, garlic, and dough cut in strips. Grapes are also in the market of which I eat great quantities. I am getting so acclimated that I have my tea between meals, like any literary gentleman. I hope to take a long tour, perhaps going to Honan and Shantung, to be gone two months or more.

With much love to Claribel and my nephew,

Your affectionate son,

W. S. AMENT.

Pao Ting Fu, Oct. 21, 1879.

W. S. AMENT *to* DR. CLARK:

I had a pleasant journey up the river, embracing the opportunity in several places to preach and distribute books. As we shall be constantly ascending and descending that river perhaps for years to come, I hope to sow its banks with gospel seed till they shall be more beautiful even than at present with their graceful willows. In places this unusually transparent river broadens out into lake-like proportions and furnishes scenery unsurpassed in North China. The poor inhabitants along its banks fail to appreciate its beauty, as they have a perpetual struggle to keep its wayward waters from engulfing their homes.

On arriving at Pao Ting Fu, I was agreeably surprised to find that our few brethren had been so faithful in keeping up the regular Sabbath service and were ready to give me so cordial a welcome at our first gathering. After a few days a man presented himself who said that he had been waiting more than a month for the arrival of a preacher of the Jesus doctrine, but as he asked for medicine at the same time, I considered him as only one of the many who sought merely the loaves and fishes. He proved to be an entirely different man. He continued to come regularly to all our gatherings, bought many books and paid for them in a most gratifying manner. Several years ago, in some way or other, from some member of this station, he secured a copy of the New Testament, and this book he had studiously perused. He is in official employ and in the yamen. He endured no little persecution for reading the foreign book.

For several years he has seen no one who could explain its contents. Having obtained leave of absence he came to Pao Ting Fu and was much disappointed when he found we were all gone.

November 23d.—A month has rolled away and now I continue this letter from another city—Tientsin. I was very sorry to leave Mr. Pierson alone with all the work of the station upon his hands, but I came down on medical recommendation and have had also abundant opportunity to engage in mission work. Dr. Porter has arrived and almost immediately set out for Shantung where he joins Smith and Stanley. In the meantime I conduct the Sabbath services for our few Christians here. Mrs. Ament is gradually improving, and the doctor, a young Englishman of limited experience, has hope of her complete recovery. These beautiful autumn days and the vigorous bracing sea air felt here at this season of the year prove to be her best medicine. I feel like a miscreant here away from my work and beloved station, and shall return at my first opportunity. To my mind an inland station has superior advantages to a port. Here are constant interruptions which destroy the possibility of regular study and also divert one's mind from the Chinese. The natives are more hostile to foreigners and in every respect work is done at arms' length. Even a missionary appreciates the sympathy of those for whom he labors and he only receives it from the simple-hearted natives of the interior.

Peking, Dec. 9, 1879.

My dear Mother:

I am at Peking, en route to Pao Ting Fu after a stay of over a month with Mary at Tientsin. She is recovering her strength very rapidly now and hopes by February to return to Pao Ting Fu in a mule litter. Her physician says he knows no reason why she should not be recovered by that time. To-morrow I start with Roberts on a tour into the country. In about six weeks I expect to return for Mary.

Only a word in great haste.

Your son,

W. S. Ament.

Since the birth of her first child, in November, 1878—

the little Margaret, who did not live—Mrs. Ament had been much of an invalid.

The necessity of a doctor for the station at Pao Ting Fu had long been felt. The urgent appeal of Mr. Pierson in the mission papers attracted the attention of Dr. A. P. Peck, of Beloit, Wisconsin, and his wife. Their application was gladly accepted by the American Board, and they were assigned, with the Rev. William Shaw and wife, to the Pao Ting Fu station. At the annual meeting of the mission in May, 1880, held at Peking, very important and far-reaching decisions were arrived at. A new station in Shantung had come to be a necessity. It was to be opened in the village of P'ang Chuang, the centre of a now expanding and exacting work. Rev. Arthur H. Smith and Rev. Henry D. Porter, with their families, were assigned to the new station. At the same time the need of permanent aid to the station at Kalgan was very urgent. Rev. James A. Roberts and wife volunteered to accept a transfer to this upland station. The continued ill health of Mrs. Ament seemed to demand a change for her, which was found in locating them at Peking. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Mr. Ament felt that so great a change was not at all of his seeking. An ardent regard for the fine leadership of Dr. Blodget was an element in leading him to accept the decision. The sequel will show how fully he met the new and inspiring responsibility.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round."
—*Coleridge.*

IV

PEKING AND THE NORTH CHINA MISSION

THE halo of age and of mystery long hung about the northern capital of China. From Marco Polo's day onward great interest has gathered about the city of the Great Khan. Our modern days have made the name Peking a household word. The splendid capital of any nation merits a world-wide interest. The glamour of antiquity softens the coloring while it increases the charm of the capital city of China. The classical name, still maintained in elegant Chinese writing, "The Swallow Capital," reached back into the depths of ancient times. The present city owes its general form to the military grandson of Genghis Khan, who made it his capital.

Dr. Ament's researches in the history of the Mongol occupation and the records of Marco Polo show clearly that the elder city of the Golden Tartars was somewhat southwest of the present site, though including portions of the southern city. Kublai built a vast enclosure, the mud walls of which are still seen two miles before entering the modern city. This had no facing of brick. Even the present city owes its fine rectangular form, its broad, parallel thoroughfares, its many lanes, wider than the narrow streets of other Chinese cities, to the Great Khan who adorned it with palaces and temples. When the Mongols were expelled the city was reduced in size. The

first of the Mings built the north wall, and the great Yung Lo, in 1419, rebuilt the other three sides. The Manchus found a city noble in its proportions and strength. Its wall, fifty feet high, with its succession of buttresses and crenelations, is thought to be the finest in Asia. The southern city, in reality a suburb to the Manchu palaces, was enclosed within a wall in 1543. Many elaborate descriptions, with accounts of the temples and architectural adornments of the city, have been given. The approach to the city is impressive. Its walls and towers loom up grandly from the low plain. From the top of the wall the vast area of the city seems livid with the green of acacia trees covering the low roofed courts and residences.

The Coal Hill with its graceful temples, the long rows of imperial palaces glittering in their yellow glaze, the temples of the Tartar city, the princely homes with green tile in lieu of yellow, the vast parks in the southern city, home of the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture, add their interest to the attractions.

The lure of this Chinese city not only attracted the waiting diplomats, but merchant and missionary were held in leash until the dogs of war could give them opportunity. Among those thus eager to find an approach to the Manchu capital were the missionaries of the American Board of Missions, then, and for a decade or more, located at Shanghai. Among these were Henry Blodget and William Aitcheson. Fellow students and tutors at Yale College, they had come to China in 1854. In 1859 Mr. Aitcheson had accompanied the American minister, Mr. John W. Davis, as an assistant interpreter with Rev. W. A. P. Martin, Dr. Williams being secretary of legation. Returning from Peking Mr. Aitcheson had fallen ill en route to Tientsin and died on the way. The loss of his fellow worker affected Mr. Blodget very

deeply. Having gone to Japan in the summer of 1860, an opportunity came to him to sail for Tientsin with the allied fleet in a troop ship carrying soldiers from Japan. He arrived in Tientsin August 26, 1860. The capture of Peking, the humiliation of the imperial government and the continued occupation of Tientsin made it possible for him to secure a foothold in that quaint city.

After a return to Shanghai, Mr. Blodget came north again in October to the newly opened port and thus became the forerunner of the still increasing number of mission workers. A preaching chapel was soon found within the city, on the main street not far from the bell tower. Rented at first, the premises were later purchased. Mr. Blodget remained at Tientsin for three years until the station was well reënforced by younger men. He then sought a place in the capital itself. Others had preceded him there, among them Rev. W. A. P. Martin, who in April, 1910, celebrated his sixtieth year of service in China, the Nestor well beloved of all missions in China.

Among the workers at Peking was Dr. Stewart, who had fine premises secured for medical work. He found himself, however, obliged to withdraw and had offered the premises for sale. Mr. Blodget at once made an effort to secure the location for his mission. It was suggested to Mrs. Bridgman, of Shanghai, that she might aid in securing the fine place in Peking. She accordingly purchased the residence of Dr. Stewart at the value of eight thousand taels. Mr. Blodget at once removed to Peking and was followed by Mrs. Bridgman herself in the autumn of 1864. As was her wont, Mrs. Bridgman gathered a few girls and so started the school which still perpetuates her name in the Bridgman Academy for Girls.

The central location of the compound gave it special importance. The street on which it looked was one of

the short cross avenues. It gives access to the centre of the city and to the imperial palace gate to the southwest. The street bears the quaint name Teng Shih Kou, "The Lamp Market Street."

The securing of the premises marked a definite advance in the prosecution of mission work. Mr. Blodget opened a rear gate, off from his study, and in the afternoon spoke to those who cared to listen or to read. Among the latter was an intelligent Manchu, with a fine face though marked with smallpox. He came frequently and looked over the little books. He was a needle seller. Mr. Blodget asked him if he would not like to come every afternoon and read to the people. This he consented to do for a small reward. He was about the same age as Mr. Blodget. As a bannerman, he had a small monthly stipend and some duties, such as are assigned to the different banners. Thus it came about that Mr. Jung became attached to the mission. He became a disciple. His clear voice and fine Peking speech added to his service. When the street chapel was opened Jung Hsien Sheng became the accepted preacher. As his knowledge of Christian tenets increased his ability to explain advanced. It is a joy to record that some thirty years later it could be said of him: "He is an honest Chinaman." His strong and admirable character developing through years of service was a signal light to the growing church at Peking. He lived to mourn the departure of Dr. Blodget in 1894. He had seen the Christian fellowship grow from nothing to many hundreds and had seen the expansion into distant provinces.

The position in Peking being secure, there were successive reënforcements: Mr. J. T. Gulick, for the Mongol work in 1864; Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, in 1865; Mr. P. R. Hunt and Miss Porter, in 1868; Rev. C. Holcombe, in 1869.

REV. HENRY BLODGET, D.D.

REV. E. C. BRIDGMAN, D.D.

WILLIAM S. AMENT, D.D.

CHESTER HOLCOMBE

DR. CHAUNCEY GOODRICH

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

The time had come for a translation of the Scriptures into Mandarin colloquial. This necessitated a mission press, which was established by Mr. Hunt, transferred from a like work in Madras. Mr. Hunt remodelled the east court, built a fine press building and bindery and educated his workmen to do most excellent work in each department. During the following two decades the press filled a most valuable place in the literary department of mission effort. On the death of Mr. Hunt, in 1878, he was succeeded by Mr. Willis C. Noble, who was in charge for ten years.

In the autumn of 1868, Mrs. Bridgman withdrew to Shanghai, leaving the girls' school in the care of Miss Porter.

In the summer of 1873, a church building was erected, in the west court, the gift of Mrs. Tank, of Wisconsin. Its churchly windows and simple interior, with quiet and tasteful coloring, made a happy impression on all who came there to worship.

For twenty-five years it was the home of Christian song and service. Mr. Holcombe found a second location for a preaching chapel a mile north on the great street near the Sixth Lane. A work was carried on here for thirty years, until the Boxer destructions. The North Chapel and the country work at Cho Chou were in charge of the younger members of the station.

Dr. Blodget had the satisfaction of laying these broad foundations, of welcoming many fellow workers of many denominations and of seeing a continuous expansion of the several missions in efficacy and advancing success. It was into the goodly fellowship of kindred and sympathetic workers that Mr. Ament was now to come. He was to develop and strengthen such fellowship through many years of ardent service.

Tientsin, May 21, 1880.

W. S. AMENT *to* DR. CLARK:

We have been the recipients of several letters from you for which we are very grateful. Mrs. Ament's health has been very much improved by the pure air and her pleasant surroundings in Tientsin. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley have done all that Christian kindness could suggest to make her visit profitable and agreeable. However we have been unable to repress a sensation of homelessness.

On all sides it has been generally decided that it would be extremely unwise for Mrs. Ament to attempt to live in Pao Ting Fu again, at least for a term of years. Say what we may, life in an interior station in China is much harder than in a port or any place where foreigners are more numerous.

I certainly should hesitate a long period before I left the station of my first settlement and first affection, only as I am compelled by dire necessity.

Providentially, as it seemed, Mr. Roberts had conceived a very strong desire to be removed to an inland station. According to his request the mission transferred him and his family to Kalgan and myself and wife to Peking. In Peking Mrs. Ament will be able to obtain good medical aid close at hand, and can also secure certain things necessary to her recovery but impossible to secure in Pao Ting Fu. I assure you we heartily rejoice in the prospect of again settling in our own home, and especially that I can once more resume my long neglected studies. In leaving Pao Ting Fu we are glad that Mr. Pierson is not to be left alone.

Ta Chueh Ssu (twenty-five miles northwest of Peking, among the hills), July 20, 1880.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Mary and I reached Peking the 3d of July. She endured the journey much better than we feared, but summer life in hot Peking soon exhausted her strength. It was a refreshing sensation to think that we were in our own home. As Miss Chapin has her house in process of repair, she has taken temporary possession of ours and will care for it until we return from the hills. Mary cannot endure, even for a day, the hot stifling air of a Chinese city, so with most of the foreigners we made arrangements to escape for our lives. Mr. Noble, our mission treasurer and business manager, had already engaged a place

for us with his own family in a large Buddhist temple, whose name is at the head of this letter. Mary was carried all the way in a chair by six men, but was very much worn out as it took from 7 : 30 A. M. till 5 P. M. Part of the way was very hot and she was carried through small mountain torrents. Part of the way was very rocky, and the men were so careless that occasionally her chair would strike a rock and she would receive quite a shock.

July 26th.—Mary and I are gradually recovering in our mountain home, and this afternoon, feeling more vigorous, we climbed to a little Buddhist summer-house in the rear of the temple, where we reach the highest point possible on the grounds. We find the rear walls covered with delicate moss and several varieties of fern. It is a beautiful spot and a delightful change from the dreary city and plain. A few gray squirrels frisk about on the trees. The kind priests have scruples against killing them.

The temple grounds are kept pure and fresh by perpetual streams of mountain water which is conducted in every direction by stone troughs. In two places large ponds have been constructed into which the water is poured through two huge dragon mouths. In these ponds grow the lotus plant, emblem of Buddha. All kinds of fish are there. At the base of the mountains are kept the sacred hogs, huge, black, dirty creatures, which are never killed, but when they have died, are eaten by the priests, who eat no meat except this sacred pork. At stated intervals the priests enter the largest building in the whole enclosure, and beat the drums and chant most monotonously their sacred books. The temple is dimly lighted with bean oil lamps, and the priests, in yellow garments, beating cymbals, striking resonant wood, make an impressive scene. The poor priests who go through the same rigmarole year after year, bowing down to the same mud idols, with a little gilt stuck on, must lead very dismal lives. But I suppose they are animated by the hope of an immortality of nonentity in the Western Heavens, where Buddha lives.

Shanghai, Sept. 7, 1880.

W. S. AMENT *to* DR. CLARK:

I regret very much that I am compelled to write to you under these circumstances so far from my field of labor. It is the unanimous opinion of the mission, as well as of the phy-

sicians acquainted with Mrs. Ament's case, that she ought to return to America for a change of climate as well as better medical treatment. I enclose to you the professional opinion of Drs. Porter and Atterbury. The circular motion started by Dr. Blodget and signed by all the missionaries will be sent to you by the secretary, Mr. Chapin. We are very sorry that we were not able to communicate with you before the decision was made, but as the suggestion of Mrs. Ament's return to the United States came wholly from the physicians and not from ourselves, we dared not delay when their opinion was publicly made known. It seemed best for me to accompany Mrs. Ament to Shanghai, the worst half of her journey. From this place she will have the company of missionaries returning home.

Peking, Oct. 1, 1880.

My dear Mother:

I am once more in my own home, and settled in my own study and writing at my own standing desk. I shipped our darling Mary at Shanghai, September 9th, for America. Before this letter reaches you, you may have seen her and have heard from her own lips the story of her trip. Arrived at Tientsin, I took, by the aid of friends, the four days' ride up the river to Tung-chow, where Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich just melted my heart by their goodness. I have worked very hard since my arrival and shall soon consider myself settled. I occupy my whole house alone and find it none too large. I have my study in my former sitting-room and have it arranged very comfortably. My good horse James carries me out for a daily ride and to my chapel. The exercise seems to invigorate me very much.

The commissioners to make the new treaty with the Chinese are in Peking preparing for their great undertaking. One is a Californian, and a hater of the Chinese, but the other two are favorably disposed. Rumors of war with Russia still fill the air and the people are growing distrustful of foreigners. We expect our new recruits in a few days, nine people, all for North China.

I suppose by this time Claribel and my nephew are gone to the far West. To-day I go to make a call of welcome on Mrs. Angell and her daughter. Custom is very rigid in certain lines among foreigners here.

I was pleased to find that one man, an old teacher, who had heard the Gospel for the first time in my chapel, had decided to renounce Confucianism and to become a Christian. He is very old and saturated with superstition and yet I think he is in earnest. Work is very slow and discouraging in the large cities, but in the country we have very favorable prospects. Our helper returns and reports a large number who wish baptism.

Ever in increasing affection,

Your son,
W. S. AMENT.

Peking, Jan. 3, 1881.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Ages have rolled away since I last wrote you. I have seen more and experienced more during that time than in any period of my life. As you doubtless know I am in my solitary home, only waiting for some favorable breeze to blow my Mary back to me. Mission life has been no romance to her. She has left behind her a reputation for completeness of character and brightness in intellect second to no woman who ever came to China. She writes very hopefully from Cleveland, and I have some expectation that she will return next fall. Your first letter from Montana reached me some weeks ago. I was in the country, several days' journey from any foreigner, except Roman Catholic priests, who do not seem to enjoy my society. They have erected a fine cathedral only a few miles from my country station, where there are at present over twenty Frenchmen, mostly Jesuits, driven out of France, doubtless by Jules Ferry's educational bill. I have just returned from the longest tour I have made in China, being absent from Peking over six weeks. Most of the time I spent in the region of Hsien Hsien, where I have quite a remarkable opening. I have a nice little chapel there, also a school of nine boys and a very hopeful company of girls and women. So you see the foundation seems to be laid for a successful work. I find in China, as elsewhere, that no work permanently prospers unless there are women engaged in it. After spending some weeks here I went to the province south of us, Shantung. I spent a short time helping Mr. Smith in his large and flourishing work there. He has several hundred members and scores of inquirers. Shan-

tung is Confucius' native province and is superior in material resources, as well as in the intelligence of the people, to Chihli. The Gospel has met with its greatest successes there. The Presbyterians and Methodists[1] have thousands of members. After I escorted Mary to Shanghai last September, I escorted our new members to Kalgan, our most northerly station, situated on the boundary between China and Mongolia. I rode my pony up to the high plateaus of Mongolia, a most charming journey, over mountains that almost equal the Rockies in ruggedness. I met a real dust storm on the plains which almost buried me alive. From Mongolia we descended to Peking, via Nankou, one of the most picturesque places in North China. I have ridden my pony almost daily the past three months, in touring, having travelled about 1,000 English miles. As a result I find myself in better health than at any previous time. I will send you some books for your cooks. I suppose the Chinese which they speak is as different from Pekingese as Choctaw.

The new treaties have just been signed at Peking and two of the high commissioners have returned to America. Dr. Angell, President of Michigan University, is still here, and a great addition himself and his family are to all classes in society. Alex's and mother's picture is before me. I greatly delight in looking at them. Dear little man ! I should like to see him. I shall try and get for him some cute little Chinese garments. I now hope to remain in one place a greater length of time than for two years previously, so that I can accomplish some of my long cherished schemes.

Your brother,
W. S. Ament.

The treaty referred to in this letter to his sister was one full of the deepest diplomatic interest. The Burlingame Treaty of 1868, which first opened China to genuine diplomatic intercourse with Western nations, laid down the principle that intercourse should be in all respects reciprocal, and that free emigration was the settled habit of all Occidental nations. The great increase of the Chinese in California and their varied suc-

[1] Intended for English Methodists at Lao Ling District.

cesses had aroused the sand-lotters of San Francisco to a high degree of resistance. There was a determined effort to secure restriction, as much as possible. The three commissioners, while differing among themselves as to the amount of limitation, nevertheless were able to make a reasonable compromise. The courteous and affable President Angell secured all that could at that time have been expected. He remained as United States minister through the year, returning via Europe, in September, 1881.

An interesting and important change in Mr. Ament's relation to the station work opened before him in the early spring time of this year. Dr. and Mrs. Blodget had filled out a ten years' service and a deserved furlough was awaiting them. During this service much of Dr. Blodget's time had been devoted to enriching the literature of the church service. Many choice and beautiful hymns had been translated. One of the wise critics of Chinese style had said: "While Dr. Blodget lives there would be no need of any other translator of our church hymnology." The Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, another choice expert, especially in the newer and more lyrical qualities of our evangelical hymns, was associated in this service. Mr. Ament was thus in the sole charge of the general station work. This involved the weekly service in the South Church, with its full congregation and its Sunday-school and daily street chapel work. Into the care of these and the oversight of the enlarging country station work he entered with a quick enthusiasm.

Peking, Jan. 7, 1881.

W. S. AMENT *to* DR. CLARK:

After a long tour of over six weeks to the regions south of Peking and also in Shantung, I found myself once more in my own home. Some of the events and results of that

visit I will now endeavor to relate to you. You learned about a year ago of the providential opening in Hsien Hsien district—how one man fleeing to Peking to escape starvation accepted the truth, as it is in Christ, in our street chapel, was baptized with all his family, returned to his native home and entered vigorously upon the work of leading his friends and relatives to the same fountain of life. He has succeeded beyond our highest expectations. It is certainly a pleasure to meet this man, always bright and active in the Lord's work. Only four visits have been made to this place as yet by the foreign missionaries, but observe the results—where only one year ago one man welcomed Mr. Roberts in his first visit, now a village is found permeated with Christian truth, a church of over twenty members exists with an interesting school attached. A large schoolroom owned by a rich man, not a church-member, serves us for a chapel and is offered for our use free of charge. Two or three daily meetings were held in this chapel with a continual increase in numbers and interest during the nearly three weeks spent among them. Excepting one, all the male members of the church are able to read, it having been made one condition of admittance that candidates should be able to read at least the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Many having made a beginning in this way have gone on to a considerable degree of excellence in reading the Scriptures. But singing is the specialty in this company of Christians. Sing they must and will. If they do not know the proper tune they make one for themselves. If volume of sound or noise and energy are the essentials of good singing, they surely are a success. Owing to the efforts of one of our young men from Tung-chow, they have become acquainted with many hymns and sing very well, their chief chorister being one of our schoolboys about twelve years of age.

During my visit to Hsien Hsien I took the opportunity to call upon the Jesuits in their fine cathedral and residence just east of the district city. Sending in my card I was received by a reverend priest evidently a veteran in the service. He ushered me into a large, fine reception hall but refused to answer questions concerning their work or to allow me to visit their schools of which there are several on the place. There are over twenty French priests at this cathedral; some of them are recent arrivals, evidently from among the number driven out of France by the operation of the Educational Bill.

Peking, Aug. 16, 1881.

W. S. AMENT *to* DR. CLARK:

Mrs. Ament writes of her most pleasant visit in the East and her last letter says, "I am well."

I was very much afraid after Dr. Blodget's departure that the native brethren would be loth to welcome a new and inexperienced pastor. In this respect I have been happily disappointed. They have given me an enthusiastic and cordial support from the first, and have seemed to appreciate the fact that, as now their old pastor was gone, the prosperity of the church would depend largely upon themselves. I have been very careful to encourage and not weaken this impression. As a result our Sabbath audiences have been larger than I ever knew them to be before. There are three men from the city applicants for baptism. The Sabbath-school is the most interesting feature of our work. We have made a special effort to reach our neighbors who hitherto have given little attention to any invitations, but now it is not uncommon to see our chapel filled to its limits. It is certainly a pleasant sight to see so many boys and girls who are beginning to be regular attendants. Since annual meeting I have made one short tour over a new route (northeast) seldom frequented by foreigners. The weather was extremely hot and the roads almost impassable. I succeeded in disposing of a goodly number of books and in some places met with a very flattering reception. I met many Mohammedans who all seemed very anxious that I should meet their Ah Hung. I finally met one, a kindly old man, who showed his conscientiousness in carrying off a book which he forgot to pay for! The country afforded the enjoyment of the most beautiful scenery I had yet seen in China and is indeed a royal road to the Emperor's hunting parks in Manchuria. In view of the fact that no other mission has any established work in that region I think it affords a fine field for future work.

Mrs. Ament in the summer of 1881 was preparing for her return to China. She had been fortunate in her choice of physicians and had gained rapidly. On the 17th of August, Madam Ament writes to a friend that her daughter, Mary, had left a week before. Her own daughter, Mrs. Leggat, had gone to Montana the year

previous. It seemed a strange providence that about this time took away the beloved sister of Mr. Ament, leaving a son and daughter, whose care must now devolve on Madam Ament. The following extracts will show how one brave heart in sorrow tries to comfort a mother in her distress.

Peking, Oct. 31, 1881.

BELOVED MOTHER:

The first mail since Mary's arrival has come with its sad letter from my "weeping mother." I cannot tell you how sick at heart I have felt since then, nor how much I have wanted to be with you and help you at this time of trial; how I have prayed that you might not be overcome by your grief, but "cast your all upon Him who careth for you." Mrs. Baldwin wrote a postcript to your letter of September 1st, telling us that Claribel was gone and her little children are motherless.

She was a good sister to me and I never half appreciated her real worth. But now it all comes up before me in the true light. What a happy, joyous spirit she had! Best of all, she loved her mother as few daughters have and was kind and considerate to the last. Her influence will live in all the places where she was known. Dear mother, do not give way to grief. God knows and only knows, how your motherly heart has been wrenched, but still God is great and God is good. So let us be brave and patient until the day when we shall all see each other face to face. That day is not far distant from any one of us, and he who is with the Master first is most blessed.

Mary and I are nicely settled in our new home. She brought many pretty things with her and I think we have the coziest home! Mary seems as strong as when she came to China, though not quite so enduring. I shall try and be careful of her and trust we both may have a long home life before us. But in China one must hold everything lightly, as it may be taken away at any moment. Our work has been progressing finely. I expect to go into the country soon. The missionary for our new mission in Shansi has arrived and will spend the winter at Tung-chow. (This was Rev. M. L. Stimson, the first of the Oberlin Shansi Band.)

I will write to Mr. Leggat by this mail. Surely this afflic-

tion must fall most heavily on him. He has my deepest sympathy.

Your son,
W. S. Ament.

The return of Mrs. Ament was a happy event, not only for Mr. Ament, but for the other members of the station. Each of the houses of the compound was now occupied and each was a centre of established work. The Aments occupied the south or front building, with its pleasant outlook upon old and famous acacia trees and pretty shrubbery. It is of this home that he speaks as being "the coziest in Peking."

A letter to Dr. N. G. Clark will begin the story of the work in its unfolding.

Peking, Jan. 23, 1882.

In Peking we are beginning to see some of the results of the last decade of work. One of the most encouraging features is the fact that our neighbors begin to take a little notice of our existence in other ways than by reviling us. It was only yesterday that a young man, son of a prominent official, desired to purchase a Bible and with an air of genuine sincerity requested instruction in our teaching. Yesterday also a literary graduate, teacher in a neighboring gentleman's family, came and drawing a Mark's Gospel from his sleeve wished to have it explained. He went away expressing a purpose to examine its contents still further.

We have in our employ a colporteur whom we have been wont to regard as more desirous to draw the Bible Society's money than to sell their books. However to the surprise of all he returned from a country trip a short time ago and stated that a little revival was in progress in a village where he had been preaching. We were well aware that the officials had been making efforts to stamp out a certain false religion under the ban of the government and were fearful lest his inquirers only desired the foreigner's protection. But this has not proved to be the case, as was shown by his bringing to light two young literary men who were willing to begin a systematic study of the Bible. They have joined our winter station class

and thus far have proved themselves worthy of confidence. The class now numbers nine men, three of whom have been school-teachers. Their principal work so far has been upon the "Life of Christ and the Evidences of Christianity."

Peking, March 3, 1882.

My dear Mother:

We have been favored with two letters from you by the last mail. One came by Russia and has been almost four months on the way. I was very glad to hear, however late the letter was. Mr. Leggat has long ago reached you, and with him, I presume, the two darlings (his nephew Alex and the baby Claribel). Your hands and heart will be full in caring for these treasures. Claribel was a daughter to be proud of, and if she has gone to heaven a little earlier than most of her comrades, should we be unduly depressed? Mr. Leggat's home is broken up, but his children are taken to one, next to their own mother, who is the best person to care for them. My heart bleeds for Mr. Leggat, but I think we wrong our own souls when we practically accuse God of injustice in His dealings with us. If our religion is worth anything, it should keep us in such cases as this. I am not the one to preach to so good and true a mother as you are, but I do think I have learned a few things since I came to China which no mother in America could have taught me.

Mary and I spent three days last week at Tung-chow with the Goodriches, Sheffields and Chapins. We leave for the country soon for a long trip. We are in good health and our work is in a good condition. The Methodists hope to establish a college in Peking.

Good-bye and God bless you, dear mother.

Concentrate your soul on this burning present moment. For the man who is true to the present is true to his best; and the soul that wins the ground immediately before it makes life a triumph.

—*O. S. Davis.*

V

LIFE IN PEKING

Peking, July 7, 1882.

I AM just starting on a little tour to visit two young literary men of whom I wrote some months ago. I hear very good reports of their constancy. I am sorry that one of them is in very poor health and evidently is not long for this world. The other teacher is not so satisfactory as a Christian though a man of more force and courage. No foreigner has ever visited their village and the young men have had to endure some persecution. I hope my visit may help to dissipate the prejudices of the people. . . . *The Peking station has a growing country work of wide dimensions.* We have two street chapels in the city which can be filled daily the year around. We have the only country out-stations which have even discussed the question of self-support. *I desire very much to see our little centres of work coming up to the point of self-support.* In order to that a missionary must spend much time and do much faithful work in the country. Touring in North China means a fearful expenditure of time and strength. There are many other things I would like to say upon mission and station affairs, but I await a more favorable opportunity.

Pu An Tun, July 9, 1882.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have never written you concerning this place and I myself did not know of it till a short time ago. I am in a Taoist temple. I had supposed that all the temples were Buddhist or Confucian, and that the Taoists were a class of speculative philosophers who had no permanent abiding place. But I was mistaken. Taoist priests do not shave the entire head, but do up their hair after the ancient fashion, hence they can be easily recognized. No one can find out exactly what their ideas of worship are, and it is a question whether they know themselves. The priest in the temple where I am at present

threatened to put an end to his own life if I tried to put up here. There are a few brethren in the village and to-day a new man came. I baptized him last summer and I have thought all along that he would make a good preacher. This is quite an interesting village with an unusual number who can read. The village well is near the temple where I am, and so I am the centre of attraction. Without the temple are some fine old trees, and around the well under the trees six or eight men are sound asleep, in the midday; the crops about are dying for want of rain, a sad sight, since they had such a fine start in the spring but now are drying up. Everything seems to work against China. Even the heavens seem to dry up their sources of life.

This is perhaps the first tour I ever made when I was wholly unprovided with foreign food of any kind. In this village we have been obliged to buy our own rice and the two brethren and I eat together. Usually a ripe peach can be found which makes up for deficiency in other things. I am the first foreigner that has ever visited this place, hence the great curiosity. I am glad to leave the great road occasionally. The people are more frank and generous, and preaching to them is much easier than on the familiar routes. As the sun was setting the villagers began to gather in the temple court, and benches used at feasts were brought out for them. I preached and talked till my throat was tired and my head dizzy. There are three men here whom I look upon as hopeful inquirers. I am agitating the question of starting a free school here.

Monday, July 10th.—Three of us started for the market at Tou Tien, where we hoped to sell books. We first ate our breakfast at a tea shop, consisting of a bowl of dough and soup, a plate of chopped mutton and some wheaten cakes. While eating a man came in and inquired of our whereabouts and our doings. I judged from his appearance that he was a captain of a few soldiers appointed to guard the great road. The streets of Tou Tien were lined with little merchants selling hemp to make shoes, also paper for these soles, old iron, cloth, candy and everything conceivable, from a native point of view. As I had purchased no standing place from the head men of the fair, these little merchants were unwilling that I should block the way. One old man finally dropped me as a hard case and began beseeching the crowd to leave me with my books. He only succeeded in attracting the attention to me of some who

would not otherwise have passed by. We made a very successful sale and returned to the inn in about two hours. On the way home I stopped by a well for a drink of cold water and had a pleasant talk with the villagers. The Chinese are a social people and when they are not blinded by prejudice are polite and interesting.

Wednesday, July 12th.—We came yesterday among the mountains, and to-day are at the city of Fang Shan, that is "House Mountain." The roads are almost impassable from the heavy rains. My object in coming to the mountain city was to visit the coal mines and several celebrated caves.

Thursday.—Yesterday the rain stopped and we decided to move on. I thought I could better spend my time roaming over the mountains, since the market fair was small. Brother Tuan and I started for the "Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas," where there was said to be a cave thirteen miles deep. Long before we reached the temple we met the beautiful stream which flows from the caves. According to tradition the water of this spring will produce a rainfall if proper prayers are made to Buddha. We passed a procession of women going to celebrate the conclusion of the first month of a son's life. After passing the procession we came to the tomb of a prince of the imperial family. According to Chinese custom he had built a very fine tomb while still a young man. However much money a prince spends on his tomb, no one but himself and his wife can be buried in it, hence you can imagine how many beautiful valleys, and even fruitful fields are occupied by the tombs of the princes of the empire, as each one has his own tomb with a gorgeous gate house, ancestral temple, halls, occupying many acres of land. Tombs and temples fill the fairest portions of China. Buddhists and Taoists are shrewd enough to know that the rich like to visit such places. I have never yet heard of a cave or spring at which there was not a temple and a priest. "The Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas" is situated in a very secluded glen. The mouth of the cave, we found, was occupied by a large hall in which there were many slabs of marble on which are carved thousands of Buddhas' heads, hence the name of the temple. It is said that the cave runs clear through the mountain and is known on the other side. An emperor ordered two men to go through the cave and they are the only ones who have done so. The stupid Chinese had never told me that we could not enter the cave

and all we could do was to stand and gaze at the cold dark cavern.

Peking, Nov. 25, 1882.

To Dr. N. G. Clark:

During the summer and fall our Sabbath-school has grown so large that the chapel has proved too narrow and we have felt obliged to build two good-sized class rooms adjoining the west gate of our premises. Because of the large amount of old material on hand this building was done with small expense. These rooms are occupied by Miss Haven's class of outside girls and Mrs. Ament's class of women. Both these classes are steadily increasing in numbers and interest and bid fair to be permanent additions to our work. Chapel preaching was never more hopeful. From both our chapels additions have been made to our congregation. Eleven men have been formally taken on as probationers and four have been baptized.

One of these men is worthy of a little notice. He is the head man of a usury shop, whose business it is well known is not conducive to piety. His capital of several thousands of dollars is all loaned out to Manchu bannermen, whose returns are few and far between. He has resolved to close out this business as rapidly as possible. To show his eagerness to be in what he regards as a business consistent with Christian principles, he has opened a small grain-shop to which he will devote all his attention as soon as his money is paid back to him.

The princely tombs in the beautiful valleys of this lovely though rugged mountain region, first visited now by Mr. Ament, are but a portion of the imperial Manchu burial places known as the "Western Tombs." They are, as suggested, in the district of Fang Shan, whose city lies southwest of the larger district city of Liang Hsiang on the great road. The "Western Tombs" are the parallel to the perhaps finer "Eastern Tombs," some fifty miles east of Peking. It has been the custom of the Manchu dynasty to alternate the burial of their emperors between the Eastern and the Western Hills. The Emperor T'ung Chih was buried in a magnificently prepared

mausoleum in the "Eastern Tombs." At the time of the building of this tomb during the lifetime of the Emperor an eye-witness reported the transport of great marble slabs from quarries near Peking, which took a mob of some six hundred horses to haul it to its destination.

The famous Dowager Empress Tze Hsi prepared both her own and her nephew's tombs each at an expense verging on a million of taels. The tomb of the late Emperor Kuang Hsu was prepared at the Western Tombs, among these very hills described by Mr. Ament. His funeral in 1909 was a function of remarkable brilliance, followed a few months later by that of the Dowager Empress herself in her own tomb at the Eastern Tombs.

On his return from this summer trip, Mr. Ament and his wife found rest and quiet amid the lovely hills and temples west of Peking. The ladies and children could be there all the time and the missionary gentlemen could spend their Sundays in the city with their congregations, and such part of the week as required their service. It was a great boon to have so near at hand such a place of escape from the heat and dust of the great city. In the early autumn a new joy came into the home and hearts of these dear friends. A son, Philip Wyett, was born October 21st. They who had mourned so tenderly over the loss of the little Margaret, laid quietly away in a corner of the compound in Pao Ting Fu, were now to rejoice for a few months in a son. The native Christians vied with the foreign friends in their congratulations and pleasure in the happy event. It was a rare event indeed to have a baby boy in the old Teng Shih K'ou compound. The dear little son, who had brought so much of comfort and joy to the Ament home, had perceptibly wilted in the unwholesome air of Peking in the early days of the summer following his birth. Subsequent to the annual mis-

sion meeting his parents had gone to the hills, hoping to see his early restoration to health, but their hopes were all in vain. The anxiety and the sorrow of his loss made the summer retreat memorable.

Temple of Peace, Western Hills, June 28, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I told you I would keep you informed about any change in Philip's condition. After I wrote you last he seemed to improve a little and we had hopes of his recovery. But night before last he began to grow worse. We prevented convulsions by hot baths, but congestion of the brain could not be prevented by human means, and so the dear little soul took his flight to God. Yesterday noon Dr. Peck, from Pao Ting Fu, arrived, and we had hopes that with his constant care Philip would get better. Our efforts were of no avail and at half-past ten last evening the 27th he left this world of sin for the brighter world above. His pain seemed to cease some time before his death and his look was calm and serene as an angel's. He was too pure, too good for this world. His disease must have begun in the city, as we now remember his distressed look and his occasional cry of pain. We fled to the hills for life and found death. Our beautiful darling is with his Creator. Even the stolid heathen priest spoke to me of my bonnie boy. This awful dry heat is fatal to so many children. But he is gone. It is well with the child, much better than that he should grow up and fall away from God's truth. God knows what is best and I resign myself to His will. Mary, of course, knows the divine refuge, yet without her baby home is desolate. He was a darling cherub. Don't weep, but pray.

Your mourning son,

W. S. AMENT.

In the September following Mr. Ament and his wife made one of the most memorable tours in this early history of their service at Peking.

Pu An Tun, Sept. 23, 1883.

Three days ago our procession left Teng Shih K'ou. First was Mary's chair which she was to ride the first stage of the journey. I followed on the lap of a cart laden with bedding

and provision. There followed an open cart, such as is used by farmers, with a reed mat-roof, loaded with food, cooking utensils, clothing for our long journey. Our two servants and the preacher helper, Mr. Hung, piled into this cart. Leaving the city at the southwest, the sides of the roads were so full of water that we were confined to the terrible stone road. We spent the night at Chang Hsin Tien, the street of which is two miles long. The next day we hastened on to the small city of Liang Hsiang, exchanging the cart for five donkeys because the mules were unable to drag the cart through the terrible mud holes. From Liang Hsiang we struck into the country to Pu An Tun, village of "Stable Peace." Our two young brethren met us and took us to the Taoist temple outside the village, as being the only comfortable place in the village. The Taoist priest did not give us a very hearty welcome though he is gradually warming up a little. Like all such priests he is ignorant and superstitious, and he became a priest because it furnishes him with an easy way of passing through life. The people are very busy getting in the late grain. Some are pounding the grain to extract it from the hulls, some winnowing by tossing it in the air. Chinese threshing is a long, laborious process. The village is prettily embowered in a grove of willows and elms.

Cho Chou, Sept. 28th, 140 li from Peking.

We were greatly rejoiced when the two stately pagodas of Cho Chou appeared in sight. We were fortunate in finding a little court where we could be by ourselves. We were met outside the city by the only brother we have in the place. The next morning he brought us word that he was living in a house occupied by a literary graduate of the highest rank whose family would be glad to have Mary visit them. This was a rare opportunity and a rare invitation. She was entertained in the reception room of the great man's house and had no lack of interested listeners. She was assisted by Brother Kao's wife, a Christian of good intelligence. Mary's next invitation is to a prayer-meeting with heathen women. On Monday we left the city, taking a grain boat for Pai Mu Chiao, a distant station. We found the country everywhere under water, valuable land and grain being destroyed.

October 19th.—From Pai Mu Chiao we started across country for Wen An, and found the fields one vast sea of water,

with villages sprinkled here and there, on high knolls. Wen An is a district city. Two of the gates were impassable because of the waters and the whole country about was under water, lake-like in appearance. We thought best to take boat from here to Tientsin. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Price, from Oberlin, en route to the new mission in Shansi. Mr. Perkins accompanied us to our station Hsien Hsien and return. We arrived at Tientsin October 25th. During the trip we have seen phases of Chinese life never seen before by us, and have learned many things that will be of value. We are thankful for good health during the whole trip.

The following letter to Dr. Clark gives a succinct account of the trip :

The church at Pai Mu Chiao had planned during the present year to take some vigorous measures looking towards the erection of a chapel of which they are sadly in need. But the flood has interfered and their strength will be exhausted in keeping the wolf from the door during the coming winter.

At Wen An we were greatly pleased at the reception given us and the general disposition of the people. The Christians here have been subject to so many petty annoyances in times past that their progress has been slow, but the situation is now changed for the better. Five intelligent men were received as probationers, and the little church is much encouraged.

Again sailing over fields of grain we reached our newest station, the village of Wang Hsin. Our Christians here are few in number and weak in faith. There is no well instructed man among them to act as leader and their progress is slow. However there was here a goodly number of applicants for baptism. On our return from this city to the village of Wen An we nearly had Paul's experience in the Adriatic. A strong gale from the north raised the usually quiet waters of the plain into savage fury and our small craft was nearly engulfed. The dastardly cowardice of the farmer boatmen greatly added to the danger of the situation.

The region about Wen An is a paradise compared with Hsien Hsien. Here the water was deeper and the damage more extensive. Houses were washed down, timbers and furniture carried away by the waters. The people have suffered before from flood and drought, but never was their

misery so great as now. It looks as if a fierce tornado had swept over the village bearing away houses and uprooting trees. Their furniture, dishes, etc., are a mass of débris under the ruins of the walls and roof. Some of the people are dwelling in rudely constructed huts and the remainder were crowded into the few houses that were left. The leading man of the church had twenty-one good rooms in his compound of which not one remains. During the past year the Emperor has disbursed vast sums to the officials for the repair of dykes and embankments but the work has been wholly neglected. I am safe in estimating that at least ten thousand square miles of good, arable land is under water and millions of people are depending on imperial bounty to keep them from starvation. Tribute grain is pouring into the country in large quantities. The elements seem to combine with a depraved official class to keep this people in abject poverty and crush all manhood and enterprise out of them. Our long trip is ended and we look back with pleasure upon the friendliness of our reception, the tolerance towards a strange religion and its teachers, and the fact that the country is wonderfully open to Christianity so that if the number of missionaries was increased a hundredfold their hands would still be full.

The problem of the dutiful care of his mother had become increasingly urgent. In November of this year he had written to his mother proposing that she join him in China. But such a plan did not appeal to her at the time and it was laid aside.

Peking, Dec. 26, 1883.

My dear Mother:

A Merry Christmas to you across the sea. There are so few children in Peking that Santa Claus is very generous to them. Mary and I tried to make the day a pleasant one for the dozen or so schoolboys. I bought a foreign handkerchief for each of the boys. They had candies, cakes and pears. They had learned to sing a short hymn very nicely with Mary's help. First we went to Dr. Blodget's and Mr. Noble's and sang our song and then partook of the good things of our feast. They learned to play our games and were highly delighted. Usually they are such sombre little fellows that it did me good

to see them have a hearty laugh. Seven of them and their teacher had their picture taken. Dr. and Mrs. Blodget are nicely fixed and we are passing a very comfortable and agreeable winter.

Just now Peking is in great excitement over the money question. All the native banks are breaking and our silver has to be sold at ruinous rates. To fail in banking is death to a Chinese by law, but now it is supposed that money stops the course of justice and the bankers are all running off with the people's money. Perhaps the officials are at the bottom of it all. The French are trying to drive the Chinese into war. They are trying to steal Chinese territory and it is natural that the Chinese should resist. The city is full of rumors and the people somewhat disturbed. They are very excitable, but easily controlled.

December 27th.—My station class has suddenly grown to nine. I could easily bring it up to a dozen. May God continually shower His blessings upon you.

With love to the children,

Your son,

W. S. Ament.

In the division of the work in Peking after the return of Dr. Blodget the care of the South Church with its large Sunday congregation of pupils in the schools and the church-members, with the oversight of the preaching chapel on the front street, reverted naturally to Dr. Blodget. The care of the North Chapel and the daily street preaching there fell again to Mr. Ament's charge, as well as the country touring work. Dr. Blodget made only occasional tours, but loved to keep in touch with the Chinese by daily visits to the preaching chapel in the afternoon, as well as with the deacons and others who could come to the morning prayer service, and a Bible study directly thereafter. The helper, Jung, kept at his daily work in the chapel, and was a learner still in Bible study, although so solidly grounded in the tenets of his faith. Mr. Ament refers less in his letters, as we find them, to his own daily work at the North Chapel, to

which he was devoted, and in which he was advancing to that fine command of the Chinese speech which was to distinguish his later ministry. The new year of work, therefore, opens, as hitherto, with an account of a country tour.

Peking, March 4, 1884.

Dr. Holbrook, Miss Strong of the Presbyterian Mission, Mrs. Ament and myself have just returned from a tour of eighteen days' duration to Cho Chou and Liang Hsiang. I can give only a general statement of the many interesting incidents and experiences of our journey. More than a dozen years ago the work was opened in Cho Chou but no foothold was secured in the city and the citizens steadily held aloof from the foreigners. Last fall our visit was more graciously received by the people, perhaps owing to the fact that the women could be reached and the homes visited. On the present occasion the arrival of four foreigners, one a physician, caused a ferment among all classes. A police official tried to persuade the inn proprietor to turn us into the street. The Christian family and inquirers in the same compound with them were ordered to vacate the place. The son of the highest officer in the city with a long train of underlings called upon us making many rude remarks. Notwithstanding the opposition the ladies were invited into the homes of many respectable families, and the doctor's work grew beyond her ability to care for it. A widow from the leading family of the city came for medicine, and listened gladly to the truth. Before she went away she poured out her sorrows and trials to the ladies and wept on hearing the tidings of great joy to all the distressed. On reaching home she sent a servant with a request for books. One old gentleman who years ago had seen our books waited more than half a day to see the foreign preacher and converse on Christian truth. He gave us a cordial invitation to visit him in his home. These are only specimens of the work that came to us daily.

Historically Cho Chou is a very interesting city. Marco Polo mentions the immense stone bridge outside the city, the balustrades of which contain no less than six hundred stone pillars as well as numerous lions and elephants. "The country is rich in grain," says Marco Polo, "the people are idol-

aters, they live by merchandise and the arts, making cloth of gold as well as of silk and beautiful linen." In contrast to this beautiful picture is the present condition of the people. During the past year the Emperor has distributed grain and money five times to the starving. The manufacture of silk and linen has long since ceased and the only relic of former opulence remains in the fine shops for the sale of women's head ornaments.

Just outside of the city walls there is a temple, which reaches back in its history, it is said, to the Shang dynasty, 1766 B. C. It is situated on an artificial knoll a few tens of feet in height which doubtless is made up of the débris of ancient temples. A tablet in good preservation says the present edifice was erected during the reign of the Golden Tartars in the twelfth century.

Cho Chou enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the empire whose mandarins are exempt by imperial decree from the duty of entertaining and escorting travelling officials en route for the regions beyond. The great roads from nine provinces unite here thus making the place, as the Emperor Chien Lung said, without its like beneath the sun.

The great road from this place to the capital, though filled with lines of carts, camels, donkeys, and travellers of all descriptions, including Thibetan and Mongol pilgrims, is almost never repaired and if you are not drowned in the mud you are certain to be suffocated with the dust.

From Cho Chou we went to the village of Pu An ("Stable Peace") in the district of Liang Hsiang about thirty miles from Peking. As on previous visits, we lodged in the village temple which the Taoist priest kindly opened for us. From our first arrival the doctor was thronged with patients from villages far and near. In two or three days her medicines were exhausted as well as her strength, and by her exertions we became acquainted with many respectable people. A residence of a few days in this retired village gave us some little insight into the home life of the people, and we were more than ever impressed with the wretched condition of the women. Infanticide is more prevalent than a casual observer would suppose. We found here a new invention for the destruction of infant girls. It is simply for the mother-in-law to take a willow dustpan and fan the little creature till life is extinct. The doctor found one young mother weeping over the murder of her little girl which the mother-in-law had allowed to live two weeks be-

fore smothering. The poor girl was sick and weak, yet she was pushed about, kicked like a dog and scoffed at when she wept. A husband is helpless in such a case. The only retribution feared by the mother-in-law is that the young wife will commit suicide, when her family may come en masse and tear down the house of her oppressors. They manage to keep if possible inside the limit of the persecution which drives to suicide, but they make her life more miserable than you can conceive. The women respond quickly to sympathy from their foreign sisters and are far more cordial than the men.

We reached home February 28th. This tour was peculiarly encouraging in many respects. All classes were reached. It was the apostolic method, on the one hand healing the sick and on the other proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation.

These country tours with Mrs. Ament were full of mutual enjoyment. An effort was made to touch the country life at all points. To accomplish this every variety of transportation was employed and every means used to interest and help the people. Helpers were spurred on to sell books at the fairs and villages, schools were started, or if organized, special examinations held and the prizes of pretty pictures often in colors, from the waste of the Sunday-schools in America, were given. The receiving and making of calls and visits, alike from the Christians and their friends, or even strangers were sources of influence. The receptions often lasted till a late hour of the night, thus cementing many a friendship and adding others. Medicines such as a layman could give easily and wisely were always carried and were ever in great demand.

Peking, May 27, 1884.

From Mrs. Ament *to* a Friend:

Mr. Ament has been away to mission meeting and only just returned. While he was away I thought I would begin to answer you. Our annual meetings used to be held here in our own courts, but for three years it has been held at Tung-chow,

twelve miles southeast, as there are more ample accommodations there. Last year we went with our darling baby Philip and he was baptized on the first Sabbath. The pleasures of the week were so entwined about him that I felt I could not go this year. All would come up too vividly.

To-day I have been to a Chinese wedding. One of the girls of the Bridgman school was married to the son of one of our helpers, himself a student helper. The bride came in, her head covered with a red embroidered satin covering, so as to conceal her head and shoulders. An old woman, a friend of the family and a young woman, also a church-member, led the poor blindfolded creature to her doom. Her friends all live down in the country, too far away to afford the expense of the journey, so she, poor girl, was left to the attentions of strangers. The groom stood near but not next her, the old woman separating them. He made the responses in an audible tone but the poor girl's courage failed her, and Dr. Blodget who officiated had to take it for granted that she was willing. The doors being closed after her exit from the chapel, that no one but the woman leading her should see her enter the sedan chair, she was led to it. The chair is scarlet with gilded hangings and four bearers. On her arrival at her future home she will remove the veil, be seated on the kang, and after a little descend to knock her head on the ground to the new parents, after which she is to play the agreeable to the friends. We were all invited over to a feast this evening in honor of the occasion. The presence of a single lady would be thought most out of place—that is an unmarried lady—and foreign ladies are never much desired. No people in the world can fear ridicule more than the Chinese. It is pitiful to see what lengths they will go in order to avoid it. It makes us enjoy and appreciate our own freedom of action.

Many who are interested in the doctrine and are ready to come to us are not ready to invite us to their homes. At present I have a Bible woman who goes from house to house, reads, tells Bible stories, and explains the doctrine to whoever will listen. This is work that I would gladly do, but from which we are debarred. I teach this woman an hour each day and plan the day's work for her and I think she is doing good and reaching some who would otherwise be inaccessible.

This is a dusty day and the wind comes in gusts, and the sky is that peculiar yellow that we sometimes see before a thunder-

storm. We have these dust winds on an average once a week from November to July when the rains come. When it is not blowing dust, the air is pleasant and mild. The thermometer went once this winter to fourteen degrees, but generally it is about the freezing point. Persons suffering from rheumatism or lung trouble generally find this climate favorable. But nervous diseases are aggravated. On the whole the climate is rather more trying than that in the northern states of the United States, especially to little children. The sun has a peculiar effect upon the foreign skull. The Chinese skin and skull being considerably thickened, probably from ages of exposure, as few protect their heads except when it rains. They have a tradition that raindrops produce lice, so they most carefully protect their heads from such evil influences as the rain from heaven.

At present many of our mission are here. My share is eight. To-day I had a children's party and there were a baker's dozen around the supper table. They had a merry time. It is a pleasure to see a company of well-trained children together and the missionary circle contains a good many such.

W. S. Ament *to* Dr. Clark:

Your favor of July 26th was duly received. I thank you for the promptness and favorable decision that you gave to my request. The permission to return home gave me almost a greater throb of pain than making my request did. No one regrets more than I the necessity which compels me to leave the mission field. Never was the work more hopeful in Peking, never was the mission more harmonious. On Sabbath next I hope to baptize several men. Sixteen persons are waiting to be baptized in our country stations. The Peking church has quite a membership but it is widely scattered. In two places only can we gather a congregation of twenty baptized persons. In one of these places they have elected a head man as a sort of pastor, and we look to him to care for the services on the Sabbath. He is not paid by the mission. The people are glad to make this modest beginning towards founding an independent church. The next step is to get the people interested in building a proper chapel for their services.

A mistake will be made if our few scattered, drowned-out Christians are compared with those in Japan. There the middle classes have been reached; not so in China. It is seldom that

our people can get two harvests in a year. If they are not dried up in the spring they are almost sure to be drowned out in the autumn. Thirteen rivers flow into the Pei-Ho at or above Tientsin. This one river is too small to carry off the vast volume of water coming down after heavy rains and as a consequence the plain of Northern Chihli is annually flooded more or less. In view of these facts some missionaries think that the subject of self-support should not be brought prominently forward until the circumstances of our Christians improve or we reach a more well-to-do class of people. However, at our last annual meeting this subject was vigorously discussed and I think much good will result from it. But after all our theorizing on this subject the fact is patent that if all the worldly possessions of all our Christians were put into the contribution box the sum would be ridiculously small.

On August 24th a little daughter was born to Mrs. Ament while at the Western Hills. She is called after my mother, Emily Hammond.

On reading the minutes of the annual meeting of the Shansi Mission you will see that I have been invited to visit them and confer on mission matters. While reluctant to spend any portion of my last few months away from my field, it seems best after consultation with my colleagues that I should go. I will also act as the escort to the new arrivals for Shansi.

Peking, Dec. 31, 1884.

W. S. AMENT *to* DR. JUDSON SMITH,
Secretary of the American Board:

My congratulations are rather tardy in reaching you but they are none the less real. Your first letter reached the mission while I was absent on my visit to Shansi, and I have not yet had the pleasure of perusing it. I can wish nothing better for you than that the happy relations and mutual confidence existing between your predecessor and this mission may continue under your administration. I can testify to the deep regard missionaries have for the honored men in the home office who care for our interests so ably and faithfully.

Our work is gradually getting onto a better footing in the way of developing a native agency and bringing the converts to feel and know that there is work for them to do. Self-support is a difficult principle to advocate among the poor Chinese. The ground of success seems to me to be, as Dr. Clark in his

paper suggests, to begin from the very start and instruct the people in right principles and not let them off because of their poverty. Progress will be slow, as our constituency is scattered and self-support implies a goodly number in one place. On the other hand I think the mission in Shansi has gone to the other extreme of no paid agency at all. Already they are employing their personal servants as assistants while on their tours. They will find out as their work opens that a missionary's strength is limited and that helpers are necessary to do preliminary work.

The plain upon which Tai Ku is situated is just recovering from the effects of the famine seven years ago. The friends in Tai Ku gave me a warm welcome. I found the three families living on three different premises. On Mr. Stimson's premises there is a large room easily turned into a street chapel. This we opened for several days and seldom failed of attentive listeners. Mr. Stimson and I took a short tour into the country selling a few books and preaching by the way. Everywhere we were well treated by the people and attention was given our words. I was only sorry that my time was so limited that I could stay no longer and do no more.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.
—*Madeleine Bridges.*

VI

A PASTORATE IN AMERICA

MR. AND MRS. AMENT with their daughter, Emily Hammond, left Peking in March, 1885. They had now been nearly eight years in the mission work and were practically veterans in the service, easily carrying many forms of mission work and remarkably well adapted to meet the varying vicissitudes of mission life. They had endeared themselves to the native Christians in no ordinary way and their departure for home was greatly regretted, although there was pleasure in the thought of the rest they would have, and the delight of the mother and other friends in their return. The returning missionaries were received with eager interest in the Owosso home. The opportunity for making missionary addresses was used to the full.

Ere long it seemed wisest for Mr. Ament to resign from the service of the Board. He was invited to take charge of the pulpit in Owosso, in the absence of a pastor. He thus entered upon pastoral work under most pleasing circumstances among friends and acquaintances who were rejoicing in having such a leader among them.

A missionary during the period of his furlough in the United States in going from place to place, telling the story of life and service, is not infrequently surprised at the eagerness with which many listen to his accounts. While there is often prejudice against the work of mis-

sions and little knowledge of its hardships or successes still the field of the world is interesting. The missionary life partakes of a kind of statesmanship, that large share in the life of the world which brings to men a sense of wider interests and of international relationships. It may be these which lend attractiveness to the story of the well-equipped missionary. His reception among the churches is overflowingly warm hearted. If he is able to respond to this kindly feeling, his furlough will be full of joy to himself and of good to those hearing the record of his work.

With such an opportunity for interesting an audience as Mr. Ament had attained, it is no surprise to find him more than ordinarily acceptable when he spoke upon his favorite theme of China.

After no very long delay, therefore, when he had decided to seek a pastorate at home, he received and accepted a call to the church at Medina, Ohio. Medina is one of the considerable towns in the Western Reserve, south of Cleveland. The population was at that time a little above two thousand. He speaks of the church as a "country" church, and yet it stands eighth in membership among the two hundred and fifty churches of Ohio. In benevolent gifts it stands either ninth or tenth. It had had a fine record in the ability of its former pastors. His immediate predecessor was the Rev. Dr. C. J. Ryder, since a secretary of the American Missionary Association. There are few letters to tell the story of this pastorate. His mother joined him here, fulfilling the long cherished desire for them to be together. Mr. Ament's Christian enthusiasm found happy scope in the new field. His people became responsive to his missionary as well as other appeals. It is given to but few foreign missionaries to enter so closely into the church life at home.

The following letter begins the record :

Owosso, Mich., Oct. 24, 1885.

My dear Miss Schirmer:

I have accepted a call to Medina, Ohio, a country town with a church-membership of 250, twenty miles from Cleveland. They have a fine building and a good roomy parsonage. Why can you not come and spend the winter with us? If the town is too monotonous, you can drop into Cleveland, the finest town in the West. I have a horse and a carriage and we will take daily rides in the fresh air. I am delighted with my parish. My predecessor, Rev. C. J. Ryder, was called to Oswego and refused the call, thinking Medina the preferable place. There is only one regular service a day and two other meetings.

Eternally yours,

W. S. Ament.

To a Friend:

We are now a united family. My mother reached here last Saturday evening in good health and spirits. Our home is very comfortable and convenient. I keep a carriage to visit my parishioners, many of whom live in the country. Yesterday I had an audience of nearly five hundred people. To-morrow night I speak in Cleveland on "China." Our health is good. We are working hard and the Master is helping us.

Medina, Ohio, Jan. 25, 1886.

To Dr. Smith:

We are comfortably settled and hard at work. The people have given us a cordial reception and the prospects for the future are most encouraging.

It is easy to criticize the progress of missions in China and pronounce them a failure but you never hear such criticism emanating from a live missionary. Progress in China is marked and encouraging, but it *cannot be wholly represented in figures. It is seen in the general breakdown of idolatry in many places, the reception given to missionaries, and the general diffusion of useful information.* I hope you may be coming around by way of Medina before long. The foreign missionary interest needs rousing. I hope to give a course of a dozen lectures on China. Our ladies' society is quite revived in interest as also the children's. I want to do much for the cause still near my heart. Let me know if I can be of any service, and I will perform it if I can.

Miss Mary A. Curtiss of Medina writes of an incident in Mr. Ament's new pastorate. "Early in February, 1886, a series of meetings for which Mr. Ament and others had been preparing was held in Medina under the direction of those well-known temperance workers, Francis and Edward Murphy. Into this work and that of the Gospel Temperance Union, organized during Mr. Murphy's stay in Medina, Mr. Ament threw himself with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. He was most earnest in seeking out those who were not hopeful. No home was too distant or too humble for him to find it, if so he might be of service to one who needed help. And his interest and sympathy were so genuine and so kindly manifested as to give him great power with those he was trying to reach. As one who knew him well in this work said, 'He could come right to the point and yet not insult anybody.' His interest in the work never seemed to abate. He started meetings in a section of the town where not many were in the habit of attending church, and kept them up. One intimately associated with him in this part of the work quotes him with grateful remembrance as saying in his hearty way, 'There will be a meeting tonight and you will be there. I've got something to tell you and I know you will be there.' And he went. As a result of these meetings the last open saloon in Medina was closed and more than a thousand signatures were secured for what was known as the Murphy pledge."

Among the interesting incidents of this home pastorate was a discussion with a company of outspoken infidels, who had secured much influence with the young men of the town. The discussions were held in the county court house. By wise and thoughtful discussion, and happy retort and reply to objections, the power of this opposing force was practically broken.

One of the pleasant incidents of his work in Medina

was the securing of a young man to be the business agent and treasurer of our North China Mission. One of the real burdens in any mission is the business end. To Mr. Bostwick the mission is indebted for the discovery and selection of the now well-known watering place on the north coast a score of miles south of Shan-Hai-Kuan. Family circumstances compelled him to return home after an eight and a half years' service. He is well known as the diligent and successful manager of the great sanitarium at Clifton Springs.

A little son, William Sheffield Ament, came to their home July 25, 1887.

Medina, Ohio, Oct. 31, 1887.

To Dr. Smith.

We have received letters from China which have broken us entirely down. Not that we have needed any suggestions to make our interest in China real and living, but the present needs lay the burden upon us heavier than ever before. Three preaching missionaries have always been needed in Peking. By the return of Mr. Noble next spring and the transfer of the treasurer's office to Tientsin a house is left available and the desire of Dr. Blodget for a third preaching missionary can be realized. The question forces itself on us, ought we to return and take up our work; is it right to do so under the circumstances? The situation has improved wonderfully in the last few months. My mother decided that she would reëstablish her home in Michigan, so last month I returned with her and she is now comfortably settled in her own house. Two years of rest have given her quite a zest for work again. She is almost ready to say go, but what shall I say of our beloved parish which has a hold on our affections second only to China? I have nearly a hundred spiritual children here. Should they be left? Would so sudden a change in plan indicate fickleness on my part? Is it fair to the people after a pastorate of only two years and a half to leave them when everything is on a most satisfactory basis? Perhaps you can give us a little light on these matters. My heart yearns for China. It is no light thing to be swerved from a line of work chosen not for a day but for a life. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient.

Medina, Jan. 24, 1888.

I have just returned from a very satisfactory visit with my mother. She takes the most cheerful view of the situation and is ready to abide by any decision we may make. We hope your plans will allow of a short call in Medina before long.

It was a great pleasure to Mr. Ament that he could have his mother with him and that together they could share the happy burdens of a household with the children of his sister among them. It would appear however that Madam Ament, who was in her seventieth year, could not easily accustom herself to being away from her old friends and acquaintances. She was therefore restless and somewhat lonely at Medina, since her son was so busily occupied with the parish cares. It was her desire to return to her old home in Michigan. On the other hand one who has had a share in the work on foreign fields ever feels the drawing again towards the work. Such a feeling Mr. Ament could not resist and at this juncture there came some new and special appeals for the North China work, increasing the old interest, and with a quickened enthusiasm the old work in China fell again to his lot.

Medina, March 23, 1888.

My dear Miss Schirmer:

I want to tell you something of our plans. Such representations have come from China and from the secretaries in Boston that we have decided to return to China this fall. Of course we are very contented in Medina, but the call is very loud from across the sea. I hear you say: "How about mother?" Well, she says, "Go. It is your duty." Her niece will make a home for mother and by the sale of some land she is made financially comfortable. Mother is glad that she has a son willing to do such a work, and if the Lord calls, who shall hinder? I know you will look at this in the right light and not look on me as an ingrate, for no man in the land loves his mother more than I do.

From Mrs. Ament:

Dear Friend:—I think it was partly because mother felt convinced that this was not the field where William could do the most good that she decided to go back to Michigan. I think that when he came back from China she thought he could work as well in one place as another, but she came to see that China was *the* field for him and as soon as she saw that, like a true mother she really wished him to be where he could do the most for Christ and humanity. On visiting her last winter he found her so cheerful and happy in the thought of his going back that he came to the final decision.

Medina, May 9, 1888.

Dear Miss Schirmer:

My mother is with us now and was never more cheerful. Last Wednesday was her seventieth birthday and we had a company of old ladies to greet her. She enjoyed the tea party very much. The dear creature is a general favorite. All love her, for no one could help doing that. Do you not suppose that when God told me to go to China, He also prepared my mother for the work as well as myself? She counts it a privilege to have a son at the front. We break up here in about two weeks, and I leave for good in June. I do wish you could see Mary and the babies before we go.

Painesville, Ohio, July 9, 1888.

To the Same:

Arrived at Painesville, Mary and the babies gave me a warm welcome, and in the family carriage we drove to her aunt's together. I do trust that you will remember that I appreciate your beautiful treatment of me while I was in New York. Such kindness was more than I deserve, and I shall never forget it and will try to enrich others by your example of unselfish kindness and generosity. Some day but not now I may have eloquence enough to tell you how much you have done to make the world brighter for me. What courage you give by your cheerful spirit and what hope by your kindness!

It is peculiarly fitting to place here a summary of his experiences at Medina, given as a part of the later memorial services, on his behalf by the present pastor of the

Medina church, the Rev. J. Edward Kirbye, D.D., recently the president of Drury College, Missouri:

"The influence of a truly great pastor is cumulative. Measured by this standard, the Rev. William S. Ament, D.D., was a great pastor as well as a great missionary. During his ministry here of three years many notable advances were made, and influences left are easily discernible in the life of the church to-day. There are three abiding impressions in the community as the result of his ministry.

"The people remember distinctly his heroic aggressiveness. He was never afraid to undertake a task if it promised success. There was the spirit of venturesome faith and he sought to make the church the embodiment of this ideal. The people are fond of telling how the Standing Committee were reluctant about adopting certain measures which he proposed. After presenting the case as clearly as he could with its promised advantages and seeing their reluctance, he arose from his chair and strode across the room remarking: 'I wish I had a walking committee instead of a standing committee.' There was a buoyant enthusiasm in his endeavor which drew the people about him in ardent devotion.

"The second abiding influence was his consecration to the work of the Master. He was not concerned with eloquent sermons but was trying to minister faith to the discouraged, and to rescue those who had lost their bearings in life. He was interested in the outcasts of the community. There was a drunkard who enlisted his full sympathies and help. This man professed conversion and joined the church, but only through the steady and persistent ministries of Mr. Ament was he kept until the last.

"The third influence which he left among the people was an enthusiasm for missions. The needs and the opportunities of the heathen world pressed heavily upon his heart. He was the wise master builder in the church. He knew that if the children and the young people could be grounded in missionary zeal that it would be a cumulative force widening over the years.

"Our church is a great missionary church to-day because Mr. Ament instructed the junior and senior Christian Endeavor Societies in the meaning of world-wide responsibility. He felt that it was a great battle to win the world for Christ. He

believed with all his heart and soul in the supreme necessity of the effort and the ultimate victory. The church in Medina loved him, and he in turn loved the church, but he believed with all his heart that he was divinely called to return to China. There was ease and comfort here, there was duty in China.

> "'The little road said go,
> The little house said stay,
> And, oh, it is bonny here at home,
> But I must go away.'

"That was the spirit in which he went out from the Old First Church, Medina, to his work in China."

Be strong.
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.
—*Babcock.*

VII

THE RENEWAL OF LIFE IN CHINA

THE plan to return to China involved questions which had a large bearing upon the coming home life in Peking. There were the two small children who needed alike constant care and teaching as they should grow. There was the large women's work in Peking for which Mrs. Ament was fully equipped and which she desired to aid in every possible way. There was also the problem of Mrs. Ament's aunt, Miss A. M. Wyett, who had now resigned her position at Oberlin. It was a happy thought which came unwittingly at first that Miss Wyett accompany them to Peking, share in their home and aid Mrs. Ament in the care of the children that she might give the more time to the Chinese. It was a part of the plan that Miss Wyett should, if she so desired, use her remarkable skill in colors and drawing in giving lessons. Mrs. Ament felt especially desirous of having her aunt in her home, since in the early days of their motherless condition, Miss Wyett had given her nieces most faithful and loving care. It would be a suitable return for such thoughtful care, if their Peking home could be hers also.

San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1888.

To Dr. Smith:

In a few hours we set sail for China. Our party is now complete; all in good health and spirits. En route from Portland we narrowly escaped plunging through a burning trestle work but were mercifully preserved. Our last word is one of

good cheer and high hope for the glory of God in a heathen land.

Mrs. Ament is out or she would unite in warm regards to Mrs. Smith and yourself. Miss Wyett also sends greetings.

Peking, Oct. 18, 1888.

I am glad to announce our safe arrival in Peking.

Never was hospitality more appreciated than was the warm, cordial greetings and good cheer of the Tung-chow friends. But we could not tarry long in this delightful resting place and hurried on to Peking, meeting a group of native brethren some distance out of the city who had come in the dust storm to give us a welcome home. Never did the great, roaring, busy city seem more attractive even in its filth. If possible the dust seemed deeper, and the smells more malodorous than years ago. However, it was home to us.

Our welcome from the station has been more than we could expect. The work seems to be in a healthful condition. Dr. Blodget is working as he always has done up to the limit of his strength, and Mr. Aiken is exercising a happy spiritual influence over the native Christians. I am glad to see some new faces in the group of native Christians at our midweek prayer-meeting. The opportunity for work, as usual, is very great. The front chapel does not lack for listeners and the number of intelligent hearers is increasing.

Peking, Oct. 29, 1888.

To Miss Schirmer:

We have been in Peking just two weeks and if ever people have worked, we are the ones. We are now settled in our comfortable home. The children are well and their fat rosy cheeks are the delight of the Chinese and the foreigners. Such color and fullness are not often found within the walls of this filthy city. Miss Wyett endured the journey very well, except the last stage in a native boat. We have given her two rooms and she is very comfortable. We find some improvements in China. A railroad runs from the ocean to Tientsin and is projected as far as Peking. Rumors of great things are in the air. Curio buyers from Europe and America have just left Peking with tens of thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful things. I am to be proposed as a member of the North China Branch of

the Royal Asiatic Society on the strength of an article on "Chinese Currency" which I have only in manuscript.

December 8, 1888.

To Dr. Smith:

Mr. Aiken and I have just returned from a tour to our country regions connected with this station. We left Peking November 4th, ourselves in a cart drawn by two mules and Helper Hung following on a donkey purchased for the occasion but sold on our return so that his travelling expenses were greatly reduced thereby. Mr. Aiken has adopted the native costume, barring the queue, for country work, while I still wear the foreign dress and remain a genuine specimen of the foreign devil. We took our first meal at a large market town called Huang Tsun, thirty li from the city.

The following day we reached the market town of Nan Meng. We have only one convert in this vicinity, a young man who has been in the church only one year. He was of great assistance in selling books at the fair and told his story with great simplicity and some power. For two evenings we held meetings at the inn. On the second evening, eight men gave in their names as seekers after truth. Among these eight were two literary gentlemen, one of considerable repute as a teacher, who sent three of his brightest pupils to visit us and learn for themselves of the religion which he was ready to recommend.

Pai Mu Chiao or Cedar Bridge was our next objective point. This place with several neighboring villages has been the scene of gospel labors for many years and a goodly number of converts greets the missionary. For thirteen years previous to 1887 this region had been visited by annual floods and their crops destroyed or seed not sown at all. For two years Providence has smiled favorably upon them; their fortunes have revived and they have good crops, comfortable homes, and seem to appreciate the fact that they are under some obligation for all these blessings. It would seem that with forty adult members any church ought to be able to go ahead and build its own chapel and do something to support its own pastor, but they have been reluctant to make a move. However now they enter upon the plan of having their own place of worship with some enthusiasm. The central village most convenient for all the members has no room upon the village knoll, and no one has

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space for sale. All these villages are built upon raised ground firmly packed to the height of four to six feet to protect them from the floods which visit them so often. The only thing to do was to look for premises in the next best village, but we found that the place best located is for sale at a price quite beyond their means. However the project is not to be dropped yet.

They have been in a cold spiritual condition and some of the brethren had fallen into bad practices. One of these was suspended for a year. It seemed like a punishment, perhaps deserved for past delinquencies, that before we left he got into difficulty in a neighboring village and was seized and thrown into prison on a charge of criminal assault. Though resolved that we should undertake to do nothing for any open violator of the law, we visited him in prison, saw the iron chain about his neck and hanging down to his feet and observed his generally pitiable condition. He was dressed in the thinnest garments, suitable for warm weather only, and had eaten nothing for two days. His pride was not yet broken and he excused himself for his misdeeds in several very lame efforts. His friends succeeded in seeing him after some four days and reported that he had received no food or water in all that time, and his tongue was so swollen that he could hardly speak. Dante's inferno is a feeble representation of the horrors of a Chinese prison, reeking with filth and the victims chained in the most uncomfortable attitudes and not fed or watered, unless their friends come forward with a very liberal sum of money, which in most cases they are utterly unable to do. Only in the last extremity when life is almost extinct are the prisoners given food and water enough to keep soul and body together. Our poor brother is caught in the meshes of a Chinese lawsuit, and he may be thankful if he escapes with his life. This is an object lesson which we trust the little church will diligently consider and be warned thereby.

In most newly opened places the little church has to pass through certain incipient forms of persecution before the work is fairly established. If a temple is to be repaired or built or a theatre is held in the village in honor of some god every citizen is called upon to contribute according to his tax list. By treaty provision our Christians are free from this tax. The village head men often ignore this clause of the treaty or are ignorant of it and browbeat the church-members until sometimes they

pay the tax to escape the petty persecution. In this village the head man was willing to leave the matter in abeyance till the foreign pastor came and gave the ultimate decision. When we arrived there was great curiosity on the part of many to hear the discussion and our reasons for refusing to assist in the support of a theatre company which was doing so much to entertain the people and which came at the request of the most respectable families in the place. It gave us a good opportunity to explain our principles to the very people we were most anxious to reach and at the same time vindicate our Christians in the position they took which the uninstructed attributed to nothing more than penuriousness.

It was a great pleasure to be able to make a short visit to Pao Ting Fu where my first three years in mission work were spent. Here also were indications of growth and improvement. New faces were seen shining with a new light, and new voices were heard in prayer and praise. The new premises in the south suburb are already occupied by Dr. Merritt and Mr. Winchester and their families who are established in their large, airy, sunny rooms with ample space outside, free from malaria, for air and exercise. The future of this station now seems secured and people can live here if they can live anywhere.

We hastened on to Cho Chou, a name familiar to you from letters written about the work there by different ones for the last seventeen years.

While in Cho Chou we were favored with a good view of the lineal descendant of Confucius in the seventieth generation. He is a young man about twenty years of age and has just been to Peking to celebrate his marriage. As he is the first subject in the empire, outranking all princes and nobles except those of royal blood, he travels with great display, wholly, of course, at imperial expense. He, his mother, and his bride were carried in blue sedan chairs with eight bearers, each preceded by a company of soldiers and an officer who carried the Emperor's passport strapped carefully to his back, so arranged that the royal yellow silk document was visible to all. An immense train of horsemen and carts followed in the rear. Nothing could exceed the perfect respect and reverence with which this "holy man" with the blood of the great Confucius, "The Perfect One," flowing in his veins, is regarded by all classes of the people. Though the streets were lined with people, hardly a word was spoken or a motion made as the procession went past.

This boy has a nation at his feet. Notwithstanding his ancestry and the high honors paid him, the boy is a degraded opium-smoker and his kindred, I am told, are in a state of great decay. But as an advertisement of Confucianism he is a great success. Princes struggle for a glance at him or a word with him and all classes count it an honor to have him pass through their borders. It would take hardier and more substantial virtues than Confucianism can create to endure the weakening influence of seventy generations of mental and physical inactivity.

Pao Ting Fu, Aug. 19, 1889.

DEAR DR. SMITH:

You will no doubt be interested in a brief account of the first Congregational ordination in China.

Place : Pao Ting Fu.
Time : August 18, 1889.

At our last annual meeting it was decided to proceed as early as convenient to the ordination of six young men, three of whom were connected with Tung-chow, two with Peking and one with Pao Ting Fu. Early in the summer letters missive from the church in Pao Ting Fu were sent to the various churches of our order, desiring their presence by pastor and delegate. The council met on Saturday, Mr. Sheffield as chairman, and unanimously recommended the young man, Meng Ch'ang Ch'un, for ordination. Being laid aside by an attack of sickness he could not pass the ordeal of a public examination. But the native brethren gladly testified to Meng's qualifications for the office of pastor. His theological instructor, Mr. Sheffield, could speak as to his doctrinal soundness. Perhaps no man ever had fewer enemies or more generally commended himself to all by his self-control and wisdom in speech and action. His father you will recall as the first convert in Pao Ting Fu and the pillar in the church for years. Young Meng is thoroughly Christian in all his ideas and sympathizes with all that is good and helpful in church life. It is an auspicious day in North China when such a man is set aside to the gospel ministry.

On Sabbath morning the chapel was filled to overflowing, many country members coming in to witness the first ordination. The exercises opened with an explanation of the occasion by Mr. Pierson. Following this prayer was offered by Mr. Orr Ewing of the China Inland Mission who was providentially present. The sermon was preached by Mr. Sheffield from 1 Timothy iv. 12, presenting Christ as the model Pastor and exhorting the candidate to imitate Him. The charge to the candidate was given by Mr. Ament, followed by the ordaining prayer offered by Mr. Stanley. The young man was only able to be present by reclining on a long chair supported by pillows. Mr. Aiken tendered the right hand of fellowship. A very interesting incident was the singing of a hymn composed by Brother Kung, a young theological student from Tung-chow. It was beautiful in thought and expression and well adapted to the occasion.

Peking, Nov. 20, 1889.

To Miss Schirmer:

Miss Wyett does not improve in the climate of China. She has been in poor health all summer and autumn, but is now beginning to move about a little. The wonder is that a person so frail can do anything at all. She paints on Chinese silk representations of the flowers of China, making very beautiful pictures. My blessed little children are a great comfort to us. I only repeat the testimony of others when I say that Emily is one of the most beautiful and attractive children that one usually meets. Her golden hair hangs in ringlets over her rosy blond face. Always smiling—when not crying—she sheds sweetness and cheerfulness everywhere. Though not yet six, she is invited to many places in the city with girls older than herself. She is the only foreign child I know that does not lose her rosy cheeks in coming to this pestilential city. As to our work, that is prosperous. I took a little empty shop in a distant part of the city and now we have full congregations and are about to organize a church. Mary has an industrial class for the women and tries to teach them while they sew. She has little money for women's work and is trying to sell their work to help their wages, which is seven cents a day for women. Four men arose in our little prayer-meeting to-day and said their minds were made up to try and live Christian lives.

Peking, Feb. 8, 1890.

To Dr. Smith:

Your letter of December 20th arrived in Peking while I was absent on a tour in the country. On my return I haste to reply. After we left the hills last September and my little son and myself had fully recovered from our long illnesses, I settled down to work with all my strength, hoping to make up lost time and keep my record of work full. As you will recall one year ago last January the work of this station was divided into three parts, the North Chapel and the accompanying work in Cho Chou and Liang Hsiang being assigned to me.

Though beginning with only a few schoolboys we have now a delightful audience of forty or more, every man, woman, and child of whom I know by more than ordinary acquaintance. Before the close of the Chinese old year we had a series of meetings lasting a month or more with good results. Owing to the increase of robberies and murders of late, the Emperor had issued an edict closing all gambling and opium establishments. Of course the places will all open again after the new year, but as for two or three months they were out of employment, they flocked to our chapel as a good warm lounging place. I encouraged them to come and sometimes we had from forty to sixty men, keepers or frequenters of gambling and opium dens. You will be pleased to hear that most of the preaching at our North Chapel is done by men who receive no compensation from the mission but do this as a glad contribution to the work. Two of the three men who help in that work are Manchus and receive monthly stipends from the government and are nominal soldiers, though doubtless they never fired off a gun. The idea of trying to do something for themselves is quite popular with our North Chapel people. I shall propose soon that they pay for the chapel fuel, also help in the support of the day-school. Already they have bought their own hymn-books, responsive readings, communion service (such as it is), have helped an afflicted brother and done other small things.

I am very busy just now preparing (or trying to) a few lectures for the Tung-chow students on practical methods of Christian work.

Peking, April 21, 1890.

In Peking it is only fair to mention that there are special difficulties in the line of church development. The chief

hindrance is the shifting character of the population. Our best members may have their homes a hundred miles away and may return at any time. We are making special efforts to draw in the Manchus who have their homes right about us. As a rule here our congregations are smaller than our membership. The members are scattered all over North China.

In May, 1890, the second missionary conference for China was held at Shanghai, as the first one in 1877 had been. It is recorded that in 1865 there were two thousand baptized Protestant communicants. This number had increased in 1877 to thirteen thousand. It had advanced to thirty-seven thousand in this year of the conference.

The coming together of so many workers from every part of China made a deep impression. By their ability, their harmony, their high purpose and far-reaching plans they won a place for mission work among the commercial and diplomatic people hitherto unattained.

One effect was a change in the attitude of the local press towards the missionary propaganda. Another excellent result was the widening of the field of correspondence published in the Shanghai papers. Since this change the best information regarding all Chinese affairs has been from the missionaries distributed over the empire. Mr. Ament shared in the regular and special correspondence from Peking.

Aside from the fine spirit of harmony in mutual efforts the chief results of the conference were the organization of an education association, and the appointing of committees to overlook the revising of the sacred Scriptures in the Chinese language. Our North China Mission was well represented in each of the three boards of revisers, and has had a marked influence in molding the standards of the new versions.

January 10, 1891.

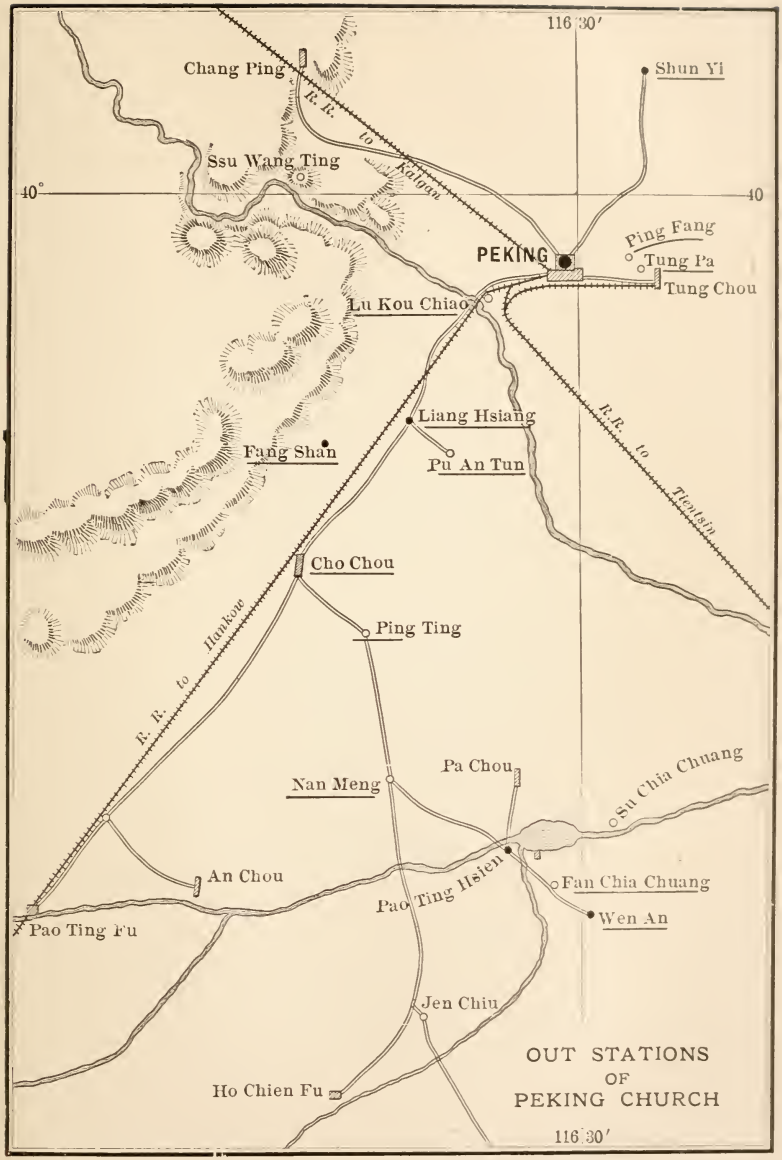
To Secretary Smith:

The death of the father of the Emperor, the seventh prince (seventh son of the old Emperor Tao Kuang who made such a noble effort to put down the opium traffic), leaves an aching void among men of progressive spirit in China. His mind was open to new ideas and he was meditating marked changes and had already advised the young Emperor to grant the audience question.

Our station has had a year of prosperous work. The South Chapel reports thirty-eight baptisms (including thirteen schoolgirls) and my North Chapel records thirty baptisms, being a net gain of twenty-eight adults. But in my country field the outlook is still more encouraging. At Cho Chou after years of effort we have now succeeded in securing satisfactory premises in a good location.

March 3, 1891.

I am exceedingly happy to be able to state definitely that in both city and country the whole aspect of affairs has changed. The clouds which seemed so dark and lowering, prophetic of a tornado, have only dropped refreshment in parched places and the harvest has come with almost the rapidity of a miracle. After I dismissed my station class, I started for a tour to Pu An Tun where the young helper Jen Hsueh Hai is, and Cho Chou; in the former place to arrange for the continuance of the little school, and in the latter to complete the purchase of our premises. The Spirit of the living God was there before me, to my glad surprise. The station class men had returned home only to go to work like heroes to convert their fellow townsmen, and the helper and his wife (one of Miss Chapin's girls) had risen to their opportunity and a revival was at its flood tide when I reached there. By day and by night the rooms of the preacher's house had been full of men and women, studying as well as listening to gospel truth. Their home was a busy hive of Christian industry. The best of it was that the people had come by families so that often father, mother, and children would be studying the same lesson in the catechism and trying to be mutually helpful. The people said that for ten years they had been in a state of dread of the foreigners, hearing so many rumors of kidnapping children, etc., but that of late they had no fears at all, but on the con-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trary a great desire to learn the great truths which seemed the mainspring of their action. There seemed to be genuine hunger for spiritual truth. They never were weary of the meetings. In the few days it was my pleasure to be with them they seemed to grow every minute of the time. Most of them made a good start in committing to memory the Apostles' Creed, Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. They felt a loyalty to the church which is a rare feature among many of our native brethren. They took upon themselves the duty of looking after the weak ones. On my return from Cho Chou, by the aid of the helper and two or three church-members, thirty-eight persons were picked out as presenting evidences of conversion and a fair comprehension of the Gospel.

As to the North Chapel in Peking, we are now fully cut loose from the South Church and have set up housekeeping for ourselves with a membership of over one hundred, including both city and country. Our chapel is open both afternoon and evening and the audiences are large and attentive. The brethren are recovering from their state of lethargy and of their own accord have invited one of their number to be a regular helper in the chapel. They pledged his support, though of course they will expect, as they will need, generous aid from the foreigners.

Peking, May 23, 1891.

You will have heard ere this of our annual meeting. We had an unusually pleasant time, though the attendance was small. It seems to me that our natives need just such meetings to teach them how to do business in a Congregational way, also to bring them into touch sympathetically with the foreigners and to brighten them up generally for their work. The tremendous inertia of Chinese heathenism drags on our helpers as on ourselves. *Our seven stations are almost seven missions, each one making its own demands and needs prominent at our meeting.*

Peking, July 8, 1891.

My dear Mother:

Yesterday I returned from my long summer trip to Cho Chou and the country in general. This morning the rain is gently falling, which would have made the roads impassable had I waited another day. I received your letter of April 26th,

and it did me worlds of good, being so full of courage and cheer. On returning I found letters from Edith and Anna, giving the sad news of the death of Father Penfield.

In Cho Chou the people of a certain village, where I had distributed famine relief, made me a present of a fine tablet to be hung over the door of the chapel. This was so much of an honor that people from long distances came to see it and offer their congratulations. It will do a good deal to keep us on friendly footing with the people. In the south the missions are having great trouble with the gentry and disaffected folk of all classes, and the work is in great danger, but here the people seem most friendly and it is rare to hear a word of disrespect.

Mary is improving in health in Kalgan and I trust will be a new woman when she comes down. Her father's death will be a great shock to her, but she is a woman of courage and will bear it like a Christian.

Peking, Oct. 22, 1891.

To Medina Friends :

Dear Mrs. Darnley and Brother John :—Your letter just came in as we were returning from our annual meeting at Tientsin and we are making arrangements for our annual flit from this pestilential city. I took Mrs. Ament and the children to Kalgan, our station on the Great Wall, five days' hard travel to the northwest of Peking. There they are on a high plateau, with pure air free from city smells and miasms. Bostwick and I returned to our posts, he at Tientsin. Medina may well be proud of such a fine fellow as Harry Bostwick, an expert business man and staunch Christian. Our mail coming is quite an event. I had a letter from my mother reporting her in the best of health. I found a good list of subscribers for a new magazine that I edit. Of course I do not allow literary work to interfere in any serious manner with my evangelical work, which I consider my chief duty and my greatest joy.

Last evening was my first evening meeting in my little chapel. A very fair audience assembled and remained to the close. The evening preachers are men who freely give of their time and strength for this glorious work. My chapel is now open every day and evening and perhaps four different men preach during the day. I can see as never before the

immense reach and scope of God's great scheme of redemption. It touches human society in every part and dignifies and ennobles life. It includes everything of interest or value to man.

A remarkable proclamation has just been issued by the Emperor, in which he calls upon the mandarins to protect all preachers, as we are engaged in a work that benefits the people and does no harm to the state. In the southern part of the empire the Christians have been seriously persecuted, one missionary murdered, houses and chapels burned and vile placards put up all over the country. Here, in the north, in the very centre of influence, everything is quiet and a cordial greeting given to the preacher.

Willie is now quite a boy, roystering about the compound, making a racket with a drum or flageolet, climbing the walls in imminent danger of his neck, begging to ride my mule, tormenting his sister, now working with kindergarten materials, learning to read, wanting to ask the blessing at the table, to shave with my razor. Daily we see the growth of conscience and an appreciation of what is good and best. Emily is developing rapidly, writes and reads nicely. Poor children, they have no companions and it is only occasionally they can romp with other children distant a mile or two away.

Cordially yours, in the Master's service and the discipline of the Gospel,

W. S. Ament.

Peking, Dec. 17, 1891.

To Secretary Smith:

It is some time since I have seized the opportunity to write to you. I have been rather waiting to see what would be the upshot of recent political agitations, and to know whether or not we would all be invited to move to the seaboard.

Our new little paper, *The North China News*, meets with a cordial reception. It keeps me rather busy, but the preparation of the paper is a respite from other labors which are more trying. I should be most dissatisfied if it interfered with my work as a preaching missionary, than which there is no more compensating and delightsome work under the sun.

Report of Mission Depositary for 1890–1891 :

We believe the grand desideratum in our literature to be the tract, which will do for Chinese readers what some tracts have done for English readers. Such a tract cannot be translated, it must come fresh and warm from some heart which feels the need it endeavors to supply. The Chinaman will read to the finish a sheet tract, while the book, though even of a few pages, will be laid aside. The land should be sown broadcast with these sheets which contain the great essentials of our faith.

The North China Tract Society at its spring meeting, 1891, decided to begin a monthly paper for the benefit of the Mandarin speaking people of the churches. All Chinese literature tends towards the concise and classical style of composition. The scholars and others look down upon the simple and colloquial. The Christian Church could not exist upon such a basis. The Gospel must be preached and read in familiar and common forms. A real Bible in the language of the people must be the aim of translators. Thanks to this aim the common people of China have a Bible which they can read, understand and inwardly digest. Happily the best of Kuan Hua, the idiomatic colloquial of three-fourths of China, is illustrated in a few widely known books and in the finest of literary products. The American Board Press had for twenty years issued literature for Christian readers, aside from the Old and New Testaments, in tracts, stories, hymn-books, in a steady stream. The time had come for an advance and the *Church News* was the result, with Mr. Ament as editor.

The little paper was made in shapely folio form, printed on heavy white Chinese paper, the printing being on both sides of the sheet, an invention of Mr. Hunt, quite unique at the time. Mr. Ament had a very able Chinese writer for his teacher and assistant. He was

very fortunate in his selection of Chinese scholars. One of these went from Pu An Tun to Germany, recommended by Mr. Ament to the legation. He remains there now as teacher of Chinese in the Berlin University. Another, Chang Hsi Hsin, became Dr. Goodrich's very able assistant in translating the Scriptures.

The monthly labor upon the *Church News* became of very deep interest to Mr. Ament. The general make-up was his, such as translation of foreign telegrams, a survey of passing political events, the editing of the news from the churches, and selection of articles sent in. The résumé of the imperial edicts could be left to the scribe. Most of the articles were in simple Mandarin, others in easy classical, if such there be. The pleasure of this service to the churches was found in its increasingly useful character. Yet he assures his correspondents that it was a byplay not interfering with daily preaching or extended tours.

This editorial work continued until his furlough in 1897 and was resumed on his return the following year.

Peking, Sept. 21, 1892.

To the Medina Junior Endeavor Society:

My dear Young Friends:—I am greatly delighted to hear of the prosperity of your society and trust it will meet with even greater success in the future. I suppose I am safe in taking for granted that most of the members are not those with whom I used to have such pleasant meetings. Many of those now are doubtless stalwart young men and beautiful young women, active members and loyal supporters of the regular Endeavor Society. I suppose you all know the meaning of the word "endeavor." It means, "on duty." The true endeavorer is always on duty, ready to do whatever comes to his hand "for Christ and His Church."

You will be much surprised to learn that though I have tried to be a good endeavorer, still I do not live within a thousand miles of any endeavor society that I know of. It is a

melancholy fact. I shall have to confess that the greatest Christian movement of modern times is not represented in Peking or North China. There is a reason for this. Thirty years ago there was not a Protestant Christian in this great city of Peking. There may be as many as six hundred now, but they are scattered over a large area. Most of them are very poor and have to live from hand to mouth, so they never have any time for anything outside the usual duties. On Sabbath they will usually come for the morning service, after that we may not see them again till the next Sunday. If one of our Christians works for a heathen master, he has only to mention keeping the Sabbath, or attendance on any of our meetings, in order to lose his place at once.

A few years in the heathen land would make you think Medina a perfect Paradise. I know that people are not all as good as they ought to be but still it is heaven as compared with Peking.

But it is not all dark, even here. As I sit writing there is a young Chinese in my house playing on a baby organ and the sweet notes of "What a friend we have in Jesus" come wafted to my ears, telling me that Jesus is working even here. This young man was once a "street rat," as wild and wicked as he could be. His father was a miserable besotted opium-smoker, just ready to drop into the grave. He gave me this boy and I have now supported him more than ten years. He has fallen into many sins, been dismissed from our church, but has held on, and has been held on to, until now he has graduated from our mission college, and in a few days begins to study for the Christian ministry, one of the most hopeful young men in the mission. He has a conscience, feels the weight of his sins, and fights for victory like a hero. But such boys are rare and we cannot get enough of them together in one place to form a Christian Endeavor Society. We have Christians who come to church from homes where they are reviled for so doing. All it needs is time, patience, and the spirit of God to make these Chinese Christians as good as any you will find in the world. I hope you will pray for them and study about them so that you may know what a great work we are engaged in, and also thank God every day that you were born in a Christian land.

My little Emily comes in just now and begs me to go with her to the Greek church service, which is held Saturday afternoon at four. It seems a strange hour and the service is still

stranger. I do not suppose any one present understands the words which are intoned. They burn incense in a swinging lamp, and you can hardly see across the room; bow down to thirty pictures and images, kiss the Bible which they never read, and which is kept locked with a clasp on the lids, make genuflections, wear many and queer garments and withal are quite as interesting as a theatre. It makes one feel bad to see such splendid opportunities as these wasted. The Russian priests are under the protection of the government and the Emperor of China, but they make scarce any effort to spread abroad the knowledge of the truth. The Greek church has been in Peking over two hundred years and I do not suppose they have over two hundred followers now.

Well, the world will be different when you and other members of the junior societies have grown up and have gone out to make the world better and richer for your Christian efforts. May the Lord bless and keep you all. Your society lies very near my heart, and when I was obliged to leave you and come away to China, I received a wrench from which I have never recovered. You know that your church is the only one which the Lord ever permitted me to minister to in a Christian land, and you are the only children I was allowed to love through service and sacrifice. Hence I am drawn to you with an undivided affection and I trust you will never give me reason to believe or know that my labor at Medina was in vain. Keep close to Jesus in undying loyalty. Be true to your pastor and the church and you will always rejoice in the Christian life. Remember that foreign missions are the great work of the Church. You are to convert the world. I am continually starting little Sabbath-schools, churches, and helping boys and young men in getting an education. If you care to do anything for the boys and girls here send your contribution direct to me, and I will see that it is well expended.

Good-bye and God bless you all, every one.

Your friend in China,

W. S. Ament.

Peking, Oct. 18, 1892.

To Dr. Smith:

My North Chapel has just been put in repair so it looks fit for human habitation. In spite of all that we can do it leaks badly every summer, necessitating complete repairing and

whitewashing. Being rented, we are in the hands of the landlord and cannot make extensive alterations. The floor is three feet below the level of the street and is always black with moisture. For twenty years the room has had water standing in it every summer, till the last two years when the break-water had been built. Three fires in the winter seem to have no more effect in reducing the damp exhalations from the floors than though they were not. In the rear the rooms for the helper are no better. Certainly in the United States it would not be considered safe to stable a horse in such a place. On Sabbath days, holding meetings with the women, Mrs. Ament is often obliged to get up and go out in order to breathe. Such rooms are also all I have in which to house my station class this winter. This without exaggeration is the condition of the place we call the North Chapel and in which I am supposed to be able to build up a church. Notwithstanding all this our success has been such as to warrant me in lifting up my voice and claiming better quarters. It is absolutely hopeless to expect that our few native Christians, all poor, will be able to help in this matter. The most that we can expect is that they will largely assist in the running expenses.

The days at the old North Church were golden days, despite the chill of the dark rooms in the rear. There women could creep in by a side door and receive instruction from Mrs. Ament herself, a wearying yet satisfying work leading to the great end, the rescue of men and women from their ignorance and sorrow. The long walks to and fro, the surly neighbors and the weariness were forgotten in the joy of touching some lives that could be rescued and brought into the kingdom of light. When Emily grew to girlhood, it was a happy trio working together. Emily with the little girls, and Mr. Ament with the men, each pointing some eager heart to the way of truth and life.

The home on the hilltop at the Western Hills in summer was a delight to them all. Emily and Willie would spy their father riding the white pony from the steaming city to the restful hillsides for a day or two with

WILLIAM SCOTT AMENT, 1885

EMILY HAMMOND AMENT, 1887

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them. How glad the welcome! Far away they could see the Yak tail waving and the helmeted figure sitting so erect drawing nearer and nearer until the glad moment was reached when the father dismounting, both the children were put in his place on the saddle and so rode proudly to the door of the little cottage on the steep hill, while the carter would bring up the rear with bags of needed supplies and no doubt the longed for home mail, always so welcome.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven":
No glory that ever was shed,
From the crowning star of the seven
That crowned the north world's head,
No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.

—*Swinburne.*

We have known sorrow—haply know it still;
Let us give reverent thanks that there is One
Whose strength unfailing and whose loving will
We all may lean upon!

—*Scollard.*

VIII

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Peking, March 2, 1893.

To Medina Friends:

To-day I sit down to write you with a heavy heart and eyes weary with weeping. The dread destroyer has entered our home, and our dear and only daughter has gone to her long, long home. Her long battle with diphtheria ended at 9:30 o'clock, February 27th. It seems hardly possible that this strong, hearty and laughing girl is no more on earth. The pestilence is abroad in this dirty city, and loving a shining mark, it struck down our beloved one. Great grace has been given us to bear up under this terrible blow though it seemed to me for a while as though I could not breathe; but light is dawning and God never seemed more near or more gracious than at the present time. Kind friends have ministered to our comfort. The funeral was one of the most largely attended in Peking, and lovely flowers now cover Emily's sleeping place. But she is not there in the cold ground; she is basking in the light of the Saviour's presence. She is better there. Some of the friends in Medina will remember the little laughing maiden who loved all and was loved of all. Medina was the only place in the United States which she remembered, and often she mentioned it in her prayers. She was not yet nine years old, but being large and strong was often taken to be much older. She was also quite mature and already had her class of little Chinese girls in Sunday-school.

Her Chinese friends offered many prayers for her recovery and now weep bitter tears at her departure. One foreign friend who knew of her love for the little girls comes forward and offers to give one hundred dollars towards founding a memorial school to continue the work she had begun. What pleasure this gives us and I trust the enterprise will not fail for lack of support. May it be true of her "she being dead yet speaketh." Dear child; she was an unspeakable comfort to her mother, entering sympathetically into all her plans for the Chinese and being a great support because of her unfailing good cheer and happiness. But now all this energy and strength can be put to the divinest service with the Master at hand. What advantage she will have that she could not have on this earth! Such a life may end physically but not in its moral influence and personality. I find myself trying to reproduce it by increased activity and great love in my lines of work. Little Willie, five years old, is still left to us, but he is not robust and in this malarial and pestilential atmosphere the odds seem to be against him in the struggle for life. But he belongs to God and we resign him to His Fatherly protection, and rest in that. He says he is so lonesome. A kind friend gave him to-day two white rabbits much to the joy of his heart.

Our work is progressing as well as could be expected. Heathenism presses down with awful weight and no human power can move it. But God can and He is. The spreading of the Gospel is bringing forth fruits apparent to all, none more apparent than the increasing disposition of the Chinese to contribute for the support of the church. Our mission college has just received quite a fine sum of money, and now we can put up appropriate buildings and proceed to have a large and flourishing school. Two hundred Christian Swedes are en route for North China to engage in mission work. China must be converted and we must all do our share. Keep the missionary spirit warm in your endeavor society, for that is the secret of sure growth, to pray and work for the world as Christ did.

Yours in Christian sympathy,

W. S. Ament.

Peking, March 21, 1893.

My very dear Miss Schirmer:

Your long and lovely letter was like water to a thirsty soul and gives me a sense of fullness which I have not experi-

enced for many a day. The news of the dear old friends revived all the sweet memories of long ago when we had such unselfish association in the great city. I have here not formed such relations. All persons here are busy with their appointed tasks, representing different missionary societies, and with different methods of work. Most of them are young, able people, and there is very little you can do for them, and you know as well as I that there is no genuine love between people where there is no sacrifice on the one side or the other. The Chinese are much dearer to me than all the foreigners put together, for the very reason perhaps that I invest my heart in them.

And now I can wait no longer to tell you of the great grief that has come into our lives and from which Mary and I are slowly recovering, if that is ever possible. Diphtheria has been raging in the city. Our children had always been so well and strong that we had almost ceased to be anxious about them. On Sunday, February 19th, our dear little Emily complained of feeling feverish and of pain in her throat. Smallpox was also in the city and we called a doctor and had her examined that evening. But on Wednesday, on looking into her throat, the doctor saw white spots which made him anxious, and on Thursday he pronounced it diphtheria. Emily was isolated at once and Mary and Miss Russell took their places at her bedside, and worked like heroes that they are for the dear life that was so precious to us and her many friends. Gangrene developed. Our hopes gradually sank. Oh, how we prayed for the dear child! She was as patient as an angel. The doctor said she was the sweetest little patient he ever saw. Emily called him "My little doctor." Everything was done that medical science could suggest. You know what a horribly insidious disease it is. Her heart was involved and began to beat irregularly. I was ordered out of the room, but I hung around the door and would rush in occasionally and wave a kiss to my loved child. She would smile in return. On Sunday, the 26th, we called a consultation of physicians, but all that Dr. P——, of the London Mission, would say was, "That is a very bad looking throat." That Sunday night I spent upon the floor of my study praying God to have mercy on us. The doctor ordered me up, saying I would take cold, but I could not sit up, and did not care what happened to me. The Chinese prayed for us in great numbers, holding little prayer-meetings by themselves in different places without our knowledge. Mary told the dear child

that probably she would not recover. She looked up and said, "Do you think I am going to die?" She said she was willing to die—her throat had ceased to pain her by this time—for then she would see little brother Philip, long since in heaven, and Grandpa Penfield. But she was not quite sure that it would not be better to go to America and see Grandma Ament and little Cousin Claribel. She ceased to talk, closed her eyes, turned on her side and at 9 : 30 A. M. Monday, February 27th, went to the God who had loaned her to us for eight happy years.

Our cup of happiness had been full to overflowing in our two bright, happy children. Especially she was the picture of beauty and abounding health; all little ailments were shaken off in a moment and she seemed impervious to the malaria of the city. But the pestilence that flieth in the air seized the dear throat with an invincible grip and even her strength did not avail. She was buried on Tuesday in the little foreign cemetery where now three little mounds contain all the earthly remains of our three children. One is left, little Willie, nearly six years old; not as vigorous as his sister, nor as much given to study. But he is a rosy, happy little fellow, and will help to lighten our lives if only a good Father will spare him to us. What my dear mother will do on hearing of the death of her little namesake I do not know. I pray God she may have the strength to pass through the ordeal and still grow firmer by the trial. Mother still lives at Owosso, in good health and comfort, trusting God and waiting for the kingdom. She has promised to live till I return.

Miss Wyett was nearly crushed by the loss of dear Emily, and could hardly reconcile herself to the fact. Gladly would she have given her life to have saved that of the beloved child. Miss Wyett was deeply loved by the children and had a beautiful influence over them. Her own health is quite frail, but she has a charming spirit of patience and resignation and is fully prepared for all that may happen. Dear Mary holds out bravely and is full of courage and good deeds.

Emily had hardly gone before Miss Russell, our colleague from Chicago and a friend of Mr. Moody, proposed that we should establish a school for Chinese children in memory of dear Emily who had tried to help these dear girls in her child-like way. Miss Russell backed up her proposition with a gift of one hundred dollars. We propose to found this school and

to perpetuate it if it be a possible thing. Already we had begun to negotiate for the purchase of a little place. I have sent you two copies of a little Chinese magazine I edit, containing a short account of Emily written by a Chinese Bible woman in our employ, Ah Nai Nai. Emily was accustomed on Sundays to teach Bible verses to little girls who came to the chapel, and this woman's little girl, about Emily's age, volunteers to carry on the work in her stead.

From the "Mission Day Spring," June, 1893, "A Little Missionary in China."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

You may like to listen while I tell you something of my dear little niece whom I have known so well and who has now gone to the better land.

Her name was Emily Hammond Ament, and her home was in the great city of Peking, in China. The first two months of her life were spent in an old temple at the Western Hills, and before she was a year old she went with her papa and mama to America where she found many dear relatives and friends to love. When she was just four years her papa was able to return to his much loved work as a missionary in China. Here everything was strange—the people, the street scenes and the language; but a little child soon feels at home anywhere, and it was not long before Emily was gaily chatting with her kind old nurse who took care of her little brother. She found many little friends near her own age among the children of the missionaries and the foreign residents at Peking, and her gay sunny temperament, her abounding life and vigor, made her enter into all childish sports with great delight. As she grew older she was interested in history, poetry and art. Anything that was read or related to her she was never tired of hearing.

But our Emily was a very human child and her strong will and determination to carry out any plan she had formed made giving up a difficult task. She was intense in her likes and dislikes, but more and more she was learning self-control. Especially during the last six months of her life it had become her fixed purpose to do nothing that would grieve Jesus. Her love for her dear ones was constantly overflowing in loving words and caresses. Those who have been guests in our home will long remember Emily's warm greeting, for nothing gave her more joy than to welcome friends. The arrival of a tired,

travel-worn missionary family was to her the most delightful of events, and if she was permitted to do anything for their comfort her happiness was complete.

One other event filled her with equal joy, and that was the coming of the home mail. She was one of the first to know of the courier's arrival, and soon would be heard the merry shout, "Home mail"; and she would dance into the room with curls flying, eyes sparkling and her sweet mouth wreathed in smiles. When there were letters for her she was still more delighted, and not only did she love to receive letters, but she loved also to write to her friends. More than one children's missionary band will recall the letters she sent them; and after her death a letter was found that she had finished just before she was taken ill, addressed to some children whom she hoped would form a band.

The first two summers after Emily returned to China were spent in the old temple at the hills called Chang An Ssu. In the pretty hill country she enjoyed long walks and donkey rides and an occasional excursion to a neighboring temple. Her third summer was spent in Kalgan, the most northerly station in the mission. The long journeys made in mule litters furnished many and strange sights. The long trains of pack-mules carrying tea to Russia, and mules and donkeys laden with rugs and skins winding over the steep mountain roads, and the Great Wall with its curious gateways and towers, the wild scenery of the mountain pass, a day at the Ming Tombs, all proved of interest to her, as to us all. Her last summer was spent at our new resting place at the hills called Ssu Wang Ting, a breezy hilltop. There, with ample room within the mission grounds, she enjoyed long rambles with her little brother, while breathing the fresh air.

But wherever she was Emily never lost sight of the fact that her parents were missionaries and that on all sides were poor heathen Chinese who needed to be told a Saviour's love. Immediately on her arrival in China, impressed by the degradation of the people as she saw them, she voluntarily offered prayer that God would help us to teach them and to do them good. Often on meeting Chinese women for the first time she would ask them if they loved Jesus. One of the servants who had been instructed in the Christian doctrine, but who was not a church-member, was going to spend the New Year with his heathen relatives. Just before he left Emily said to him

very impressively: "Be sure you do not set up a new kitchen god when you go home." More than a year ago she began learning texts of Scripture in Chinese that she might teach them to the little girls who went with their mothers to the North Chapel where her papa preached and her mama taught the women. It was touching to see how patiently she, who was not by nature a patient child, would repeat verses over and over till her small pupils had learned them, and very seldom was she absent from her post. February 19th was the last Sunday she met her class. She came home seemingly tired and complained of headache: but it was not till Thursday that the doctor pronounced her disease diphtheria. I cannot tell you of our anguish when we heard this dreadful word, or how earnestly we prayed that her precious life might be spared to us. She had always been so well and strong, it seemed hardly possible that she could die; but in spite of all that tender love and care could do, on Monday, February 27th, she passed from earth to heaven. A day or two before, her mama told her that she was very ill and might not live. She seemed surprised, and said: "Why, do you think I am going to die?" She was answered: "Yes, dear, I think so; would you not love to go to heaven and be with Jesus?" Without hesitation she said, "Yes." She had been taught to think of heaven as a beautiful home where a little brother and other dear ones had gone and it only seemed a choice between that home and this.

We had not realized until her death how widely she had been loved: every one seemed to feel a personal loss. One friend wrote, "I have never known the death of a child to be so intensely felt by an entire community." The American minister in Peking wrote a touching note to her papa, in which he said: "For the first time in many years I have wept." He ordered the legation flag to be placed at half mast in token of the general sorrow. The lovely camellias, jasmine, heliotrope, geraniums, narcissus, white lilacs, lilies and Japanese palms that were laid upon her grave would all have given her great pleasure. She was eight years and a half old. We had thought that a long and useful life was before her; but God knew best. A plan has been formed of establishing near the North Chapel, in Peking, a day-school for little Chinese girls to be named for Emily. It is fondly hoped that it may be the means of saving from heathenism many who may be trained to

become useful Christian women. Thus her memory may be perpetuated, and thus she may speak to us in changed hearts and consecrated lives.

Miss A. M. Wyett.

Peking, March 13, 1893.

May, 1893.

Report of the Peking Station, 1892 (written by Dr. Blodget):

Our little Emily, whose sweet smiles and joyous sports threw a light on every face in the compound has been taken from us. Suddenly she sank down under the force of a violent disease (diphtheria) and notwithstanding the most skillful medical aid and most constant care she passed away on the 27th day of February, 1893. Already her budding efforts were joined to those of her mother for the women and children of China. "Oh, Miss Russell," she exclaimed, "if we could only know what to say to make them believe."

Sixty li to the east of Peking a new chapel has been opened in the city of Shun I. For a reasonable sum a place, formerly a medicine shop, has been secured. From the first, Sabbath services have been kept up by volunteers from the North Church, their expenses being from the general contributions. Eight different men have thus given their services. The average attendance at services has been over twenty. The opening of this place has been something of an experiment, going on the principle if a place does not open, break it open. There was only one family of Christians in the district and none in the city. To make the beginning still more difficult, two book-sellers got into unnecessary disturbance on the street, and one of them boldly went to the yamen for redress, behaving in a most insolent manner to the mandarin. Certain enemies seized this occasion of confusion to write and post up anonymous placards denouncing the landlord and foreigners together. The landlord, a Manchu, felt the insult and wished to retract his lease, unless his face was saved by official interference. The magistrate on being interviewed, proved to be most conciliatory and at his own suggestion a strong proclamation was issued and four deputy marshals appointed whose duty it was to arrest all writers of anonymous placards and prevent any trouble at the chapel. On the following day the magistrate and retinue called at the chapel upon the foreign pastor, received as a present, though desiring to pay for it, a collection of books, which, as we learned afterwards, he read with great

care. Nothing can be warmer than our welcome to this little city where we trust and pray the Lord's hidden ones may speedily come to light.

Mr. Ament has had the editorial charge of a Chinese monthly newspaper, *The North China News*, which is printed at the mission press. A very considerable portion of the matter is prepared by himself. The circulation now numbers five hundred and fifty, and is mostly among Christians and those interested in Christianity. The monthly visits of this paper are all the more valuable inasmuch as to most it constitutes the only outlook upon the Christian world in what is constantly doing and suffering therein.

Peking, May 25, 1893.

To Secretary Smith:

We have just closed one of the most profitable and harmonious annual meetings ever held by our mission. The number present was larger than in previous years and the general spirit was one of great good cheer and hopefulness. The reports all indicated marked progress and all are eagerly looking forward to a wide and distinct enlargement of evangelistic work. Tung-chow College (now called the North China College) received a large share of attention as it deserves, and its new location and hoped-for buildings filled us all with pride. Would that the needed funds might flow in for this great enterprise.

The little memorial school flourishes. Sir Robert Hart sent us $100 and other friends gave differing sums so that we have a good nucleus towards purchasing premises for the school. Work for women has taken a great impulse therefrom and the numbers of women more than fill our cramped quarters in the old chapel.

Peking, June 30, 1893.

To the Same:

It is a long time since I have written you any special particulars of our work. This has been through no lack of desire on my part but because of a constant rush of work which seems to accumulate in my study. What with being treasurer of the station, postmaster for Kalgan, Tung-chow and Peking (including the Presbyterian Mission), in charge of the book room for the mission, also of the Bible bookstore on the great street, editor of our magazine, the care of three churches, etc.,

etc., you may imagine that the secularities which enter into my work are almost enough for the strength of one man, not to say enough to drown out his spiritual life and degrade him to a mere managing animal. But I thank God that strength has been granted so that my office of evangelist has not been wholly neglected and there are fruits of my ministry which are more precious to me than rubies. It grows upon me that the need of China is the living, warm-hearted preacher who will meet men face to face and tell them the gospel story rather than the litterateur or brilliant scholar.

Western Hills, China, Aug. 29, 1893.

MRS. AMENT *to* MRS. DARNLEY:

I was much interested in all the news you wrote and could almost fancy myself in Medina again. Thursday being Emily's birthday we went to the cemetery, Mr. Ament, Willie and I, with a friend, and covered the grave with sprays of ivy like that which grows on the Medina church. We had brought wild flowers, also, from the hillside, bluebells and a kind of purple spike that grows freely there. These we strewed all about. Miss Russell met us, bringing from our home in the city verbenas and other flowers. We read the beautiful words of Whittier in the "Manual of Praise," the Resurrection chapter from Corinthians, and were comforted by the thought of Christ's resurrection and His promises of union through all eternity. The sky had begun to cloud over, so we gave up returning to the hills the same day. The cemetery is an hour and a half from our compound and four to six hours from the hills according to the speed of the bearers. We found our court covered with green things, the vines and shrubs all having grown so rank since the rains.

The next morning we got into our cart and rode to the Fifth Street School. Here are gathered some of the children whom Emily was interested in and who with others living near us are the nucleus of the memorial school we hope to have. The little court we rented and fitted up with needful furniture and paper, has suffered much through the last seven days' rain, and the floor is still damp. The school meets in a large wooden shelter that is raised up by bricks to escape the dampness of the kang. We would buy a place that has better advantages, since we cannot afford repairs on such a place and the landlord is likely to do but little.

Oh, the wild joys of living
How good is man's life, the mere living,—how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy.
—*Browning.*

IX

THE EXPANSION OF SERVICE

THE summer of 1894 found many of the Peking missionaries in their summer retreat in the Western Hills. Three of the missions had secured permanent places, as they thought, and had erected hill houses, some miles from the Buddhist temples hitherto rented.

Our mission found such a resting spot on a high hill crest, overlooking the Hun River towards the south, and with a fine mountain view northward up the valley of the stream. From the healthful vantage-ground of this retreat Mr. Ament writes to Miss Schirmer.

Western Hills, Aug. 4, 1894.

Startling news comes to-day. War has actually been declared between China and Japan and hostilities have begun. It may be best for them to fight out their grudges. If there were not a Providence overruling the foolishness of men this world would certainly seem a bedlam.

I wish you could look out with me on the lights and shadows playing on our beautiful hills. The different shades of green on the fields of the plain below, the hamlets with their clumps of trees, the threshing floors, all make a picture worth going far to see. We have a beautiful view from our hill crest, pure air, good water and fine mountain scenery. Our little peak has five cottages. The Hun River runs along the base of our hill. In the distance we can see the Lu Kou bridge, very famous in Chinese history, and just beyond the Liang Hsiang pagoda celebrated in history and song. Across the valley from us are Buddhist temples full of priests. To the east the road to Peking lies like a silver ribbon, and the yellow palaces of the Emperor loom up in the dim distance.

You ask about my long continuance in China. Dr. Blodget, my colleague, is about retiring after forty years of faithful serv-

ice. I am greatly needed to keep our growing work in order, to train helpers and lead in the work. For the sake of my dear old mother I should love to return. She is brave and says, "Stay out your time."

To the secretaries he writes:

August 7, 1894.

War is raging. We are promised protection by the city government. Rumors of the advance of the Japanese on Peking create ferment in all minds. The British minister has ordered all English women and children to leave the city. I am glad to say that not one of our board missionaries counsels a retreat. We all hope to remain unless it becomes manifestly rash to do so.

In October he writes to his mother:

We are having troublous times, but we are so far safe and have little fear. Mary and Miss Russell are cool and fearless and say, "Stay by all means." From the bottom of my heart I anticipate no trouble for us. There is rumor that peace may soon be brought about. The Japanese want a little glory at the expense of the lazy old empire. Our Chinese are a little fearful for us, but now is the time for us to illustrate the virtues we continually preach to them. Do not be anxious about us.

December 4th.—The boy whom we have supported as a student for so many years, Wen Hsien, died ten days since, of tuberculosis. He would have graduated from the theological seminary next spring. God takes away our helpers, perhaps that we may rely more on Him.

The autumn of the year had brought great changes to the station. Dr. and Mrs. Blodget, after eleven years of service, returned to the United States. Dr. Blodget had completed forty years in China, thirty of which had been spent at Peking. He had left a great record of work accomplished. In leaving he felt assured that the precious charge would be in capable and efficient hands. Mr. Ament had been associated with him for fourteen years.

A new band of recruits were joining the station. Mr. John Mateer was to superintend the press. Mr. Charles Ewing and wife with Miss Hinman were assigned to the station.

Thus supported, Mr. Ament took full charge of the preaching of the station, Sunday preaching at the South Church, and care of the boys' school. He was to magnify his office in effective service.

Peking, China, Dec. 17, 1894.

DEAR DR. SMITH:

Dr. and Mrs. Blodget's return to the United States throws a great burden of work on my shoulders. The two regular preaching services have to be provided for, daily preaching kept up, country stations looked after and helpers instructed and directed, besides all the temporalities of a station like Peking. I thought I had been busy before in my life, but nothing has equalled the rush of the past two months. Mr. and Mrs. Mateer are comfortably settled. The press has started on a new career since their arrival, and turns off work in a way that bewilders the Chinamen. Already eight new men have been added to the force in the office, and orders are in hand enough to keep them busy for months to come.

We have been greatly entertained by the announcements in the home papers of the massacre in Peking, also that all foreigners had been ordered out of the city. The British minister, from his safe retreat at Chefoo, ordered all English ladies to leave the city, and they obeyed his mandate with much reluctance, as they were liable to arrest if they refused. But the American minister has no such authority, and would not have used it if he had, as he said the missionaries were better informed about the people than he was, and, being people of sense, could leave the city or not as they chose. We have been very quiet, almost monotonously so, except when the papers arrived and told us what dangers we were in.

Our work has gone as usual. The city authorities have been exceedingly anxious to see that we were not disturbed in our work and have posted up two or three strong proclamations which have allayed the minds of the people. Even the Emperor has seen fit to notice the missionaries and has issued two rescripts, enjoining the officials throughout the empire to give

complete protection to all the missionaries. During the celebration of the Empress's birthday there were many officials and their retainers in the city from distant provinces and for fear of trouble the mayor placed thirty soldiers to guard our chapel and premises. The sergeant in charge of these became interested in the truth and now signifies his purpose to be a Christian. He is a man of fine physique and presence, untainted with opium, and as good a specimen of the Manchu bannerman as you could find in the city.

Only yesterday there came another order from the Emperor, directing the mayor to see that men of higher rank than the ordinary bannermen should be set to guard our premises. No pains are spared, or have been spared, to grant us perfect protection. They realize that they have their hands more than full with the Japanese and they do not wish to irritate any other foreigners. The people are so overawed by these multiplied indications of care for us on the part of the authorities that they hardly lift their eyes to a foreigner as he goes along the street for fear they will be immediately decapitated. Personally, I should prefer that we were left to ourselves as I have full confidence that the people have meditated no ill to us but, on the contrary, our presence here has done much to quiet them and help them trust that things were not as bad as represented. The work of past years has not been in vain. We have many warm friends among the people, who from the first have assured us of our safety as they themselves were our body-guards.

March 14, 1895.

My dear Mother:

I am too busy and too happy to write much. Revival meetings are in progress with splendid success. The Lord is helping me wonderfully to preach to the people. Gamblers and harlots are coming in and our chapel is full. We have no outside help and the work is going on grandly. Snow is on the ground and the weather is against us but the meetings will be kept up. The Lord is trying our faith and staying powers. We hope to hold on and out. I feel strong and hopeful for the battle as the Lord is with us. All is peaceful here. It looks as though the war had spent its course. However, we are prepared for all that comes. The Kalgan people have come down to us, frightened out by the rumors.

God bless and keep you.

The following letter to Madam Ament from Miss Wyett illustrates her fine personality as well as gives her view of the situation in Peking.

Peking, March 24, 1895.

My dear Mrs. Ament:

I fear that my letter will be a little too late for your birthday, but perhaps it may not be long after the 3d of May. Let me wish you many happy returns of this seventy-seventh birthday. You are so well and active that you make me think of my father, who, when he was your age, used to delight in working in his garden, and on Sunday morning when he had not that exercise would walk four miles before breakfast just for the pleasure of it. He lived five months past his eighty-sixth birthday, and never had any organic disease. He was such a dear loving father that it seemed very hard to live without him, but he longed for his heavenly home, although he was always so cheerful and happy here.

I wish you could know how quiet and comfortable we keep here. It has not yet seemed duty to leave Peking, and you know that Dr. Blodget's return to America threw all the evangelistic work on William. It has been a great help and comfort to the Christians to have the missionaries stay quietly by at their posts and will do much to strengthen their faith. When one is on the field it is possible to feel a much deeper interest in the work which leads to more earnest prayer for its success.

Mr. Pethick, who acts as interpreter to Li Hung Chang, and who went with him on his recent peace mission to Japan, just before leaving called on Mr. Stanley, of our mission at Tientsin. He said that although he was not a praying man himself, he believed in prayer and wished to ask that the missionaries would unite in prayer for the success of their expedition and for peace. Mr. Stanley sent word to us and to Tung-chow, and a day was accordingly set apart. But the general feeling among us seems to be that we cannot pray unconditionally for peace, but rather that the greatest possible good to the country may come out of the war, and that all things may be overruled for the welfare of the nation. There is no doubt that the utter corruption of the officials in China has reached such a pass that the government may be considered as rotten. It may be that the time has come in the

wisdom of God for its overthrow. It is most interesting to read of the readiness of the Japanese soldiers to receive the Bible and the Christian books, and not only that the officers place no hindrance in the way, but rather help on the work of distribution.

Several of the legations here have marines from the gunboats in the Tientsin harbor in their compounds. The American marines have not been sent up as yet. Colonel Denby does not care to have them unless there are indications of their being soon needed.

I am always so interested in all that Mary can tell me about the little memorial school. She goes there once a week and is now giving them lessons in geography, quite a new and interesting study for them. Mary is full of expedients and illustrates the lessons in a way to make them understood. Willie has been very well all winter and is a great comfort to us all. He is a bright, intelligent boy, and it is a great pleasure to read to him. I have been quite an invalid all winter, and it has been a sore trial to be so useless. I often think, when we can do nothing else, what a mercy it is that we can lift our hearts to God in prayer, and who knows but that He prevents us from doing other things that we may do that more earnestly.

Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

ANNA M. WYETT.

Peking, March 23, 1895.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

This letter will reach you about the time of your birthday. What a grand old age the Lord is permitting you to reach! May you be spared these many years to comfort and bless us.

Last evening we closed our series of meetings and a grand time we have had. I did not believe I ever should see such meetings in China, much less that I should be permitted to lead them. Over forty people have started in the Christian way and the whole church has been quickened with a new life. Among our new people are some very interesting cases, especially one old man, sixty-four, and his little son, only fourteen. The boy is one of our day scholars and has brought in his old father, not resting till he was gained. The mother tries to hinder but they both stand firm. The keeper of an

opium den next door to our chapel has resolved to close out his business as soon as his lease expires. Our police magistrate is a friend and wants to leave off opium. It is glorious to see things move in this way. On Easter Day our new converts are to be baptized and a great day we will have of it.

Peace is still doubtful. The demands of the Japanese are fearful and extravagant, six hundred millions of dollars and Formosa, Manchuria and Korea to be independent.

Peking, May 11, 1895.

To Dr. Smith:

Our great need now is a body of trained native Christians who are alive to the situation. We need a large constituency to give influence by mere force of numbers as well as moral force by their superior character. Evangelistic work must be pressed as never before. We need men who count it a privilege to sit down beside a coolie and teach him the catechism and who does not count it a drudgery to iterate and reiterate the elements of Christian truth in daily street-chapel work. There is nothing very romantic in all this to some, but it is a precious work to those who love these poor benighted ones as Christ loved them. The "National Church" will come here in time. Already in Peking the native Christians have started a fund which they hope, and so do I, will grow till they can build their own church and call their own pastor. This is going on quietly in no spirit of antagonism to the missionaries and there is the greatest harmony among the Chinese who belong to the various missions.

In March our Christians wanted a series of meetings such as we had last year. I hardly felt equal to such an undertaking but the people were not to be put off. Trusting the promises of God, we launched out into day and evening meetings. The weather was most unpropitious. The roads were bad and nights dark. Rev. Gilbert Reid rendered kind and efficient aid by occasional preaching and regular attendance. The Lord gave me great liberty in preaching, and I never enjoyed such meetings more. The chapel was crowded daily in spite of the weather and converts were added every evening. Prayers were numerous and fervent, as many as ten or fifteen often praying at once. The testimonies were often very touching. One boy of fourteen years brought in his old father sixty-four years old and together they prayed for the conversion of

the wife and mother. Our neighbors came out in good numbers and people who had lived next door to us for years but whose faces we seldom saw now became friendly and regular attendants on our services. As an outcome of the meetings we have now a regular prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings in the chapel, principally to accommodate those who cannot attend our regular church meeting on Wednesday afternoons. This is by far our largest meeting during the week and is attended by people from both churches. On Easter Sabbath eighteen persons were received into the church and five infants were baptized.

August 21, 1895.

TO THE SAME:

Cholera has been raging for the past month in the city. Though this pest is an annual visitor yet this year it is more violent than formerly. Thousands have died—many by the roadside, and the gateways have at times been almost blocked up by the numerous funerals trying to get out. The Chinese are helpless at such times, but their recourse to their idols has been less ardent this year than formerly. The coffin shops are entirely sold out, and the dead are merely wrapped in matting and carried out.

January 8, 1896.—The men's Endeavor Society furnishes two preachers each Sunday to go out with Dr. Murdock to a village about five miles from the city gate. The men are voluntary preachers and put in a day of hard work with willing minds and hearts. The crowd at the fair numbers from one hundred to three hundred people and the preaching continues for about three hours. Out-stations are opening up near Peking and the work growing beyond the power of one or two men to manage. But I thank God that the natives are taking the matter in hand and are forging ahead in the matter of sowing the seed broadcast. In our street chapel during the last four months the whole work nearly has been carried on by voluntary preachers, Manchu bannermen who have leisure and are willing to use it for the Lord. You have read rumors of the reform movement in Peking originating among the Hanlin scholars.

Peking, Feb. 26, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

In the midst of our second great dust storm, the air full of dust as well as our eyes, ears, noses and houses, I am

writing a lecture on "Undeveloped Forms of Mission Work," such as federation, unpaid native agency, orphanages. Mr. and Miss Bostwick will soon return to Medina. We are wonderfully well this winter and our work going on apace. I hope to start revival meetings next week. Mr. Hayner, of the Methodist Mission, is to help.

Your affectionate son,

W. S. AMENT.

Peking, April 6, 1896.

TO SECRETARY SMITH:

The opportunities for work in North China are practically unlimited. The people are much more friendly than before the war. The officials are ready to listen to our request for proclamations or give direct protection from the roughs of the community. The government has reached the conclusion that it is better to observe treaties and respect their foreign guests than to antagonize and restrict. At least this seems the attitude in the north. Do not interpret this to mean that the empire has set out on a career of reform and that any changes are to be made for the better. It is with the officials simply a matter of selfish policy.

Reform is not in the air though a few friends of the Chinese would seem to convey that impression in their writings. The government has not taken one step in advance since the war and is more hopelessly bound to the old régime than ever in view of her financial bondage to Russia. Nothing more shows the blindness of those in authority than the way they have thrown themselves into the hands of Russia and France. Diplomatically these two powers have carried the day in the East. The Chinese see the situation and say there is no hope. The so-called reform club is now safely domiciled under the roof of the Tsung Li Yamen and will be a victim of the customs which prevail in other departments of Chinese official life. Which means that its usefulness will be reduced to nothing, only so far as somebody can make money out of it.

Peking, June 13, 1896.

TO THE SAME:

The most successful annual meeting I ever attended closed on June 2d. A beautiful spirit of brotherly love was prevalent and business moved on smoothly and successfully.

As you will observe, the mission voted our return to the United States next year, subject to home approval. I sincerely regret the necessity of return at this juncture, but the reasons are numerous and convincing. No other ordained missionary is asking permission to return in 1897 and should we delay confusion would result in several desiring to go at once. Furthermore my beloved mother, seventy-eight years old, is waiting patiently to see her only son, and my nephew and niece have been left motherless and need intelligent and sympathetic care. Then, too, my head and heart are weary with the strife with heathenism and I need to be toned up by contact with Christian civilization.

We have now in this station over 600 church-members, scattered over an area 120 miles in diameter, with six organized congregations and many other places where we preach. Four of our best men died last year and their places cannot be filled as yet. I am pushing self-support to the best of my ability and I think our people almost dread the sight of me lest I throw some new burden on them.

Peking, Sept. 15, 1896.

My dear Mother:

We are in the midst of our "Convention for Christian Workers." Mr. Mott, Bishop Joyce and other workers are here, and we are having a grand time. Yesterday I spoke on "Deepening the Spiritual Life of the Native Christians." We must be more in earnest, or the Church will not prosper in China. To-day we hear from Rev. Mr. Jones, a very well-known missionary of the English Baptists (in Shantung). He has on Chinese clothes, and is a noble specimen of a Christian man. He has had great success in urging the Chinese to establish self-supporting churches and has splendid success. Because the work of missions may be at a low ebb in Owosso, do not imagine it is so in all the churches. Mr. Mott has just been visiting colleges and universities in eighteen lands, and brings glowing accounts of the uprising of strong Christian young men in all lands. Over 600 are already in mission fields. He is a man of great spiritual power and lives near to God and feeds on the Bible. His principal topics are Secret Prayer and Bible Study, all of them helpful and stimulating. It is a great encouragement to have such people come this way and we hope the whole church will be quickened thereby.

The next mail will doubtless bring us our permission to return to the United States. Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich are in Tientsin and will soon be at home. With them are Mr. and Mrs. Kingman. No new recruits this year.

A missionary occupied with varied cares often struggles with himself to find a place for pastime and byplay in effort; he is happy if he may follow the advice of Gilder, our American poet: "Do not neglect to rub shoulders with the immortals, with the pure idealists, with the inspired prophets, the glorious artists and the most noble poets."

A word regarding some of these pastimes should find a place. Mr. Ament was fond of making collections of Chinese coins. His interest in historical study led him to this, for the Chinese coins open at once the study of Chinese history. The old junk shops within easy reach of his home had many a treasure, among which were coins old and new. The shop men began to search for him. Dr. Williams tells us how these coins were made. In some dynasties better cash were issued, which now are those more easily found. Cash reaching beyond the Han dynasty, second century before Christ, form the limit of size and value. Mr. Ament aimed to make his collections as complete as possible. His scribe made for him, from ancient recondite Chinese books, forms of all the cash that have been known.

During the last twenty years Mr. Ament gathered two or three quite complete collections. One of these was destroyed in 1900. Such collections are often of great value. A collection recently sold at Shanghai for fifteen hundred dollars.

The literary work of the missionary may always be considered a byplay. Daily preaching in a street chapel, frequent consultation with native helpers, a constant

stream of visitors, indicate the order of the day. A morning devoted to special literary work is rare.

Mr. Ament became the editor of the *Church News*, which he carried with fine ability and careful work. The North China Tract Society, of which Mr. Ament was at one time president, and always a director, gave him opportunity for special service. That a Christian community should be widely intelligent is the first requisite for the Protestant Church, especially in China where reading and scholarship are in such high esteem. The Chinese people have, in general, far too great a repute for literary ability. It is pitiful enough for those who know the facts in the case to realize that so few are able to read in any such sense as we of the West call reading. Despite the fact that so many thousands attend their village schools, only a small proportion of those who have attended school for five or more years are able to read anything beyond what they have studied in school. As soon as the school life is over and the hard work of labor or business comes upon them, the former students soon lose much that they have gained in school and the loss increases unless great care is taken. For men will forget and the dictionary is not close at hand, as with us, and the characters are only found after painful search, or by calling upon some one who is the recognized authority in the village. When the daily newspapers were first introduced many of the former schoolboys or men took the papers for the novelty of it. They found that they had forgotten so many characters that it was useless for them to attempt to read intelligently. The aim of the Christian Church in China is to have every man, woman and child instructed; that as many as possible learn to read a little and to have a suitable literature adapted to the needs of each.

A very marked degree of success has been attained.

Many an old woman has painfully learned to read even a whole New Testament, while the younger ones have applied their active minds with astonishing zeal to the task. And many a man who had forgotten to read began again to recall his former repertoire of words.

The Chinese church paper thus supplied a veritable need and was a source of great delight to an expanding circle. It was a privilege to meet this demand, and Dr. Ament found sufficient scope for all the extra time he could devote to such efforts. Like all such passing and ephemeral work the results are seemingly invisible. They are recorded in the lives and thoughts of men. They are food for the soul and enter into the permanent structure of the soul life,—into the religious and moral sustenance of men,—as food and drink pass into the body, and supply the constant loss and waste in the physical system. It is a good and often a great work to furnish the food for the famishing or vacant souls of a few thousand Christian members. Perhaps a definite part of the result of such work on Dr. Ament's part was the preparation for the coming fierce onslaught upon the Christian Church. During the two years preceding the Boxer outbreak, the eagerness of our Christian youth and others to read the newspapers and Christian monthlies, in order to learn the true course of events, was scarcely behind that of the missionaries themselves.

Among the pleasures of the life in Peking was that of association with a very considerable number of literary students not only in the missionary body but also in the legations and imperial customs. Under the leadership of such men as Dr. Martin, for a long time the most distinguished among the real sinologues in China, or of Dr. Edkins, noted for his delving in archæological lore, there was formed a literary association, called the "Peking Association." It held its meetimgs once a month. Many

most valuable papers were read before this society, and many discussions of current or useful topics held a place. The select papers of this Association were not infrequently published in the journal of the Peking Oriental Society, established for the purpose of archæological and similar studies. Dr. Ament was an enthusiastic leader in the missionary association and prepared papers for it, some of especial value. One of the more important of these appears in the above mentioned journal, Volume III, Number 2, Peking, 1892. The title of this paper is: "Marco Polo in Cambaluc; a Comparison of Foreign and Native Accounts."

The paper itself is an admirable example of careful and extended research of a most interesting subject, presented in a literary style attractive and suggestive. The preparation of such a paper involved reading in Chinese histories and monographs of the period and commentaries by later writers. Dr. Ament's constant interest in historical studies sustained him in this elaborate course of reading. The monuments at Peking and in the adjoining country are themselves a stimulus to antiquarian research. These interests combine in this fine essay to place the actual Marco Polo before us in an active and living form. Since the paper is concealed in the aforementioned journal, it may be well to give a summary to illustrate the literary side of Dr. Ament's pastimes. The literature of his subject is found in three volumes in English, and seven Chinese books. The former are the "Travels of Marco Polo," by Colonel Yule; Howorth's "History of the Mongols"; and Dr. Bretschneider's "Archæological and Historical Researches in Peking and its Environs." The Chinese books referred to are several elaborate histories and the annals of Shun Tien Fu (Peking) and Cho Chou. It is known to the students of Chinese that almost every district and city in China has

its officially published book of annals, from which those who are interested may draw the most definite accounts of any district, reaching back to the dim mists of very early times. From such sources Dr. Ament drew his comparative records. The study opens with a careful estimate of the character of Kublai Khan, the Mongol conqueror of China, during whose sway Marco spent his years in China. It was under Kublai and at his direction that one of the lamas prepared a written form for the Mongol language. The Nestorian alphabet and the Syrian script written perpendicularly were adopted and a literature prepared. It was under the direction of the same great Khan that the Grand Canal was constructed, extending from Peking to Hang Chou. It was still further under this active prince that the present site of the city was chosen.

The essay of Dr. Ament centres about three principal points. Owing to a careful study of the Chinese histories he is able to explain some of the misunderstandings of even Colonel Yule's great book on Marco. He illustrates the reasons why Kublai failed to secure for his reign many of the great ministers who had served under the last of the Sungs. It would appear to have been a high-minded loyalty to their Chinese emperor that made it impossible for them to accept rewards from another.

There is given a high appreciation from Chinese sources of the son of Kublai, who, while chosen as the successor of Kublai, died ere he had been able to succeed in the line.

A second point is the fixing historically of the location of the real city founded by Kublai, known to Marco as the city of the great Khan, Khan Baligh—the Cambaluc of the histories.

A third point of interest is the correction of some errors in the accounts of Marco's journey south from Pe-

king as far as Cho Chou, with reference to the noble bridge at Lu Kou Ch'iao ten miles from Peking, as well as the splendid pagoda built in 586 A. D., at the small town of Liang Hsiang, and finally of the city of Cho Chou itself, famous as the birthplace of three great personages, the heroes of the Three Kingdoms. One of the most interesting references is that to the silkworm. The annals of Cho Chou assure the reader that the very ancient dwellers of that region were the original ones who may have seen the silkworm in its native and wild state. The fact that it died away from this region, being replaced in more favorable places at the centre of China, is said to be due to some such disease as has affected even the modern worm, at times destroying them in wide regions. It needed a Pasteur to explain how this came about in a natural way, through an insidious parasite. The Chinese annalist quaintly remarks that he knows no reason why the silk trade should have died out except the fact that the silkworms simply refused to live there.

The Chinese have a famous saying, "Under the heavens there is but one market town; there is but one village, but one *Chou* city." South of the city of Cho Chou the roads of ten provinces unite or bifurcate for their distribution. On one of the city gates there is inscribed,

> "In all the world there is no place so public as this,
> All cares and trials centre in this One Cho Chou."

Perhaps in the far distant future when Christianity is the widely established religion of the people of China, Cho Chou will again be widely known as the city rescued from its heathenism by the diligent efforts of Dr. Ament and his well-disciplined Chinese pastor and helpers—the final and happy outcome of the great Boxer disturbance in its last fierce struggle. In Marco Polo's day

the small city of twenty thousand people had no less than fifty-eight temples making it famous for its old-time religious spirit. If once thus celebrated for its ancient spirit of worship, perhaps it may become so again in a larger and better atmosphere of hope and infinite longing.

The Ideal is that towards which all that is noble in us is forever tending—the anticipation of that existence.
—*Charbonnell.*

X

SECOND FURLOUGH AND RETURN

THE spring time of 1897 found Mr. Ament and his family en route to America, to enjoy a furlough after eight and a half years of efficient labor. Miss Wyett had been in feeble health and waited with desire the return. Her life in Peking had been most helpful in many ways, especially in giving Mrs. Ament more time to devote to the Chinese women and the little memorial school. It is pleasant to think of the return to the old Owosso home, and of the peculiar joy of the aged mother in having her son with her once more. The record of this furlough is sufficiently brief, owing to the happy fact that there was no necessity for the writing of many letters. The first summer was spent quietly at home. Mr. Ament found a place for his outreaching energies in the local Y. M. C. A. He became for a time an almost daily attendant and found here an excellent opportunity for those personal influences in which he was an adept. The story of work in China he also found abundant opportunity to tell, and his message was received with great interest among the churches and the many large associational gatherings which he was able to attend. Among the most noticeable of these was the annual meeting of the American Board, held in 1897 at New Haven, Conn. Mr. Ament's address upon the conditions of China and the hope of progress conditioned on the results of the then recent Japanese victories, and the great lesson which China had learned as to the sources of Japan's wonderful successes, attracted much attention and favorable comment. This led to a wider scope through invi-

tations to address the churches upon his favorite theme, which he accepted.

The crowding incidents of the coming years make it the less necessary to extend the story of this furlough other than to refer to Mr. Ament's effort to create an interest in the rebuilding of the church in the mission compound for the regular Sunday services. The Sunday audience had long since outgrown the handsome little church erected in 1873. In looking forward to his early return to China, Mr. Ament felt obliged to consider more than ever his aged mother, now in her eightieth year. The youngest child of her daughter was still in her care, a responsibility which she was now scarce equal to. It became necessary for Mrs. Ament to remain, an arrangement the more desirable as her son also was at the proper age to attend school, and needed suitable associates.

The beloved aunt who had been with them in China found her home in this happy group of young and old.

Mr. Cromer gives us a pleasing picture of Dr. Ament in a farewell service at Owosso: "Once more he is standing among old friends and neighbors, before a great audience filling to its utmost capacity the auditorium of that home church, where in early life he had uttered vows to Christ, and where later he had been set apart by ordaining hands to the work in China. These two decades of missionary activity have brought into their finest finish of development all the powers of body, heart and soul. They have laid broad and deep his sympathies with the Chinese people, have given him a statesman's comprehension of governmental and international conditions and relations, and have brought to him rare powers as preacher and platform speaker in both English and Chinese. Best of all they have filled him full of the ideals, motives and mighty love of Jesus Christ for the world. He told us of his love for the Chinese, of his

faith in them and in their future greatness as a race. In impassioned utterance he poured forth, in the presence of his neighbors and companions of former years, his soul's high loyalty and his life's deep consecration."

Peking, Oct. 11, 1898.

To Dr. Smith:

I make it among my first duties to sit down and inform you of the progress of events and the present situation. I arrived in Peking Saturday, October 8th. It seems very quiet after the rush and roar of a year of active work in the States. Some of the dear native brethren tramped clear down to the distant railway station to meet me and I was immensely pleased at their enthusiasm on my return. I trust that I shall have with them a happy and useful term of Christian labor and that we together may make deep inroads in the surrounding heathenism. On Sunday I had the pleasure of meeting with all the church people who came, and delivering the message given me.

The change in administration and the present opposition to foreigners, together with the terrifying rumors, interfered with the coming to church of many of our people. We are passing through a great crisis and no human being can predict what the outcome will be. There may be an outbreak of fanaticism at any time and the situation seems to me more serious by far than at any time during the war between China and Japan. At Yokohama we learned of the coup d'état, the deposition of the Emperor, his supposed death and the supremacy of the anti-foreign party, but no one thought that the movement would assume its present proportions. The Emperor is still alive, but his friends and advisers are being harried from the earth. The eunuchs who bought the books for him last spring have been beaten to death with clubs. Already twelve high ministers of state have been decapitated and when the orgy will stop we do not know. The favorable edicts of the Emperor have all been rescinded and the affairs of state reduced to the old régime. Word comes to-day that Chang Yin Huan, formerly minister at Washington and an influential mandarin, with intelligent and far-seeing views of progress, has been banished to Ili, and while en route at Cho Chou was brutally murdered.

I am very glad to hear from Mrs. Ament of the enthusiastic meeting of the Board held at Grand Rapids. It was a great grief to me to be obliged to leave before that meeting, held practically in my own neighborhood.

We have just closed the fall session of our Peking conference, a meeting which included all the native pastors and helpers, also the local deacons. I could but notice the decided advancement made by these men during the year and a half of my absence. In the newly-made Pastor Jen there was manifest a spirit of consecration and bearing of responsibility for the general interests of the Church at large which would have done honor to men of much wider experience and longer service. A course of study for the unlicensed helpers was blocked out and a committee appointed to look after the examinations. The recent backward wave throughout the land has emptied some of our chapels and scattered the inquirers. It will take some time to bring back our constituency to where it was before the deposition of the Emperor. It is pathetic to hear them pray for their Emperor whom they had learned to regard as their special protector and guardian. They look upon him as a martyr to the cause of progress and feel assured that only Divine Providence can save him from his enemies.

On the 15th the last decree of the Emperor was that a system of budgets as in foreign countries should be adopted. A week later the Emperor was a prisoner in his palace and every one was astonished to find that he was still alive. The six most progressive men in the empire were decapitated without even the semblance of a trial and every patriotic man trembled for his life and does so to-day. Such radical and tremendous changes had never been devised or thought of in the same length of time in any country of the world. The foreigners have protested against any harmful treatment to the Emperor.

Peking, Sunday, Oct. 30, 1898.

My dear Wife:

A hard day's work has been put in and rest is very acceptable. It is a joyful weariness, as the church was well filled with interested listeners and there were several inquirers. The collection was the best yet, and on the whole things are looking up. I have been here three weeks and have had only your letter written ten days after I left Owosso. I have no doubt several letters are straggling along somewhere.

It seems that at the row in Lu Kou Ch'iao, the foreigners in the fracas were as much to blame as the Chinese and perhaps more so as they ought to have known better. I have learned to withhold my judgment in all such cases till I have heard both sides. Sir Claude MacDonald had to retire some of his statements and demands, as it was so conclusive that Mr. Cox did the first striking that one could hardly blame a lot of soldiers who would not stand by and see their comrade cuffed about. I saw Sir Robert yesterday and had a very pleasant call at his house. He was alone and received me cordially, and pointed out the little present he had received from dear Emily and seems to value it highly. He wanted to be remembered to you especially and to Willie.

Monday.—Ewing preached in the evening a good sermon on the "Privilege of Suffering." To-day I took a ride to the cemetery. The weather was agreeable, the donkey easy and I reached there in good time to sit down and think and look at the three little mounds, still green and well rounded, the stones in good shape and everything satisfactory; but they told the story which made the tears fall like raindrops. I found that I had been placing dear Emily's passing in 1894; it was in '93. February 27th, that fateful day! I felt somewhat reconciled to life in China, being near their dear remains. Returning home, Deacon Kuo invited me to a feast to meet his father-in-law, with several others. We had a nice little feast, and I felt drawn to them all.

November 1st.—I lead prayers, at Mr. Mateer's request, with the printing office men at 7 : 30 A. M, so I am rising a little earlier. I want to record one or two of Sir Robert's remarks. He said he went to Pei Tai Ho this summer, the first time he had been out of Peking for twelve and a half years. He had not seen his wife for eighteen years. He called himself a poor, decayed old man. He looks poorly and spoke sadly. He needs the sympathy of all lovers of China, as I believe he is a real missionary of civilization.

To-morrow we begin our station conference with all the helpers and deacons of the out-stations. We shall muster a little force of about sixteen. I expect to invite them all to a feast. W. H. Murray has the grand opening of his new compound on Thursday and we are all invited over but I do not see how I can go, just in the midst of the conference. State affairs seem to be moving on with a little dynamite in the air.

The troops from Kan-su who were brought here by the Empress Dowager for her own protection are all Mohammedans and very strongly anti-foreign and anti-progressive.

On Sunday, the opportunity for showing their teeth came when Engineer Cox, Colonel Radcliffe, Engineer Norregard, and Mr. Campbell of the British Legation happened to be down by the Marco Polo bridge, and seeing these soldiers in a railroad house where they had no business to be, ordered them away. A fracas ensued in which Cox was badly cut with stones and would have been killed except that Norregard happened to have a small pocket pistol with which he frightened away the men who were pounding Cox. Of course the British government has taken up the matter vigorously, and in union with all the other powers has demanded that these troops should be removed at least to thirty miles away from Peking. Though the Empress has promised to see that the move was made, nothing had been done up to this week and on Sunday last an ultimatum was sent in that unless notice was immediately taken of the demand something important would take place. We are all waiting in considerable anxiety to see what the Empress will do, and what those overbold Mohammedans will do who hate foreigners for no reason. Without doubt all rules of modern diplomacy are ignored, and if the Empress insists on her policy of stupidity, the empire will be divided up or will be put under a directorate.

On Saturday last the Japanese minister saw the Emperor and Empress Dowager and presented them both with decorations from the Mikado of Japan. They report the Emperor as in fairly good health and suffering no persecution from his aunt. The French doctor who called on the Emperor at the request of the Empress, forced upon her by the French government, says that the Emperor is anæmic, and also has Bright's disease, so that his outlook for life is not very cheering. He refused to take the doctor's medicine unless presented in person, as of course he is in constant fear of poison. What a life they must all lead in the palace where every one suspects every one else, where there is no one to be relied on.

Our Christians everywhere are praying for their Emperor who seems to be oppressed in his own home because he obeys Confucius's rule of slavery to his family superiors, and because he is no fighter and cannot contend with a vicious woman.

His is indeed a hard lot and better were he to be an ordinary farmer or laborer.

Peking, Nov. 10, 1898.

To his Wife:

I have just learned how extensive and wide reaching were the reforms contemplated by the Emperor. Just listen to a few—University in Peking, with school boards in every city, large and small, in the empire; imperial bannermen to travel abroad and learn the ways of the world; Weng T'ung Ho dismissed because a conservative; favorable report on necessity of encouraging art, science and agriculture; Wen Chang essays abolished in government examinations; Western arms and drill for Tartar troops; patent and copyright laws; reform in military examinations; special rewards to inventors and authors; encouragement of trade and merchants; customs post throughout the empire; general right to memorialize the throne in "closed memorials" granted; Manchus allowed to take up trades and professions; systems of budgets, as in foreign countries.

A week later came the coup d'état. No wonder! Everything seemed to be on the move. The Emperor was too zealous. I did not mention the abolishment of the queue and putting on foreign dress, which even our little Pastor Jen was not suited with. Boards of mines and machinery were ordered also. Six old and useless boards in Peking were abolished. This stirred up a fearful opposition on the part of the turned-out officials. I hear that the Mohammedan soldiers have left the city and are to be kept under better discipline down in the Hunting Park. Kiss the dear boy for us all here. The Chinese are never tired of asking about him. I must go into the country and dedicate the chapel at Shun Yi (city).

Our marines now help to fill up the chapel at Sunday service. Last Sunday there must have been a dozen or more blue coats there: Russian, Italian, German, French, or English marines can be met at any time on the streets. They quite variegate the scenery.

Monday, November 21st.—I reached home to-day from Shun Yi. Pastor Jen was with me at Shun Yi, and we reached the chapel in time to get rested for the evening meeting, which Jen led. Our new premises are large and comfortable.

I found all the church-members were making great preparations for a feast, as I had sent them word that I would give the flour. But it seems the leading merchants of the city, pawnbrokers and others, wanted to present to the new chapel a banner in appreciation of the honor conferred on the city. This was to be done on Sunday, to my annoyance, and of course Helper Han and the men thought that a feast must be given in return for this honor. I was expected to shell out the larger portion of the cost for this feast, which I did somewhat grumblingly, telling Han that it must never happen again, but as this was the first meeting after my return, I would fork out the money. So after the morning service of dedication, when five men were baptized, we repaired to the outer chapel and ate our feast with sixteen of the big wigs of Shun Yi. They brought their own wine and drank it in liberal quantities.

Wednesday.—To-day the wives of the foreign ministers are allowed to call upon the Empress Dowager. It will be quite an event and I shall be anxious to-morrow to hear the result. There is a rumor that the old lady has backed out.

The Tract Society committee meet at my rooms and doubtless the *Monthly* will be resuscitated. I am not anxious for the work, but it seems ordained that I should take it up again. The memorial school has about three hundred taels on hand now.

Peking, China, Dec. 14, 1898.

To Dr. Smith:

An account of my trip to the country regions south and west of Peking from November 26th to December 14th, 1898:

The railroad had been completed since I last saw them and I was anxious to see what impression the steam horse had made. The recent reaction must have some deleterious influence on a volatile people like the Chinese and I wanted to see how they stood when public opinion was arrayed against them.

The plan was to leave Peking on the day following Thanksgiving, but a sudden rain spoiled the roads out of the city, no carts were to be had, and so I decided to take the railway direct to Cho Chou where the people were expecting me to spend the Sabbath and leave the intervening stations until my return. With the usual inconvenience of everything in China, the railroad station is located six miles from the city

and though the train did not start till eleven o'clock, I had to be up and stirring by four in the morning, in order to make the train over these roads. We left the compound before daylight, succeeded in passing the guards at the Front Gate and floundered through the mud until about ten o'clock when we reached the station. The train was an hour late, so I visited two hours with Mr. Allardyce, of the London Mission, who was en route to one of his country stations.

The first incident after mounting the train was not wholly agreeable. The engine which had gone to take on water on its return came against the train so suddenly and with such force that I was thrown violently against the corner of their board seats and struck my knee-cap with considerable force. It hurt me dreadfully and I was quite lame for ten days thereafter. I inquired concerning the engineer and found that he was a wholly incompetent man who secured his position through influence. The same fatal policy of intrigue and money seems to obtain on the railroad as in all places where the Chinese have control. I talked with the foreign superintendent, an Englishman, and he said these things were outside his province, and all he could do was to make an occasional protest. The cars are very uncomfortable, never being swept or warmed, and the benches are very hard. But it was delightful to glide along with comparative rapidity over regions through which I had ploughed my way many times in heavy mule-carts.

Cho Chou, fifty miles distant, was reached at three in the afternoon of Saturday. Without the help of the railroad I could not have met my engagement with the brethren. On Sabbath day the friends gave me a most hearty greeting back to the old work, and I felt encouraged that so many seemed pleased that I had returned to work among them. A goodly company filled the chapel and we had a delightful service. The many rumors of revolt and trouble with foreigners had succeeded in frightening away all of the inquirers, but the regular members seemed to stand firm and faithful.

On reaching P'ing T'ing I proceeded to our little chapel, where resides our Li Chung Ho with his wife and daughter. Mr. Li was formerly a fortune-teller but is now a warm-hearted preacher of the truth. His daughter, a cripple, sings like a morning lark and is a great help in their meetings. A few months ago the work in this market town and vicinity was

most encouraging and the helper was full of enthusiasm. But the coup d'état in Peking took place, the soldiers of General Tung passed along through their streets, going, as they said, to kill all the foreigners and rid the country of their presence. The fright which followed was pitiful to behold. The people were bound to believe the worst and no amount of arguing could remove their first impressions.

Leaving P'ing T'ing, I proceeded twenty miles to the market town of Nan Meng, in the Pa Chou district. Here we have located our native pastor Hung, with his family. He has steadfastness of purpose and is not afraid to do right even though it results in temporary unpopularity.

I left this place Monday, December 5th, and proceeded through the city of Pa Chou. This is an unfortunate region, having been flooded for years. During the period of depression the poverty of the people was relieved by the generosity of Dr. Blodget who kept the people alive. Now after many years the people seem to be responding to the call of duty. A helper is on the ground in the person of Deacon Heng, of the Peking church.

From this place I proceeded to the city of Wen An, over a road which I had crossed many times by boat, but which is dry now for the first time in twenty-seven years. We first went to the village of Tung Ying, where formerly resided the first convert of this region, Wang P'ing. Here resided the other Wang family, two teachers from which helped us in the language twenty years ago. The son of one of these teachers is now a literary graduate and has not forgotten the instruction he received as a boy.

Returning from here to Cho Chou, I made arrangements for a station class to meet at the chapel during the latter part of December. I visited Pu An Tun. The little chapel here is occupied by a young man and his mother. For his loyalty to Christ he alienated his wife, so that she went to her father's house without permission, told him of the son-in-law, in consequence of which the father-in-law led a band of men to beat the Christian, but not finding him, demeaned themselves by beating his old mother. We never could stand coolly by and see an old lady beaten by a band of ruffians. We entered the village by a quiet, retired road and the young man called to his father-in-law to come out to the gate. The latter, supposing the youth had come to take vengeance, had armed himself with a pitch-

fork. He found a foreigner who looked him in the face and proposed to talk the matter through. I asked him if it looked proper for six strong men to go to a village and beat a defenseless old woman. He said the old woman talked too much and always on her side of the question. I asked him what side she should talk on, if not her own side? He agreed to send his daughter back, but not to look up the men who helped him beat the woman. I went away telling him that I would ask the magistrate to find the men. The magistrate made inquiries. The father-in-law appeared and acknowledged his evil deeds. The young man has come out with flying colors, forgives his father-in-law and has manifested a beautiful Christian spirit.

On the same day the Empress Dowager granted the long expected audience to the ladies of the legations. They report a cordial reception on the part of the Empress, who kissed them all in turn and pressed a jewelled ring on a finger of each lady. Socially this function seems a great success. The Emperor was present at the reception.

Peking, Dec. 18, 1898 (after Sunday-school).

To Mrs. Ament:

A day of hard work is about closing and my thoughts naturally revert to you. The church was full this morning and the collection the largest in our history—eighty-nine strings and more, that is considerably more than ten dollars. Of course some are making up their annual pledge, but the fact remains that others are learning the pleasures of giving. I preached on Mal. iii. 16, and urged them to close the year with their pledges all paid and their consciences clear. With companies like that we had this morning, we begin to think of a new meeting house.

I have received my first formal notice of the granting of the degree at Oberlin. I think I shall be rather leisurely in my reply. (Oberlin College, at Oberlin, Ohio, at its commencement anniversary, had given to Mr. Ament the degree of doctor of divinity. It had been twenty-five years since he had graduated from the college.)

Peking, Jan. 12, 1899.

My dear Wife:

I am getting the report of the memorial school printed and will push it through as soon as possible. With what Mrs.

Ewing adds it makes a good sized report. Dr. Lowry's injuries (when attacked by the mob en route from the railroad station, with Bishop Joyce and his daughters) were slight, and he suffered only a day or two interruption of his work.

The city is quite excited over financial affairs, several native banks being shut, and one or two looted by mobs. The Methodist Episcopal people lost in the bank failure near them. The bank near us still holds out and claims there is no danger.

Headland is translating in rhyme all the baby ditties he can get hold of, illustrating them, and will make a book. He can repeat his jingles by the yard. On New Year's Day we are going to go down to Tung-chow on our wheels, and still make the rounds on the same day.

Wednesday, 21st.—I preach daily in the front chapel; good audiences now; read with the teacher, old Chang of Cho Chou, a little in the forenoon; have translated or adapted one chapter from Gladden's "Ruling Ideas," and will send it to the Wan Kuo Kung Pao—*The Globe Magazine.*

Our church contributions have been gathered for the year, and we find that they are nearly double what they were last year. Pastor Jen and Deacon Wan are in the country, at the expense of the native church, as a committee of visitation. It is cold weather for them, but Jen is enthusiastic over the plan, and it seems to be working well. That is the bright side to our work, the way the native brethren are taking up the responsibilities of church work. It bodes well for the future.

To his Son:

We have been having some splendid meetings, and our little chapel has been crowded day after day. About thirty people taken on probation. I thought of our dear Emily February 27th, as that was the day she left us mourning. I sleep in the same room, and saw her dear face and Mama's anxious face and trust that God will spare us any more such experiences in this line.

During the earlier part of the year, on May 23, 1898, the native pastor, Jen Chao Hai, was ordained as pastor of the North Church. Secretary Judson Smith, of the deputation to China, was present and gave an address. The new pastor commanded the respect of the Chinese

members and proved himself wise and aggressive in directing the affairs of the church. Following the lead of the Shantung station, in the spring also, a conference of the churches of the Peking station had been organized. The second meeting of this conference is referred to in the above letters of Dr. Ament. The organization was completed, by including all the deacons of the churches and a delegate for each thirty members, besides the pastors, helpers and Bible women.

Towards the end of the year a long desired location for the new South Church was secured, adjoining the former premises and to the right of the premises now opened for the Woman's Hospital and other work. Plans for the new building were drawn up, though the work was delayed through insufficient funds in hand. The report for the station at the annual meeting showed a membership of seven hundred and eleven in the ten out-stations reported, the number of chapels or preaching places being seventeen. As an indication of the growth of the station it is to be noted that the Bridgman School had increased its membership to the number of sixty-six, with an average attendance of sixty. These were a regular part of the Sunday audience.

Annual Mission Meeting,
Tung-chow, June 1, 1899.

My dear Mary:

Your Grand Rapids letter came with the last mail. How you are working for the new church (at Peking). You inspire me with courage. You did grandly at Grand Rapids, and having two hundred dollars makes a big start for the five hundred seats needed. Doubtless you know by this time that five hundred will be all the chairs needed according to our present plan. Our third church outside the East Gate (Chi Hua Men) is materializing. They are putting up a new building for school and chapel purposes. We help with material from the temple and the church-members have given

one hundred and twenty tiao. So Kao will do the rest and the work will go on cheerfully. They also propose to pay part of the salary of a teacher, if we will put one there. The third church is in sight, you see. Peking makes a fine showing at mission meeting in all the elements of progress. Nan Meng, Shun Yi, and Cho Chou all promised to try and do something on salary of helpers stationed there. Do not have any anxiety about us out here. The Lord's work is going on and will in spite of devils and men.

Meetings with the helpers are all through, ending with reports of the three who went to the Shanghai Students' Convention. They made a fine report and seemed immensely pleased with their trip. We had nine men at the meetings and I think carried the regard of all, and showed that they were making progress. I am more and more proud of my company in this mission. I do not know where you could gather a more delightful company of people. The weather is charming; occasional rains temper the sky. The willow trees are quite large and the campus a mass of green.

God calls men to be strong, to be heroic, because they are not born to be cowards, but with the birthright of an invincible courage and determination. Men and women are still called to come up to the help of the Master, to share His burden for the world,

—*H. Kingman.*

XI

REFORM, PROGRESS AND OMENS OF EVIL

Peking, June 13, 1899

DEAR DR. SMITH:

History is forming here at a rate unknown in many countries. People complain of the Chinese inertia, but to my observation the Chinese are doing more thinking to the day than they are given credit for. While visiting a yamen to-day at the request of the London Mission, their senior missionary being absent, the official, after a moment of thoughtful silence, said to me, "We Chinese do excite the contempt of foreigners. We are truly contemptible in many ways." There had been nothing said to draw out this remark. It was evidently in his mind. That was a terrible confession for a military mandarin to make to a stranger from a foreign land. They are thinking, and thinking deeply, only the political conditions are such that we do not get the results of their cogitations.

The leading anti-foreign leader in North China is Kang Yi who has recently been sent by the Empress to inspect fortifications and military resources up and down the Yang Tzu. You will hardly believe that this hide-bound old conservative so hates foreigners that he refuses to go where they are at Shanghai and other places and thinks that the earthworks and old fortifications of centuries ago are sufficient for protection at the present time.

The Emperor at the present time though kept in nominal confinement is allowed a large amount of liberty and doubtless is as happy as he knows how to be. The other day he was selecting an adopted son from among the children of the hereditary iron-capped princes who constitute the aristocracy of Peking. It is possible that the Empress is looking up a

puppet to place on the throne, as it is said the Emperor desires to retire to his ancestral home in Manchuria. There can be little hope of his doing that, as that region is practically Russian territory. The Emperor has been subjected to no cruel treatment so far as we can learn and the Empress Dowager is far too shrewd a manager to put him out of the way when she knows foreign sentiment is as strong as it is in his favor. The whole reactionary feeling in Peking is based upon the conception that the throne of the Manchus is in danger and can be secured only by holding all foreigners at a distance and pitting one nation against another.

The problem before them now is how to retain progressive ideas, hold foreign methods, religions, and people aloof, and adjust China to new conditions without disturbing existing institutions. If their fears can be allayed as to the integrity of the empire, we shall see that the adjustment will go on more rapidly than in the past. You speak about the reform movement and deplore its sudden collapse. That Kang Yu Wei, the leader, was an unfit man for the great confidence the Emperor placed in him, there is little doubt. He was a thorough Confucianist and under his rule Christianity would not have the toleration that it has now. The Emperor seems to have been the most honorable man of the lot, as without doubt most of the others were actuated by mercenary motives and had no moral force which would have sustained them in prosperity. To impose Western ideas and customs on the Chinese at the point of the bayonet as the Germans are doing in Shantung will only lead to bad feeling and may set back the wheels of progress of all concerned. When Americans begin to see, as a few do, how intimately our interests are wrapped up with those of China and how this land is the natural outlet for our surplus products, then the study of Chinese affairs will really begin, and we shall have a sympathetic as well as material interest in the genuine reform of this nation. The coming political movement is the alliance of England, Japan and the United States along lines which will strengthen our position in the East, preserve the autonomy of Korea, help the internal development of Japan, sustain China as an independent nation, and stop this grabbing for territory which is a disgrace to the nations, and open up this whole region so rich in resources to the markets of the world. These three nations hold the key of the situation if they are willing to use it.

Western Hills, Aug. 6, 1899.

My dear Wife:

Yes, it is true, I am in our old home on the hilltop, drinking in the fresh air and revelling in scenery and breezes. I have improved every hour since I luxuriated in the air all Saturday and by evening was equal to a game of tennis, though rather antiquated in my movements. I planned to run over to-day, Sunday, to Lu Kou Ch'iao, but Mrs. Lyon said I had no wife and she knew I was too tired to go. So I am resting in writing to you, for the communion with you is the best tonic. Especially on this hilltop, where we have had so many happy days and where there are so many reminiscences of you, I feel as though next to seeing you was talking with you. The trees that you and I nourished with so much care are still growing though they have not attained much size. I am living in the room occupied by Aunt Anna. It is cool and delightful and my system responds immediately to nature's healing influences. I am glad that I am not so antiquated that I cannot build up much easier than I wear out. The house seems like an old friend, as every beam and piece of stone has a familiar look.

The translators are hard at work—Drs. Mateer and Woods —the latter a very pleasant Virginia gentleman about my age or a little younger.

Monday.—Waked up this morning full of praise and gladness, after a most restful night. This is a beautiful world and we should be in the right spirit to enjoy it. I am sending into the city to see about Teacher Tu's coming out, and we will work up the church paper. I hope the scheme talked up with Richard will pan out, and the two papers be combined into one. I think I could do some literary work of value, if I had the time, and Richard wants me to do translating work. I could do that and be in any out-station.

Good-bye. Love from the people on the hilltop.

Tu Hsien Sheng came out two days ago and we are getting out the next Pao. As he is a bright, quick man it makes it much easier for me. Hsueh sends seventeen dollars from Germany.

Peking, Aug. 21, 1899.

To Dr. Smith:

It is some time since I have written to you. The progress of events in Peking has not been rapid but I am

thankful that after the lapse of two or three months we can have something of interest to record. On the whole, it has been rather a monotonous summer for direct work in missions. The air is full of rumors and the people seem to have a dull apprehension that in some way or other the foreigners are going to injure them or their country.

The Japanese have shown a beautiful spirit of sympathy and desire to help their poor old broken neighbor. They are kinder and more Christian than some nations professedly Christian. No light penetrates the palace in Peking and the same stupid measures are being urged and plans made as characterized them five years ago. The Chinese never learn anything from history and cannot reason by induction. That Japan is seriously displeased with Russia for her designs on China there can be no doubt. It looks as though Japan wished to bring things to a crisis with Russia before the Siberian railway is finished and troops can be massed rapidly. On the other hand Russia wants to move quietly till she gets everything ready. With all this squabbling among the nations and diverson of British interests by their affairs in Africa, it looks as though the strain must be relieved somewhat. The Empress Dowager is mad after money and the expedition of her commissioner, Kang Yi, to the south in her interest is stirring up a lot of discontent and revolution may follow. He is closing up all the schools for foreign learning up and down the Yang Tzu but has struck a snag in Chang Chih Tung who says his schools are run with private funds and refuses to hand over the endowments to Mr. Kang.

Peking, Sept. 5, 1899.

My dear Wife:

It is late Tuesday evening and I leave early to-morrow morning for Shun Yi. I can get away for a few days and feel the need of a change. The way is open for our school, and we shall begin at nearly the usual time. I went outside the Ch'i Hua Gate and preached to-day in a gambling shop. The gambling went on as usual. I had a good company to listen. I also settled a long standing quarrel between Deacon Wen and his wife. She had her wifely grievances and he ignored them. He confessed his error and said he never thought of things as I put them. He is a good man but stupid in his dealings with his wife and constantly irritated her. I hope

they will see better days now. I received your letter of July 23d saying you have two hundred and thirty dollars for chapel seats. You have done well.

Fondly yours,

W. S. A.

September 26, 1899.

We are waiting for the Mateers to come into the compound. They are arriving from Japan. I shall rejoice when our wheels are all in working order, and I can bend to individual tasks. As it is Ewing and Pastor Jen are in the country and their work falls on me in addition to the South Chapel, and opening the new school. The last things are being done in the schoolroom, and you would be pleased to see the new arrangements. Gammon is here looking after the interests of the Bible Society, and seems to be a man with good ideas. He is fixing up that room Gattrell used to live in, and may bring his wife up sometimes, as the room is warm and comfortable. Gammon will find his hands full caring for his sixteen colporteurs and he will need to bend to his business or his men will run away with him.

They were nearly mobbed in Shantung, and Porter telegraphed for protection. A day was set for their extermination. The governor got troops in to head off the revolt. No one was hurt but a good many well scared.

We have a new family coming, Howard S. Galt and wife. Sheffield writes to me to meet them at the station and take them for a brief visit at Peking. The Allardyces are comfortably settled in their new quarters just opposite us.

Our bookstore is open and is doing a good business. We sold about twelve dollars' worth the first day. So, two things that have been on my mind for years are under way—the boarding-school, and the bookstore. The new chapel is about all that remains for initiation and that looks safe for next year. I do not know what I shall do when everything seems to be in running order. I think it will be time for me to come home and see my family face to face!

Ewing is absent on a long tour to the south. It is pretty fine to have a stout, willing young fellow like Ewing, who takes most of the touring off of my hands. Of course I should be glad to go, but I have the *Church News* on my hands and am pastor of a church also.

Peking, Oct. 11, 1899.

Our little school is a real comfort thus far. The boys are fine fellows and Kuo Feng Kuan takes real interest in them. The old teacher is very much disgruntled that we do not allow him to teach, but I agree with Mateer that we cannot sacrifice an institution to individuals. We have to pick from now on and must take the best we can get.

I am leaving for Liang Hsiang to-morrow as there is a temple fair and an opportunity to sell books and preach. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith will also come, as they will be visiting at Pao Ting Fu. I trust we shall have a good time.

We are a dry and thirsty station, and need the Spirit's outpouring. I have had a burden of prayer rolled on me for our work, and asked for help as never before and I believe my prayers are answered. For the last three days a new spirit has come over the front chapel and inquirers have been quite numerous and of a good quality. I find that all works well when we are doing our part in prayer and right living. It is quite encouraging when the natives tell you of their meetings for prayer. So you may look for news of refreshment before long. The material advance which we have made through the year in the way of securing new premises, the opening of the boarding-school, would justify our year's endeavor, but I shall not remain complacent with material advancement. We must have a spiritual life corresponding.

Dr. Mateer reads a paper on "Money in Missions" next Friday evening. Mr. Gammon led our prayer-meeting last evening, taking the topic of the Holy Spirit. He made a very helpful address and grows in our estimation all the time.

Your loving husband,

W. S. A.

Peking, Sept. 29th.

My dear Wife:

The drought continues and to-day the board of astronomy announces that great calamities may come to this country and warns the people to prepare. The people say the Empress Dowager is too lazy in her worship as she deputes all the worship and prayer for rain to some one else. They say the Emperor is the son of heaven and he is the proper one to worship. So the old stupidity still remains and it seems as if the patience of high heaven must be nearly exhausted.

September 30th.—Mr. Gammon left this morning, going off in a new jinricksha owned by Li Hai Yen, son-in-law of Deacon Kuo. He has bought ten vehicles and is going into the business. Poor church-members, that have no other resource, can pull the cart and drag out a precarious existence.

Last evening Dr. Mateer took a very conservative view of the use of money, steering us between its use and abuse. In educational work he believes in its free use, just as we do at home. The foreign church will have to carry the work for some time to come. Money spent in support of well-trained, enthusiastic preachers is well spent as it saves foreign strength and is legitimate expenditure. He thought missionaries were drawing further away from the Chinese than they were years ago. Parlors are too clean for the Chinese and we do not want them around. He thought that was a mistake and a bad tendency. He had seen the fallacy of the Nevius methods, also the Gospel Mission Southern Baptist position. There was little dissent from his views; in fact all felt about as he did that money must be wisely used and the more of it used that way the better. Our ladies had a fine spread and we all went away feeling that we had spent a profitable evening. The grading of the streets has gone on to nearly the London Mission. Won't it be fine when we have a good bicycle drive to all places in the city? My school has assembled, and I think we have a fine set of boys. Wish you were here to assist in looking after them.

Love to all the household,

W. S. A.

November 19th.

They are having a serious time near P'ang Chuang. A sect of spiritual Boxers, who hate foreigners, has sprung up and seduced many to follow them. Two fights have taken place and more than a hundred Boxers have been killed and yet they are strong and P'ang Chuang is in danger. The schools are not called together as yet and they feel as though they were in great danger.

Tell Willie his letters do me good like a medicine. I am glad he is doing so well in music. The ferns and maple leaves were like the arrow that once pierced my heart.

Miss Douw has promised another hundred taels on the church. The five hundred taels, payable in ten years, the

man put us at three hundred and fifty if paid at once. We have paid it, and the place cost us sixteen hundred taels. Our plans will be here in January, then we can order the chairs.

December 6th.—You know the memorial school is now at the Sixth Street North Chapel, and not at our premises at Fifth Street. It seemed best to transfer until we could find a satisfactory teacher who could reside at the school. The rooms there are rented and bring in a little revenue for the school.

We had a good meeting last evening. Dr. Reid spoke of the toleration of the government and the divisions of Christians as though we were all wrong and our troubles were well brought on. We did not accept his ideas, for I recall how a few years ago he said his first work would be to get the government to be tolerant. I mentioned the fact to him after meeting and he smiled at his own inconsistency. The good news of our church at Owosso cheers me.

Love from one to all.

December 13th.—Mr. Richard writes that he approves of my plan for a coalition of two or three of the numerous church papers in China and let one man do what two or three are doing, and have one respectable paper on which we can all unite. Then no one will be specially burdened and there will be a paper which will be an honor to the Church and of general interest.

Miss Russell has just returned from Shun Yi, and is in a glow of enthusiasm and good spirits. She was a little blue on going away over several lapses among the church-members of late, but now she sees that we are not going entirely to pieces. I took five men on probation last Sunday and did not know till afterwards that one of them was a keeper of an opium den. He told it of himself and I trust he will have the courage to abandon the business. I am much pleased with the man, as he is clean looking and intelligent. No man has ever taken in more truth and committed it to memory in the same time than this man.

A nice talk this evening with Kuo Feng Kuan, who teaches the boys' school. He and Miss Sheffield are getting up a program for Christmas which will be unique. It is fine to find a Chinaman who has some ideas of his own. I am beginning to feel that our hope of permanent success must lie in the coming generation and the best work is that done with the young.

Good-bye, old sweetheart. May roses spring up in your path.

W. S. A.

Peking, December 20th.

Since writing you last I have taken a short trip to Cho Chou and Liang Hsiang. Helper Tang wrote that there were several people desiring baptism, and also that Chang Hsiu was to be married, and wanted me to perform the ceremony. As Ewing has returned from Pao Ting Fu with Marion in better health, I rushed down. I had a very pleasant time, barring getting sick with coal gas, so that I was hardly able to stand up on Sunday and preach. Three persons were baptized and we had a fine congregation. If some of those Cho Chou brethren do not get into heaven and wear a crown, I do not think there is any hope for the rest of us. On Monday, the Changs sent a cart for me, and I attended their swell wedding, talked with the visitors some time and had an opportunity to meet men who would not otherwise be in my line.

Mrs. Liu is the Bible woman at the North Church and seems happy in her work. Christmas is near at hand and the deacons are hard at work getting things ready for the children. We also have a tea meeting and the spirit of Christmas is growing in our midst.

Love to all.

Peking, Dec. 25, 1899.

A Merry Christmas to you. I hope you are having as sweet a time as we are. I am just out of services which began at 9 A. M. Deacons Wan, Wen and Kuo, also Mr. Ewing, made interesting remarks and the schoolboys and girls sang sweetly. Our boys have nearly worked their throats out in practicing, so that they are really not in good condition for the day. Their enthusiasm is remarkable. Still, yesterday they made themselves disagreeable as they thought they were not going to get things good enough to eat to-day. We are to have great exercises at one o'clock when the little folks come to the front. Mrs. Ewing is a charming worker and is most successful with the outside school.

The North Church have their celebration to-morrow, and I hear they have made elaborate preparations and will have a good time.

Whole-hearted striving and wrestling with difficulty; laying hold with firm grip and resolution, and toiling to-day, to-morrow and the next, until the task is done—this is the greed of forward, ever forward, and the bigger the work, the greater the joy in doing it. —*H. M. Stanley.*

XII

RUMBLINGS OF THE BOXER EARTHQUAKE

THE opening of the "Keng Tze Nien" of the Chinese Cycle was ominous in the extreme. For more than a year the Ta Tao Society had been nesting in the most uneasy corners of Shantung, somewhat in the east, and more especially in the southwest, in connection with disturbances in the northern counties of Honan. The whole countryside was in a state of alarm. There was an active irruption in a region southwest of Lin Ching, arising from the absorption of a village temple in the rebuilding of a Catholic church. So great was the violence on both sides, that the provincial government sent out several battalions of soldiers to force the situation. From that time forward there was a steady rise of feeling against Christians of all sorts, and the training of bandits in hundreds of village camps. In June, 1899, the London Mission at Hsiao Chang was in great peril. In August the German minister was hurried away from the seaside retreat, Pei Tai Ho, to attend the hurry calls of the German Bishop Anser. From the 12th of September onward the American Board station at P'ang Chuang, Shantung, found itself in the midst of tumult, a storm centre until the final catastrophes in June. The looting of the Protestant Christian villages began September 13th, continuing through the

year with increasing virulence. The first known use of the now well-known name "Boxers" was in a telegram from P'ang Chuang on the 18th of September to Mr. Aiken at Tientsin: "Secure immediate protection from the attacks of the *Boxer fanatics.*" The governor of Shantung felt constrained to send a considerable force to Ping Yuan City to watch the threatened movement of a great band of banditti that had destroyed one Protestant centre. A battle occurred on the 15th of October which stayed the Boxers for a week or two. When it became known that Yü Hsien was in full sympathy with the anti-foreign sentiment, and perhaps the authorities at Peking, the attempt to stay its progress came to an end. The movement then gathered impetus by passing into the province of Chihli. Early in December the excitement had reached to the Roman Catholic region of Hsien Hsien. The London Mission station at Hsiao Chang was fully protected by troops fresh from Tientsin, but the outlying villages, even those of the American Board Mission, were assaulted and the members dispersed. The missionaries were incessant in their communication with the legation and consular authorities at Peking and Tientsin. Owing to this, the governor of Shantung was replaced by the vigorous and vigilant Yuan Shih Kai. He had sent a large body of his well-drilled cavalry and other troops to secure the way for him. It was not till nearly the end of December that the seals of office were transferred to him. He was thus in no way responsible for the murder of Mr. Brooks of the Anglican Mission December 30th. The chief culprit in the murder of this lovely young missionary was Meng Kuang Yen. He was from the region west of P'ang Chuang and on the 5th of December tried, unsuccessfully, to induce one of the Christians in that region to lead him to P'ang Chuang that he might go to the mission quietly and destroy the missionaries. He

was told that the station was too well guarded and that it was futile. Hence he hastened southward and meeting Mr. Brooks wreaked his hostility on him. Yuan Shih Kai, while greatly handicapped, receiving private messages not to pay attention to the official orders to preserve quiet and order, exercised a fair restraint upon the people. In an interview with the missionaries at Chi Nan Fu in February it was intimated to him that Tung Fu Hsiang, the ruffian leader of the Mohammedan braves, was the idol of the popular heart, and not himself. He felt it at the time, but was helpless until his opportunity came. No other missionary lost his life during the subsequent months. But the welter of destruction swirled on to its climax.

Peking, Jan. 9, 1900.

My dear Mary:

On Sunday evening three letters from you came to Peking. It was a great grist and I did not sleep till midnight. First there was mother's sickness to think of. Of course I learned that she was better before I was through. I send you the letter from Mr. Ackerman showing how one church is praying for me. I am glad to know this fact, and am sending them a warm letter. Week of prayer meetings is progressing a little better than usual. We also have a daily evening meeting in our chapel. Our foreign meetings are not very lively and could be improved. I took part in the meeting and told how I was moved by the sympathy of the Portland pastor and suggested that we might help each other more and might have broader sympathies. I had a present of a fine pair of scrolls given by Wang Yuan Ch'i, the man who has been in Germany and whom I helped in his extremity. His wife is trying to leave off opium and then they may come to church. The Boxer troubles continue in Shantung, and our mission is in a state of confusion never before known. A good many chapels have been looted, both Protestant and Catholic.

Your loving husband,

W. S. A.

January 14, 1900.

Mrs. Ewing's heathen Sunday-school is growing so that we have just decided to transfer the regular Sunday-school to 12 : 30 and give the chapel at two o'clock to outside women and children. I think we shall have a full house. I shall ask Deacon Wan to be assistant superintendent. Dr. Goodrich preached a sermon in English this evening. We had the largest number of people I have seen in chapel in years and the communion service was a real uplift. Our natives are raising a sum of money for Shantung sufferers from "Boxers." One man handed me ten tiao and one three taels. There will be a good sum.

Peking, Jan. 16, 1900.

To Secretary Smith :

We must admit the fact that the pressure from the government is wholly adverse to us and has weakened the interest of many of our people. One or two of our most well-to-do members who were Manchus feel the burden too heavy and have practically left the church. We greatly grieve over this, but must face the fact. We have had sixty additions during the year and our contributions from native sources are more than double any previous year. Last year we reported less than $200, while this year we shall report the goodly sum of $500. This will include the gift of two chapels and several goodly sums for our new church in which the people are deeply interested. Last evening our people brought us seventeen taels to be sent to P'ang Chuang to help our poor people who have been so persecuted by the secret societies. Doubtless Mr. Arthur Smith has written of their trials, which awaken the sympathy of all. Mr. Conger, the United States minister, has called me over for consultation several times, and I am certain he has expended all his resources in pushing the cause of the persecuted people. But our government does not allow any threats or strong measures to be taken and the Chinese foreign office fears nothing but force. Their blindness to their own interests is something incomprehensible. They have offended all the foreign governments, and now assume that because England is occupied in Africa, there are no claims to which they should pay attention. The palace is issuing almost contradictory edicts, so we are in ignorance of the real intentions of the Empress Dowager. You have doubtless heard of the murder of the English missionary Brooks by the "Boxers"

near the city of Tai An in Shantung. His head was chopped off and his body cut into fragments and thrown into a ditch. He was a young man and had little acquaintance with the people or the language. The Chinese are quibbling as usual, but the British minister cannot bring the pressure that is necessary. The Empress Dowager seemed greatly disturbed by this dastardly murder and ordered punishment of officials and the murderers. But the sufferers from many bands of freebooters, who now hunt our Christians like wild animals, receive no sympathy at her hands. She says her people have a right to practice military tactics for protection, and if these people get in the way they must expect to be hurt. It seems to be the policy of the government and the people of China to make foreigners and all connected with them as miserable as possible in the hopes that their misery will drive them from the country. Kang Yi, the notoriously anti-foreign official, is in the ascendency in Peking and his influence is felt everywhere. He is one of the men who will not ride on the newly paved streets because they smack of foreigners. Another official, living nearly opposite the French Legation, will not have a huge pile of garbage removed because that would spoil his Feng Shui, or good luck. My little paper has had to be refused at the doors of certain progressive men because they were afraid to continue taking it. There is not the beginning of what might be called a party of progress in Peking at the present time. No reaction could have been more disastrously successful than the one which began in the autumn of 1898.

January, 1900.

DEAR MARY:

Our churches will make a pretty good showing for last year. Our contributions more than doubled and our numbers would have increased, only so many were dropped. I trust our spiritual temperature may rise and we may have a good year before us. Good news comes from Pao Ting Fu of enlargement of the church. In fact, the outlook is not so dark as some would make out. I nearly broke down in leading the meeting on "Families and Schools." I spoke of the true home as indivisible, though some were in heaven and some on the other side of the earth. The plans for the new church are not here yet. I am growing a little anxious.

Your true love,

W. S. A.

Peking, Jan. 31, 1900.

My dear Mary :

To-day is Chinese New Year, and I am somewhat the worse for wear, having been up till two o'clock last night. First, I showed lantern pictures until 10 : 30, then we had a watch-meeting till midnight. About fifty people were out, not as many as I had hoped for. Ewing helped out on the address. He had just come from Tung-chow, having been down to attend Pastor Chang's funeral. The visit and service had given him a very tender state of feeling, and he spoke with great earnestness and effectiveness. The death of Pastor Chang affects us all. He was such a fine man and officer. He was only thirty-five, and leaves five children. The church has voted to give his widow five tiao a month. He also left a little property, and the family will not be destitute. The Boxers are so rampant at Pao Ting Fu that the helpers think it will not be safe for foreigners to go to the country. I had a pleasant trip to Shun Yi, east of Peking. The chapel was full on Sunday and four were taken into the church. I found three fine new boys for the school.

P'ang Chuang, Jan. 30, 1900.

From Rev. Arthur H. Smith.

Dear Dr. Ament :—Your two short letters were received yesterday and made us open our eyes with astonishment at the unexpected generosity of so many people. I shall not be able to write to all the friends, and indeed I do not know all their names, but I shall be glad to say for us all that they have our most hearty thanks and they would have had the most hearty thanks of the recipients also, if we had been able to let them know who it is that is helping them. But the beneficiaries are scattered over a wide territory, many of them inaccessible and some still unable to get to their homes. Not a few of them have lost everything, and others are not so badly off. As there has been almost no wheat planted anywhere this autumn, the spring is certain to be a time of peculiar trial to every one, and it will be then that the pinch of poverty will be most felt. The certainty that we shall be able to do all that it would be wise to do for every one will relieve us in a way. The London Mission refugees are more than twice as many as ours, some forty, and those in the American Presbyterian Mission at Chi Nan Fu are about one hundred families. Pillage

is still going on, as we heard only by this mail a wealthy member had just been fined 1,000 tiao. Mr. Hamilton had just seen an Italian father who had charge of the district east of the capital, who says that about five or six hundred families had been looted there, ten persons killed and fully five thousand made refugees. In vast regions of territory there is not a single Roman Catholic chapel left, and not a member who has not suffered. The days of the Epistle to the Hebrews seem to have returned, but there will eventually be a blessing emerging from it all, and even now we see some signs of it. To-day I sent a man over to the village of Lu Wang Chuang and they came to see what this meant about money, never having experienced such a windfall before. The money is on deposit here, and I will try and get a receipt when it has been paid. None of us have been to any outside village for months, except when I went to a funeral. It is very hard to say whether there is much improvement in the situation in this province. It seems to be certain that the Empress and Tung Fu Hsiang (as has been confidently claimed from the start) are in favor of some kind of rising, and this has made it exceedingly dangerous, as it is still. We have been confident from the first that the only adequate solution was for "Four Legations" to unite pressure, but we do not hear that two of the four are doing anything whatever, and the other two are apparently acting quite independently. Even in our own county there are blatant "camps" of Boxers, after the publication of the most severe proclamations, the issue of a history of similar risings to every village, and the despatch of men from the magistrate to forbid all practice of the drill, and ordering the instant and complete abandonment of the whole business. But as yet no one is punished, or very few. It seems still to be thought to be a huge joke.

Peking, Feb. 7, 1900.

My dear Wife:

I must have a little talk with you to-night. I am inclined to discouragement, owing to the devil having such a swing in and about us.

The burden of keeping up a spiritual tone in this compound is a heavy one and Ewing has been away a good deal and has not felt the responsibility, nor should he do so. We need better material in the front chapel, and I hope we shall have it

when the two fine fellows, Li Pen Yuan and Wang Wen Shun, come from Tung-chow. Li Pen Yuan seems to have a real spirit of the pastor and all speak well of Wang Wen Shun. They should be towers of strength.

A letter from Smith last evening seems to indicate that the troubles in Shantung are by no means settled and that the officials are as inefficient as ever. It seems true that the encouragement comes from the palace in Peking and every official who stands out for the Chinese as against foreigners is promoted. The Germans took up their own case and gave the yamen five days ultimatum to settle matters, otherwise their soldiers from Chiao Chou would settle it for them. There was no delay then.

Well, the *Church News* is given up and I shall be free. I shall be careful to keep out of such entanglements. You may expect to hear of me as at Cho Chou or some country station about half the time. Then too I shall be seriously trying to translate a few more chapters from Dr. Gladden's book, "Ruling Ideas." Still it is better to write a book on the hearts of men than on paper!

Peking, Feb. 27, 1900.

My dear Mary:

You may recall that this was the fateful day when our beloved Emily left us years ago. This month always seems as the very consummation of cold, dreary winter weather, since those days when our hearts were dragged out of us and deposited in the cemetery. It seems sometimes as though I couldn't wait to solve the mystery of the Beyond and rejoin those on the other side who are almost as numerous as those on this.

I am just beginning the agonies of moving again. It will take considerable time to get things into shape and I begrudge the time. The plans for the chapel have not come and we will start in next week on our own plans. I have just seen Mateer and he will have the floor plans ready to make out the order for the Grand Rapids chairs in a few days.

Peking, March 5, 1900.

To Mrs. Ament:

To-morrow I am going to Tientsin to give my lecture on "King Alfred and the Making of England." I shall remain

several days and have a little outing. After that I shall return and go to Cho Chou for a month. Perhaps Gammon will go with me. Our school has got up to twenty-seven boys and still they come and we seem to have room for them, though I thought we should be crowded with eighteen. The Methodists have been having very successful revival meetings. Pyke has gone home tired out. Work has begun on our chapel and Mateer will give me order for chairs for this mail. We order only 350 now, as we think it better to go slowly and contract no debt. The memorial school is prosperous and so is the North Chapel work. It removes quite a load off my mind. The Boxers have reached Pa Chou and Wen An. At our request the governor sent down a deputy to investigate. It will do much to reassure the minds of the church-members.

March 9, 1900.—Just back from Tientsin. Had a good time. I had a fair audience though the wind was blowing a hurricane down the Taku road. That frightened away most of the Chinese. I brought home the plans as worked over by Mr. Bellingham, the architect at Tientsin.

You will be pleased that at Tung-chow they are in the midst of a gracious revival. Li Pen Yuan has come up here and hopes to take back with him all the old students and hopes they may be filled with the Spirit. Some of the schoolboys have made remarkable confession of sins, such as resolving not to have anything to do with the religious life of the college and influencing others to do the same. The ground seems thoroughly broken up.

Peking, March 17, 1900.

My dear Wife:

Back from Shun Yi, with that affair amicably settled. I think the Chinese all approve of what I did. It was bitterly cold and I have not suffered more this winter. Last evening Major Conger read a paper before the missionary association on "A Layman's View of the Work." It was appreciative and sympathetic. He suggested more union for political purposes and more care about getting into trouble and appealing to the yamens. He thought our work successful and worthy the support of the churches.

The people in Wen An and Pa Chou are greatly disturbed about the Boxers who are organized in their districts and I asked Mr. Conger about the advisability of my going down and

comforting the Christians and seeing if I could not allay the rumors somewhat. He told me he thought it safe to go, advised caution, and thought a visit from me might do more than the officials. I asked Mr. Stelle if he did not want to go with me and he jumped at the chance. I am glad to have his companionship, taking him to be a brave and judicious man. I am writing a letter to the Fu (prefect) magistrate in Peking telling him that I am about to visit the distant portions of his field and requesting him to inform his subordinates, so that they can be of assistance if necessary. I do not anticipate trouble. I am well acquainted there and our people have a good reputation for order and decency. I hope to go to the extreme limits of our field and comfort the members and cheer them in their faith.

The Tung-chow revivals are going on with renewed power and Tewksbury writes that he wants our people to come down and stay over Sunday. I trust they will come back filled with the Spirit and on fire for souls.

April 3d.—The meetings are over. Miss Andrews has gone, but I trust not the results of her interpretation of the Spirit-filled life. I do hope and pray that our people will not slump back to where they were before. Mr. Mateer is in for a run of fever.

Peking, April 10, 1900.

To Secretary Smith:

The happenings during the last two months have been many and interesting. I must first mention our meetings, which have been of unusual power. During the Chinese New Year I invited two young students, warm-hearted and ardent Christians from Tientsin, to come to Peking and assist in a few meetings. They proved to be men of considerable spiritual power and wisdom. They were not puffed up with that spiritual pride which some possess on leaving the rudiments and reaching out after the best things in the Christian life. We held three meetings a day for eight days when I totally gave out, as I had to interpret for one of the students who was a Cantonese. After that the Methodist people had meetings of great power in their mission. The sacred fire was communicated to Tung-chow and something never witnessed before took place. That was a breaking down of those students under the power of the spirit in a way which indicates its reality. Men long alienated

were brought together and sins confessed which had been stumbling-blocks for years. The whole school was stirred to its depths. After two weeks of splendid meetings the students went *out to the neighboring stations and held meetings with the native Christians and proved what I have long hoped for, that natives without foreign aid can conduct, wisely and well, revival meetings.* Our stations of Chou Chou and Shun Yi were greatly helped in this way. Our two young men who graduate from the Seminary this spring, I feel assured, will come to us with added power and helpfulness. There was not a large ingathering from outsiders except in Tung-chow, where there was a goodly company waiting as a result of their medical work. The whole movement only shows in newer light the capability of the Chinese to receive spiritual impressions and the adaptation of our glorious religion to all their needs.

All this time the Boxers were harrying our country regions, and as the meetings closed messengers began coming in numbers informing us of the growth of the movement and the urgent need of help. After consulting our minister, Mr. Conger, I decided to go down to these regions and see for myself just what the condition was. I could find no colleague, till finally Mr. Stelle, of the "Mission to the Higher Classes," a brave, chivalric young man, consented to go. After we had boarded the train for Cho Chou a letter was handed me from Mr. Conger which practically recalled the encouragement he had given and threw the responsibility on us. After putting our hands to the plough we could not turn back. The Cho Chou official had magnified his office and had succeeded well in keeping the Boxers out of his district.

Fifteen miles beyond at P'ing Ting we found the people in the throes of the well-cleaning craze. It was reported that the wells had been poisoned by the Christians and they all had to be cleaned out. Having been a very dry season, this wasting of a large quantity of good water will be a serious matter. Our enemies had thrown little packages of purported medicine into the wells. They also claimed that they alone had antidotes to this poison and sold their medicine in great quantities to the deluded people and reaped large gains thereby. The people were greatly excited and we were repeatedly warned not to proceed. Five miles from P'ing Ting we came to a large fair and were surrounded by hundreds of people. They seemed anxious to know whether or not we were Catholics. On assur-

ing them that we were Protestants they became friendly. This movement, if it does nothing else, will teach the people the difference between the Romanists and ourselves.

Proceeding to Nan Meng where Pastor Hung is, we were informed that the Boxers had been invited to that market town and were in the first stages of enthusiasm. We looked well to our firearms (very modest revolvers) as we had no desire to be put out of the way as poor Brooks was by cowards who would run from a pop-gun. Here we passed a camp of Boxers who came out and stared at us, starting the report that we were the advanced guard of a large army, and that accounted for our boldness. We found most of our Christians, including the pastor, in a pitiable state of fright, and they assured us that we should certainly be killed if we did not leave immediately. The pastor had already sent away his family.

Going southward we reached Pao Ting Hsien and found the Christians in nearly the same state of fright, thank heaven not all of them. Men with knives and guns had come to their doors and reviled but no one had been hurt as yet. We spent the Sabbath here and they and the helper begged us to go no further. Many Boxers were returning from the battle-field in Jen Chiu where they had been defeated by the Romanists and imperial soldiers. Dead men were carried past us and some wounded. At least one thousand Boxers had gathered at a place called Liang Cho to exterminate the Catholics. A hundred soldiers had been sent to calm them down but they were afraid of the Boxers and refused to fight. About seventy Catholics were behind their walls. They had good guns and when the Boxers with no guns, only swords and spears, came on, the Catholics shot them down. The Boxers seemed devil-possessed and did not know what they were doing, going up to the walls and hacking at them with their swords. The brave soldiers, seeing that the Boxers were not really impervious to bullets, took a hand in shooting after the Catholics had gained the victory. The 1,000 Boxers scattered taking their dead and wounded with them. Many were discouraged and asked what good it was to go out and get injured with no one to look after their families or repay them their losses.

We went on to Wen An still nearer the battle-field and found four persons who were brave enough to accept baptism and enter the church, having been probationers for some time. The little chapel just outside of the city of Wen An had been brick-

batted by some Boxers on a previous night, but no special injury had been done. The official punished three men for complicity in the attack and the window was repaired. No injury was done us here though Boxers abounded.

Returning to Nan Meng we found that in the village of Sha Cheng a prominent Christian was about to renounce his Christianity and pay a blackmail to the Boxers, a camp of over eighty being in his village. We planned to visit this village though begged not to do so. This was a greater risk than we had yet run. The Boxers were practicing in their camp at one end of the village while we were exposing them on the other. They thought this was incongruous[1] and sent word that we were to be caught and bound. We showed the messengers our weapons and told them we preferred not to be bound that day. We spent the afternoon there, receiving several messages, but came away unhurt. We did not prevent this weak brother from paying his mulct but we did brace up his two sons who said they would die rather than recant. Though we have a very good list of the Lapsi, as they were called in North Africa in the days of Cyprian, yet we were encouraged that there are so many who have been true to the end and sometimes it has been a bitter end.

We breathed a little easier after leaving this region, though it was a grief to leave the Christians to be still harassed by their enemies. We reached home in safety and Mr. Conger was very glad of the reliable information we could give as to the unworthiness of the officials and the spread of the movement. Within two days a strong protest had been sent to the Tsung Li Yamen demanding greater activity on the part of the officials in stopping the persecutions of the Christians.

Dr. Coltman yesterday pronounced Mr. Mateer's sickness Bright's disease and thinks there is little hope of his recovery. Mr. Galt is up from Tung-chow assisting in the care of the sick man. The building of the new church is temporarily suspended but if Mr. Mateer does not recover we must proceed at any rate. The walls are raised about six feet. It will make a fine building and will be the Protestant cathedral of the city. At least that was the remark made by a professor in the Im-

[1] I regard this as a most important document revealing the man as almost no other letter does. The final paragraph written in the face of facts given above shows his unquenchable optimism.—M. P. A.

perial University yesterday. I trust it will be a centre of helpful influences to all within the radius of its light.

As to the Boxers I am convinced that all reports from native sources must be discounted from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in order to get near the truth. I think some foreigners have done much harm by stirring up our legation by testimony wholly from native sources. It cannot be relied on. It is always overdrawn. The Boxer bubble is practically burst, and the officials have understood the movement from the beginning better than the foreigners have. Prof. G. F. Wright is expected here in a few weeks. We shall be glad to see him. Also Dr. F. E. Clark to represent the Endeavor movement.

I like the man who faces what he must
With heart triumphant and a step of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hope fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.
—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

XIII

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

THE illness of Mr. John Mateer became increasingly ominous about the middle of April. The doctor gave little hope of his recovery. On the twenty-third of the month, Mr. Ament writes of his death after five weeks of suffering. "He talked beautifully and the spirit of heaven was about him."

On the 30th of April, a Christian Endeavor convention was held in Peking. Dr. Francis E. Clark, with his wife and son, were present. It was Mr. Ament's privilege to do much of the interpretation into Chinese for Dr. Clark, both at Peking and Tientsin. At the convention held in Tientsin, Dr. Ament was elected president of the North China Christian Endeavor Union.

Early in May Prof. G. F. Wright of Oberlin passed through Peking. He preached on Sunday, May 6th, and went on next day to Kalgan. Dr. Clark had paid a visit to Pao Ting Fu and had returned.

"The Boxer Bubble" of which Dr. Ament had formerly written refused to burst at the touch of any diplomatic wizard. On the first of May, he writes, "The Boxers are becoming a serious menace in all North China. A spark might stir up a mighty conflagration."

Peking, May 19, 1900.

MY DEAR MARY:

Back from another Boxer excursion and my report to Mr. Conger was at the Tsung Li Yamen in less than an hour,

and produced, according to Mr. Conger, an impression which will lead to some movement. In fact the Boxers are assuming large proportions and taking defiant attitudes, so that the government is finally frightened. In Cho Chou many Catholics have been killed and chopped to pieces. At Kung Ts'un, ten miles from Cho Chou, two Protestants were killed and thrown into the river. They were London Mission people.

At Cho Chou we found the official in such a state of fright because we were alone in the chapel. He asked as a personal favor that we leave at once. When we called upon him in the evening he did not dare to have us leave by the front way, so we returned to the chapel by way of his kitchen and horse sheds. We were told that there were three hundred Boxers in the north suburb who had just returned from chopping up four Catholics only ten li distant.

In the region of Huai Lai, fifty li beyond, sixty-one Catholics had been killed and we learned in the morning that troops had passed en route to that place, as usual in China, reaching the place after the people had been killed and the Boxers had scattered. I learn that in nearly every instance where the people have been killed, it is because of some old grudge. It is showing people the value of a good reputation. Even the London Mission chapel-keeper was killed, it is said, because he had used too strong words concerning the Boxers. Stelle and I left the next morning as we could do nothing and might make matters worse for our people who are in hiding.

The annual meeting of the mission was held as usual at Tung-chow. The missionaries from Shantung, perhaps unconscious of the perils en route, had safely arrived. Miss Gertrude Wyckoff, detained at Tientsin, had seen a stranger at the Feng Tai station. Later it was known that Dr. and Mrs. Hodge were those she had seen, and they were en route for Pao Ting Fu. Their friends had not forewarned them. Four days later rail communication with Pao Ting Fu was cut off.

Tung-chow, May 29, 1900.

My dear Mary:

Our meetings are going on nicely, but outside affairs seem to be going from bad to worse. Miss Russell sends a

messenger to say that Feng Tai, the nearest station, has been burned and one foreigner has escaped to Peking, being badly cut. Thousands of Boxers are nearing Peking and it is said the telegraph wires have been cut. I am not certain that this letter will reach you as the mail did not go last evening. Three Methodist families have been murdered near Pa Chou only twenty li from our station at Nan Meng. Mr. Pitkin writes from Pao Ting Fu that he dares not come and leave the station.

I preached the annual sermon last Sunday in Chinese, and Mr. Smith took me aside after it and told me how much he enjoyed my preaching. It was a new sermon on Isaiah vi.: "The vision of God and its effects." The foreign ministers have a meeting in Peking to-day to take measures to compel the yamen to wake up to the situation. We await the result with some anxiety. Only God knows what is in the immediate future. A slight rain will do some good and if God would send a copious shower it might do more than armies. We shall have a splendid addition to our preaching force in Li Pen Yuan and Wang Wen Shun. They are both in good spirits and harmonious with my general ideas of work. Fen Ch'i, one of our boys, died last night. Too much study, too little exercise.

Tung-chow, June 1, 1900.

DEAR MARY:

I have so driven during this week of meetings that I could not find time to write to you. We are still untouched by the fiends in human shape, as these Boxers are proving themselves to be. The Tao Tai has sent soldiers to guard the college. They were a sorry lot and brought no guns, saying they proposed to persuade the Boxers to leave us alone if they came.

It seemed quite certain that we were singled out for attack once or twice, and Roberts and I were appointed to go into the city and help protect our place. The Chinese were in a great fright and something must be done.

Our Peking field has been badly harried by the enemy and God only knows when our work will ever get into shape again. Our Nan Meng people are pouring into Peking and our people are practically refugees everywhere.

Foreign soldiers are now in Peking to the number of three hundred; more are ready to come unless the yamen moves quickly. The foreign ministers did not leave the yamen until 2 A. M. on Thursday, working to get permission for soldiers to

be sent, and finally saying that soldiers will be sent whether we get permission or not. Then the railroad refused to take the soldiers and they were coming by boat, but finally the railroad gave in and there was no special opposition in Peking. The Boxers are evidently preparing for some large move and no one can predict what is in the immediate future. Our chapel in Nan Meng is now a Boxer encampment and perhaps Cho Chou is in the same condition, as we have heard nothing for a week or so.

We have had very pleasant meetings this year. I never enjoyed an annual meeting more. Perhaps it is in part because I have had so little to do, being only on the devotional committee. Every one seems in a serious state of mind and heart, and the Boxers may sweep us all out of existence.

Four P. M., Saturday, June 2d.—Terrible news has come in from Nan Meng of the murder of Catholic Christians and the looting of the homes of several of our people. They do not seem to be so incensed against the Protestants as against the Catholics, and do not kill our people except in special cases, where they resist, or have enemies.

Sunday evening, June 3d.—We have had a quiet day. Tewksbury and Ingram went to Peking to see Mr. Conger and see if anything can be done to protect the people in Kalgan, also to see if an escort could be provided for Roberts who has received a telegram from Sprague which said "Boxers threatening. Roberts come quick." I think we shall get through with our business to-morrow so that I can go to Peking on Tuesday. I suppose our hill houses are in danger and the Ingram house has been robbed. The United States flag is flying from the Tewksbury house in this yard. Some think it will do more harm than good. It looks a little defiant, as though we were a kingdom inside China. Of course that is one of the charges they make.

Tewksbury and Ingram are back. No foreign soldiers can come to Tung-chow. Thirty engineers at Pao Ting Fu started for Tientsin by boat and seven are missing. They had a terrible time and many are wounded. Cossacks have been sent to bring in the missing men, if they can be found. Thousands of Boxers are gathering at Cho Chou, and say they are going to march on Peking and Tung-chow, then Tientsin, till all foreigners are gone. No foreign government seems to want to take a hand in the affairs of China. A telegram from Wash-

ington has come inquiring for Mr. Horace T. Pitkin. It is our Pitkin who is safe (sic!) at Pao Ting Fu.

We celebrated the Lord's Supper this evening, and our hearts and minds were soothed by coming in contact with the pure soul of Christ. The aroma of His life seemed to fill the room and for a moment the sounds and turmoil of this world were lost in the growing glory of Christ. We have a refuge here, which none can invade and we are safe in Him. Do not be anxious about me.

These were anxious days in America for those having friends in North China. Mrs. Ament had gone to Oberlin to consult with others who were as anxious as herself. The missionaries who fled from Pei Tai Ho arrived safely at Chefoo. A telegram purporting to come from Rev. Fred Brown at Chefoo mentioned Mr. Ament as having arrived there. The mistake was made by including Dr. Ament's name in the list of those who escaped. Mr. Brown left Peking on the early train *June 4th*, the last train before the destruction of the railroad, after which it was impossible to withdraw. A party of refugees in Shantung reached Chefoo on the 4th of July. A cable arrived the next day asking for news regarding Dr. Ament, Professor Wright and others. The answer to this was: "Ament and Whiting still in Peking; Professor Wright on his way through Manchuria."

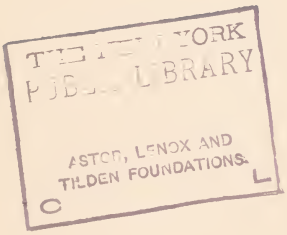
British Legation, Peking, July 30, 1900.

DEAR MARY:

I did not write you for weeks after beginning this, as I never had a quiet spot in which to write. Where shall I begin and what shall I write? You will hardly believe that it is now just forty days since we have been shut up in this legation with no communication with the outside world. I can hardly remember when I wrote last to you. It must have been some time early in June. I have been dreaming for a month or more. Let me go back to the beginning. Mission meeting

MEMORIAL ARCH TO VON KETTELER

MENG CHI TSENG AND FAMILY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closed June 4th. The following day, Tuesday, I went to Peking, but many of the ladies did not dare leave because of the Boxer troubles. They were murdering and burning only ten or more miles from Tung-chow. On Thursday there came a strong telegram to Mr. Conger saying that the people in Tung-chow were in great danger and requesting an escort of marines to bring them to Peking. They also wanted twenty carts. Mr. Conger did not feel as though he could spare the marines as he had so small a force. So I hired fifteen carts, borrowed a double-barrelled shotgun of Allardyce and went as escort to the carts, as otherwise they would not have gone. We reached Tung-chow in safety about 11 P. M. and left Friday before daybreak. We reached Peking about eight o'clock and went to the Methodist Mission, as that was the appointed rendezvous for Protestant missionaries. The college premises at Tung-chow as well as the city residences were left without a soul in them. It looked like deserting a sacred trust and I offered to go back, and stay alone to defend them, but they all protested and we left the property to its fate. On the following day the houses were looted by Chinese soldiers from Tung-chow —not Boxers—and were burned soon after by Boxers. So went up in smoke those beautiful buildings erected at so much expense of time, money and love.

In Peking our poor Christians began to pour in from the country stations. Deacon Liu of Cho Chou came with a broken kneepan, as in running from the Boxers he had fallen from the Cho Chou wall and broken his knee. A Tung-chow helper was brought with half his face and hands dreadfully burned. Mr. Conger sent to the Methodist enclosure twenty marines to act as guard and Mr. Gamewell set to work to fortify the premises. Our people moved down, schoolgirls and all except myself and a few Christians, old Helper Hung and others.

On Tuesday June 12th a strange Chinese gentleman came to Teng Shih K'ou, and told me we foreigners were all to be killed. He told me he had accidentally met me twice, was pleased with me, and wanted to offer me an asylum in his grain shop. I thought this was very kind for a heathen and a stranger. I was the last missionary still out of the rendezvous and they kept sending me messages to get in as soon as possible. On Wednesday, June 13th, at 4 P. M. Ewing sent me an imperative message, as there was certain information of an attack that evening. I hired a cart, put in a few things and

told my boy to push my bicycle ahead of me as I set out. The streets were filled with an excited crowd and my bicycle drew attention. I did not know as we should be able to get through. I had succeeded in purchasing a repeating rifle and a good revolver and was well armed. Our guards had been out and had shot in a temple about forty Boxers engaged in cutting to pieces several Christians. Not a Boxer escaped from that temple. I reached the Methodist Episcopal compound in safety. About seven o'clock there was a tremendous clamor at the Ha Ta Gate and we were told that the Boxers had entered the city, and we must prepare. Our soldiers formed a line in "Filial Piety" Lane and charged the Boxers who ran on to the great street, but as no foreigners had been attacked our marines did not think they had a right to fire on the crowd. The Boxers set fire to the street chapel and then went northward to the London Mission, then Kou-lan Hu Tung, and then Teng Shih K'ou. All were burned that night. In fact all abandoned foreign places were burned that night, Miss Douw's place, Anglican Mission, West City London Mission, blind asylum, Presbyterian Mission—two places, our North Chapel, Fifth Street premises, and every place where foreigners were accustomed to do business, money shops and all. The devil was let loose. Our people were chopped to pieces and men and women who escaped came to the Methodist Episcopal Mission wringing their hands over lost ones. Some had marvellous escapes, as Mrs. Yin and Li Pen Yuan and family, which some day will be written up. The Catholic churches all went except the cathedral, which was guarded by French and Italian marines. The legations had their guards, but all felt uneasy, as all the foreign soldiers together did not number 400. We fortified the large Methodist Episcopal chapel, making it a regular fort and stocked it with provisions. Trenches were dug about it and barbed wire fences put up. Our Christians were in the premises of the girls' school, but the girls slept every night in the chapel, as did many of the foreign ladies. Soon we learned that the railway was destroyed, and the telegraph wires all cut and bridges burned. So we were entirely shut off from the world. Thousands of armed Boxers surrounded us. We learned that the government took the side of the Boxers and were lending their aid. Ships at Taku landed 1,500 marines hastily, and started them for Peking and reached the half-way point—Ho Hsi Wu—when from continu-

ous fighting their ammunition gave out and they were obliged to return to Tientsin. Our ships attacked the Taku forts and the Chinese government declared war on all foreigners. Did such a mad act ever emanate from intelligent men? The crisis was reached when Baron Von Ketteler, en route to the Tsung Li Yamen, June 19th, was killed and his interpreter, Cordes, was severely wounded. By great exertions and miraculous preservation Cordes succeeded in reaching the Methodist Episcopal Mission where the German marines found him.

On June 20th Captain Hall, United States Marines, told us we must leave the mission to go to the British Legation, leaving our Christians and taking only what we could carry in our hands. We all refused to leave our people and resolved to share our fate together. Then arrangements were made to care for our Christians in the Fu of Prince Su, just opposite the British Legation. Then we started from the mission, a long and sad procession. We did not know but that we should be compelled to go to Tientsin as best we could overland.

Pao Yu's mother, Liu Nai Nai, is not known to be alive, and so Pao Yu clung to me and helped me take food and clothes, also Brother Tung, of Cho Chou, shared with me. It was a hot, dusty day and many with little children were tired out in getting to Legation Street. We found that our ministers had resolved that we should not start for Tientsin to be murdered. Now it occurred to me that as we had left everything at the Methodist Episcopal Mission, if we stayed in Peking we ought to get that stuff. I proposed to go back to the mission, but no one would go with me, and said my life would pay the penalty. I finally decided to take the risk. I reached the lane in safety and climbed over the wall and found some Manchu soldiers in possession. They were as scared as I was, but I told them not to fire, gave them a silver bill, and got their help to get out things. The first thing I took was my chainless bicycle, which saved my strength in riding back and forth. The soldiers agreed to take charge of the premises while I went back to Legation Street. I collected all the Chinese and foreigners that I could and we went back and succeeded in saving a great many trunks and canned goods, for which the ladies were duly grateful to me.

All the legations were to concentrate at the British Legation, but I spent the first night on a lounge at our own legation.

There was great confusion at the British Legation and all the missionaries had to be stowed away in the chapel. The ladies and children at least were there, and the men slept wherever they could. I found a dry corner in the garret of the chapel, which I swept out and have slept there ever since. The whole garret is now occupied by missionaries, Tewksbury, Chapin, Fenn, Smith, Ewing and others. I have thus escaped wetting from rains which have injured the health of others.

Our Chinese Christians were housed in Prince Su's palace and were comfortable till the Boxers discovered them and made frantic efforts to kill them. The Japanese marines have protected them and in so doing ten men have been killed besides many of the Christians. Mr. James secured the place and in so doing lost his life. As he was returning from the palace to the British Legation he made a mistake and went round by the bridge over the canal where he was taken prisoner by Chinese soldiers and it is reported that he was beheaded. We all regret his loss, as he was public spirited and fertile in resources for the good of all. Dr. Morrison, correspondent of the London *Times*, is determined that the family of Professor James shall secure a large indemnity.

Now I cannot write all the particulars of our siege. We came here June 20th and for twenty-six days we fought night and day for our lives. We were about 800 foreigners, half civilians, half marines. Our lines extended from the French Legation on the east to the Russian Legation on the west. Of course our fortifications were too extended for our small force. The ladies made sand-bags all day and we made barricades at night. They tried to burn us up and in so doing burned the Han Lin Yuan and many valuable buildings. They tried to mine and blow us up but we countermined. They did blow up the best part of the French Legation. We have lost sixty-five men by death, and over one hundred wounded. Only one missionary has been hurt thus far. Gilbert Reid was shot in the leg below the knee. He is about at the present time. I have been under fire, but have not been injured. Four foreign babies have died, including Mrs. Inglis' dear baby who loved me. Many children are ailing. We have had only horse meat for weeks and it is poor at that. We are out of milk and many of the necessaries of life. I have been on guard daily in the sun from 2 to 4 P. M. You know how hot it is here. I suppose I drank too much cold water and found myself down with

bowel trouble. Mrs. Tewksbury was my good angel and gave me what could be found for my comfort.

We have had a truce now of about two weeks' duration and Chinese soldiers, for the sake of money, have sold us eggs and some vegetables. These are doled out to sick people and hence my supply. It is a strange anomaly; people who one day are trying to murder us the next day will sell us eggs for four or five times the regular price. In fact the Emperor sent our ministers two cart loads of watermelons. Some one suggested that as we could not be killed with bullets they wanted to kill us with cholera. We have kept in wonderful health considering that so many sleep on brick floors and have so much improper food, poorly cooked.

The ministers of the eleven nations are cooped up here and have to take the chances with the rest of us. Austria, Holland, England, Germany, Belgium, Japan, Spain, France, Russia, United States of America, and Italy, all have missions, and most of them legation guards. All the legations are practically in a state of wreck. It is a sad sight to see in the German Legation the fine buildings torn to pieces by shot and shell. The Empress kindly (?) would not allow her soldiers to use the largest cannon as they might injure the people beyond in the southern city. The Chinese always fire too high, and many of their shots must have done great damage to their own people. I suppose our troops are now en route from Tientsin, coming to our rescue. Perhaps you know more about that than I do.

We are surrounded by enemies on all sides; only an occasional messenger can creep through. Li Chin Fang, our brightest college boy in Tung-chow, bravely volunteered to go as messenger to Tientsin, and has not been heard of since. Doubtless he has been killed. The first and most reliable message was brought by a poor little boy from our front chapel day-school, whom I picked up in the street. He got through to Tientsin and back in seventeen days, played the part of a hero, brought back important information, and now the general committee of safety talk of putting a thousand dollars in my hands with which to educate the boy. He is now sitting near me in nice clean clothes and is not spoiled by all the attention he receives.

I have just made up our list of losses for Peking station of the American Board, and the total foots up to $71,000 gold.

Word comes to-day of hard fighting near Tientsin, and the Peking *Gazette* reports a victory for the Chinese. The same *Gazette* reports that the two ministers of the yamen somewhat favorable to foreigners—one ex-minister to Russia—have been beheaded without trial. So it goes. Patriotism is at a discount in this wretched land.

We learn that the ladies have left Tientsin, mostly going to Japan. The "Snipers" are at work, and though we are at truce, the Chinese continue to snipe any neglectful foreigners or natives. We are strengthening our outposts, August 2d, and preparing for the worst, as it is possible the beaten Chinese troops will try to exterminate us. Pastor Jen, Li Pen Yuan, Wang Wen Shun and Chang T'ing Kuei are with us to our great joy. Helpers T'ang, Old Hung, Pastor Hung and Deacons Wang and Kuo are outside and their fate is unknown. Word comes of Boxer outbreak as far away as Shansi, and it is feared that missionaries throughout the empire have been massacred.

August 4th.—Two messengers have crept through and bring letters from Tientsin. July 31st Japanese troops, 1,500 United States, 4,500 Italian soldiers are to come to our rescue. I certainly hope they will not delay on the road, as I am tired of horse meat and coarse porridge. Many are sick and the hot weather is prostrating many children. The smell of dead bodies is fearful near the gates, as many Chinese, also dead dogs, horses, etc., are still unburied, and we are not safe in getting where they are. I am gathering in "confiscated goods" and distributing to needy Chinese. The selfish side of human nature comes out in the work assigned me. Good garments are greedily called for, and many want more than their share. I am afraid that too serious a draft is made on my religion, and I am growing callous and cynical. I must go now and hold morning prayers in the chapel, invited by Miss Andrews, who has charge of that work.

August 7th.—Last night quite a sharp attack was made on us notwithstanding the truce. The Chinese seem afraid that we will break out and escape. It is rumored that they are hiring carts and expect to pack us 800 people off to Tientsin. They do not know that we have made up our minds not to go till the troops arrive. It is possible that we shall have to fight for our lives if we remain. We are having quiet days in general but life in the legation is exceedingly monotonous.

Yesterday was Sunday and I was to preach to our assembled Chinese. I was ill and had to give it up. We are in doubt as to our future. If we get out most of the missionaries talk of going home as they have no place to go to here and have no clothing or articles for housekeeping. As I am only a "shining stick," I think I shall remain here and gather up the fragments that are left.

August 11th.—I have had no opportunity to write the last few days. The heat is intense, rains are rather frequent and duties onerous. Daily attacks are still made and I have stood till two days ago when my post was closed. A better one was opened near by, a cannon mounted and marines put in charge. So I was set free to my great relief. My committee work of disposing of "confiscated" or "looted" goods has kept me busy. These goods I had to arrange and have sold at auction; often many garments had to be given to the poor Christians. Our auction—Herring, auctioneer—netted about $800, Mexican, which will doubtless be distributed among the poor Christians. I am called the friend of all, as when any one wants anything he asks of me.

Our troops are reported half way or more to Peking and are fighting their way up. An occasional messenger has crept through our lines. The Boxers are losing their courage and dispersing to their homes taking off their costumes. They are a set of cowards and well merit the punishment they will receive. Just think of it! The people of twelve nations have been shut up in this legation for eight weeks, fed on horse meat and poor rice, and have all run down in health. Six babies have died, and sixty men have been killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. This work is still going on and we are nearing the twentieth century! Mr. Conger told me to-day that on the arrival of the troops he would see that we—our mission—had given over to us that Mongol Fu—palace—just east of us on Teng Shih K'ou. Ewing will go home and perhaps the ladies. Possibly the Tewksburys will remain in Peking temporarily. Most all of the missionary body will leave. It will take some time to settle political complications. I do not suppose that much missionary work can be done for a year or two. Our poor people—those who are saved—not many, must be settled in homes and efforts made to secure indemnity for them as well as for ourselves. My heart bleeds for them. They are aliens in their own country and pronounced as

"bandits" by imperial decree. Deacon Wan is reduced to poverty and one child has starved during the siege. I imagine that the stories we shall hear on leaving this place will harrow our hearts. There has been no such horrible persecution since the days of Nero. Even he did not think of all the forms of mutilation to which the Boxers have subjected our people.

August 16th.—Praise the Lord! Two days ago, the 14th, we were relieved. The first soldiers to enter the city were the Sikhs from India, then the Americans. Our people were first at the gate, but the fighting fell to them, and they came in tired and fagged, as the 14th was one of the hottest days in the history of the world. The Empress was allowed to escape, as there is a dissension among the allied forces, as always happens. I saw our American troops storm the three gates of the imperial city. The Chinese made quite a fight but our cannon discomfited them. Volumes could be written. I was very busy getting ready to leave the legation, as Sir Claude MacDonald seemed to want our room for officers of the British army. I picked out the Mongol palace just east of our former residence. They were all Boxers and if seen would be shot. Most of our people are going away and I feel lonesome. I am tired out. Have not taken my clothes off for some time and the heat is terrific. Then I have no clothes, and my one pair of shoes are dropping from my feet. I have not worn a linen collar or shirt for two months and feel as rough as our soldiers look.

Well, we are free, for the present at least. I am under the Japanese flag in this part of the city; may soon be under the flag of Russia. The political situation is very complicated and I see no light at present. Perhaps Peking will be a desert before they get through with it. The Japs, Russians and Hindoos are a greedy set and steal and break into houses on all sides. "Hell has broken loose" and "war is hell," even when civilized. The Chinese will expiate their sins in blood and the old empire will gradually come to the new light. Our General Chaffee is not friendly to missions and is a rough, grizzled warrior to whom I am not drawn. He has that kind of conceit you often find in men of his training. It is late and I must ride the horse formerly belonging to the Boxer prince over to the British Legation, and see if this letter can go. There is no postal service and all say letters can only go once in two weeks. Foreigners all killed by

Boxers in Pao Ting Fu. It is awful to contemplate. Sixty missionaries killed in Shansi.

Love to all. Hugs and kisses for my dearest ones. Chinese neighbors seem glad to see me and I had some good things to eat to-day. Ta T'ung and family all killed, six children, except one boy. (This man, a quiet and lovely fellow, had been a servant for many years in the mission compound. He had married the elder daughter of the Kung family, two of whose brothers were graduates of the college. They lived close to the compound in a house owned and rented to them by the missionaries.) Pa Shih, the carter, and family are safe, also Deacon Ku. Ch'ang Nai Nai (a Bible woman) and dear old Ch'ang were killed. Chang Hsiang, who had been a washerman in the compound, was the worst of the Boxers, for he knew all the people.

Your resurrected husband,

W. S. A.

Mr. Tewksbury's Story :

In the late forenoon of August 15th (the British Legation had been relieved on the afternoon of the 14th) Dr. Ament and I felt an immense longing to get out from behind the brick walls and barricades that had surrounded us for so many weeks. Perhaps to the neglect of regular siege duties, we mounted the city wall at the back of the American Legation. Going up by the "zigzag" on the ramp, where but a few days before we would have been the target of many Chinese soldiers, we examined with interest the defenses on top of the wall, where Americans and Russian and British so gallantly held in check the enemy for many weeks. As we passed over and through the barricades we watched the Chinese in the southern city crossing by the beggar's bridge. Towards the south lay the vast area devastated by the fire that destroyed the outer tower of the Chien-men. Hastening on towards the gate we saw before us the attack on the gates of the imperial city. Captain Riley and the United States artillery with a part of the Ninth (?) Infantry had been stationed on the top of the Chien-men wall. Facing them across the open entrance passage were the Chinese troops, along the top of the first gate to the imperial city. The work of our artillery could be watched as the shots took effect on the marble balustrade fronting our position. Volleys were interchanged at intervals between the gates. I remember how interested we were in this our first *look* at a

real fight on the part of trained forces. Crouching down behind the battlements we worked towards the centre of the American position. A soldier shouted at us, "You ———, why don't you keep your heads down out of the way? A man was shot right there only a moment ago." For the moment we forgot that our position was exposed to a flank fire from the west, from that part of the wall still occupied by the Chinese. Looking down under our feet we saw blood and through the open gate of the Chien-men tower had just been carried the body of Captain Riley.

The Chinese were soon driven from their position on the first gate to the north and our infantry took position in the tall grass of the long passageway leading from the Chien-men to the first gate. Dr. Ament and I went down and lay with them in the grass while the artillery broke the fastenings of the gate. As soon as this was accomplished the infantry in column advanced down the passage. We followed, under the eaves of the long line of granaries to the east of the road. Just as we reached that part of the entrance where roads branched to the east and west a sweeping volley came in from the enemy. For this we were not prepared and accordingly ran for some sort of shelter. Running to the east along the line of the granaries, we rushed in to the first open door.

For an hour or more we kept quite closely with the soldiers as they forced the gates by the aid of artillery. It was at the third gate that we had another exciting experience. It was the custom to bring our cannon within fifty or one hundred feet of the gate and point it directly at the place where the gate-bar, usually a huge log of wood, crossed on the inside. Our cannon-balls would pierce the gate and after a while break this log of wood. The gates would then be pushed open and the infantry march in. As this particular gate was pushed in, the customary long tunnel-like passage through the wall revealed itself. Not anticipating any resistance from an enemy within, the advance guards started through this gate tunnel. The colors followed and about the color sergeant were grouped quite a number of civilians, among whom we found ourselves. About half-way through the tunnel, apparently within a few inches of our heads, came a sudden cloud of rifle bullets from the enemy. The advance had been unwisely ordered, for the inner court was still defended. As all of us rushed back through the passageway I can hear now the whack of the

bullets as they passed almost through our hair and buried themselves in the half shut gate through which we had come! Several of the advance guard were wounded in this encounter. Skirmishers were put at work, ladders run up to the top of the flanking walls and the inner court cleared before another advance was ordered.

Dr. Ament and I remained with the soldiers until the attack on the fourth gate had been arranged, when Major Conger told us that there was no use of remaining longer, for the attack was to be called off. We then returned to the British Legation.

I think it was late the same afternoon that the "call of the open" again mastered us. This time it was to try and find what there might be to see of the old mission compound we loved so well. I never shall forget the weirdness of it all as we two walked slowly up the Hata Gate Street. This ordinarily populous street was absolutely deserted—even uncanny in its vacancy. There may have been hundreds of eyes watching our movements through the cracks of the shut doors, but we could only feel them. Apparently every one had fled from that part of the city, anticipating the lust of the conquered and the conquering. The dusk was fast coming on and I urged Dr. Ament to give up Teng Shih K'ou for that day. He however had little place for fear, and of course was anxious to see what might be left of home and chapel. Hastening on we rounded the corner towards Teng Shih K'ou and here again the strangeness of it all smote to our very hearts. The deserted street, the ruined chapel and compound and opposite on the further corner a burning lumber yard! Dr. Ament suggested that we push into the Pei Le Fu, the premises of a Mongol duke, adjoining our mission compound. This was known to have been a Boxer rendezvous. We threw open the outside gate and rushed into the outer court, not knowing what resistance we might meet. Only the dead body, perhaps of one of the gatemen, lay in our way. One of the rooms of the inner court seemed almost a small arsenal. We secured what guns and ammunition we might need, then tried to plan what was best to do. It was fast getting dark, but evidently this compound would be an eminently suitable place in which to care for the Chinese refugees of the Peking mission, when on the morrow it would become necessary for them to leave their siege quarters near

the British Legation. It was fitting not only because it was near the ruined mission compound, but whose home would better accommodate the persecuted Christians than that of one of the dukes who was responsible for the Boxer terror that had destroyed their homes and martyred their families and friends!

Dr. Ament, brave as always, insisted on remaining through the night in the Fu, so that no one else might take possession of the houses. This did not appeal to me as wise, especially as my own family was at the British Legation and, not knowing where we were, would be caused needless anxiety. I therefore returned alone to the legation and informed Major Conger of Dr. Ament's location and hopes. Major Conger did not feel that he could give a guard that night to so distant an outpost. He asked me, however, to lead a detachment of American soldiers to Pei Le Fu and either bring in Dr. Ament or make sure that he understood that if he remained it was at his own risk. We found him sitting peaceably in the arsenal of the Fu, but the commander of the guard finally convinced the brave fellow that nothing would be lost by returning for the night to the legation.

On the next day Dr. Ament and I found that we were to be the two American Board leaders who were to remain to care for our Chinese refugees, arrange for the indemnities and possibly lay again the foundations of our Peking and Tung-chow compounds and mission work. With Miss Russell, Mr. Stelle and the Peking native Christians he took up his task at the Pei Le Fu. With Dr. and Mrs. Smith, several of the single ladies and our Tung-chow refugees, I was allowed to take possession of the Yü-wang-fu and there take up our work in the reconstruction period. Many times in the days and months that followed did we meet new and unlooked-for problems and often discussed them together. His strong sturdy common sense and utter fearlessness, as he pushed boldly through the unattractive wastes of Chinese official promises and delays brought him finally through to victory for his persecuted flock. He won for them homes and protection and new friends. For himself he sought no reward, but found it a thousandfold in the love of those he helped and in the respect and honor of those he had to compel to help.

The following letter has its special interest as being the first one definitely dated from the well-known Fu.

Mongol Fu, Peking, Aug. 20, 1900.

DEAR MARY:

I am settled in this old Fu. Miss Haven, Miss Russell and Miss Sheffield are here for the present. Stelle has come to remain, dear old boy that he is.

The political situation is unsettled. Russians and Japanese are supposed to be at enmity. The Russians have already begun to clear up this east side of the city and soon things will begin to put on a new face. Pillaging goes on all the time and the city is desolate in her ruins. I have here about two hundred Christian refugees, poor worn persecuted ones whom I am feeding on food taken from the rich families near by. They ought to suffer in view of all the misery they have created. To-morrow morning early the first batch of foreigners will leave Peking for Tientsin under escort of United States marines. In two weeks' time there will hardly be a foreign lady or child in Peking. The customs ladies are all leaving. I have suddenly developed into a man of influence as I have charge of the Fu, and the neighbors treat me as though I were a prince. They have brought me in eggs, chickens, ducks, and grapes galore. They taste good to a tongue grown used to horse meat and poor rice. Our poor people come in with their tales of woe which would break a heart of stone. Many have been killed and I shall act as avenger if I can meet the brutes in human form. No one thinks that mercy should be shown them. When I am rested I will write more fully. Arthur Smith will be the historian of this historic period. I hope he will do it well, though his views are pessimistic. Peking is a medley of nations and no such sights are visible in any part of the world. The city may be reduced to a desert. It looks that way now. Two thousand eight hundred Germans are coming north and shooting every man, woman and child they meet. They can hardly be blamed, as their minister was shot dead in such a dastardly way. Our people have stood well and deserve the support and care which I am now giving them. Only this word more.

Pei Le Fu, Aug. 25, 1900.

DEAR MARY:

I am driven with work in looking after my refugee Christians; about two hundred in all are in my charge. Tungchow people are in another place. The Russian soldiers are

ravishing the women and committing horrible atrocities. Very little redress. Stelle is with me. The city is stagnant and only very slowly are people coming out of hiding. I shall soon begin some punitive measures on Boxers. China seems a ruined country. We may all have to leave. Our people from the country and the region of Shantung come with horrible stories of Boxer cruelties. Our churches are simply wiped out. Only a small remnant will remain. We must reconstruct as best we can. We find buried silver in good quantities and plenty of grain, so that our people have plenty to eat and to wear. Deacon Wan is the only man who can live in his own house. Kuang and wife were both killed. Boxers made little distinction between good and bad. Some of our worst people are gone and some of our best. Ta T'ung, wife and six children were killed. Some of the old schoolgirls are killed. We have a remnant of twenty girls left with us. Most are from Pao Ting Fu. Sixty-one foreigners were killed in Shansi; doubtless our whole mission there was wiped out. Pao Ting Fu is a desert. The foreign soldiers will not leave for some months perhaps. The powers are divided in counsel and little is being done to settle matters. We can only hold on to our fragments and wait.

August 27th.—I am trying to write you a daily letter but am too driven to think of anything but crushing duties. The cemetery was despoiled by Boxers. Mr. Mateer and other newly buried bodies were dug up and burned by Boxers. I am going out to see, as Mrs. Mateer is wild to know the facts before she leaves. Everything is in confusion. The women are afraid of the Russian soldiers. The devil is abroad. New refugees in this morning. Went to see the cathedral en route. The Catholics suffered more than we did. All in distress. No union among the powers and no light in the darkness as yet.

August 28th.—To-day foreign troops entered the forbidden city. Civilians were not suffered to be present, but I secured a pass from Mr. Conger and with Miss Haven, Miss Russell and Miss Sheffield, went on to the coal hill where we had a magnificent view. Troops of seven nations went through the city from north to south. Only a few eunuchs were on the premises. It was a grand sight and one to be remembered. Am still busy buying, getting grain, as we may see a famine next spring. Boxers still busy at Cho Chou. My mouth is still sore from scurvy contracted in legation during siege. We

had so few vegetables that nearly all foreigners are suffering in that way. Neighbors who desire my protection still bring in chickens, eggs, ducks, etc. We are quite well provided for the winter. I think I have grain enough for my nearly two hundred Christians to last for the winter. I have worn myself out in that service. One of Ta T'ung's children has been found and will be brought in this evening. Villagers are beginning to offer to restore houses so far as they can. Boxer leaders must be sought out and punished so far as possible. I shall begin in that line soon. It would not be right for such men to remain unpunished. No decision as yet as to disposition of the Empress or the political future of China. Am very busy and tired.

August 29th.—Now that we are freed from the Boxers, the burden of our lives is the Russian soldier. He comes in at pleasure, handles our things and makes himself generally disagreeable. It is our misfortune to be under Russian jurisdiction. To-day I found in a loft, where the former owners of this place kept their valuables, four watches, some sycee and oceans of jewelry. We shall get it all over in the strong-room of the American Legation as soon as possible.

Jui Hsi has returned and said while acting as a beggar at the Northwest Gate he saw nine Presbyterian Christians killed, among them Feng Lin's fiancée. One was not dead and asked for water when a soldier ran her through with his sword. Soldiers and Boxers were all the same. Humanity shudders at the atrocities. Yet Russia, indeed none of the powers, feels called upon to avenge the slaughtered saints. I am just off to see Mr. Conger, to see if we are to submit to the insults of the Russians. Perhaps a guard can be placed in our gateway. At any rate something must be done, or I may hurt some one.

I send you a letter written by a neighbor, student of the Tung Wen Kuan (Dr. Martin's former college). No letter from you since the one received June 4th. Do you imagine my hunger?

Good-bye. Love and kisses from your old husband. It will soon be two years since I left your cheering presence.

Peking, Aug. 22, 1900.

DEAR DR. AMENT:

Many thanks for your protecting the members of my family, thirty-one in number including the servants. During

these last few days I have been ordered by my superior officers, their Excellencies Kun Kang, Ching Hsin, Huo Te, Ah Ke Tan, Na Tung, Shih Hsu, and Wen Lien, the ministers of the Tsung Li Yamen, and different boards. They desire me to interpret their language to the ministers of foreign powers. First of all they made an apology for my government, second they ask favors of foreign ministers, and generally for the Chinese creatures. Since I have no leisure to learn lecture from you, I beg to ask what will be your convenient hour, within a few days, so I may show my respect to you. Last evening when I returned home I was told by my sons that they have committed a sad fault because they were ignorant of European customs. They thought they were right to buy some coarse rice from the grain shop without getting your order. Being so tired that I have got no time to explain to them the rules of Western nations, I am sorry to say that I have also committed a fault. However since we are under your protection and you are our kind neighbor I hope you will forgive us.

Yours most respectfully,

WEN JIN.

There is nothing on earth sweeter to think upon than the divine pity and tenderness and longing that looked out from the eyes of Jesus upon suffering men and women who came to Him for help.

—*Henry Kingman.*

XIV

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM IN PEKING

Miss Russell's Narrative :

The annual meeting came in June and Dr. Ament went to attend one or two important sessions. For days the church members had been coming in from the country, many of them dirty, destitute, sick, injured and as helpless as children. Homes, clothing, food, money, hope and courage, all gone. One dark night one of the country church-members, who had two sons in the palace as servants, came to the compound and on learning that Mr. Ament was away came to me and said : "Tell the pastor to leave the city to-morrow and take you all with him ; it is going to be very dreadful and unless you go quickly, you cannot escape." I assured him that the pastor would not go and leave them and added, "What about you?" "Oh," said he, "it does not matter if we are killed, but if anything should happen to the pastors, who then would love the Chinese and want to work for China?" I assured him: "God would raise up others if the present friends were removed." Again and again, with tears running down his face, did he urge that we leave the city immediately. He was so afraid that he would not come into the house but stood on the porch in the shadow. Timid at that time, a few days later courage came to him to die rather than deny his Master.

On the 6th of June the Christians in the city met at the American Board Mission to discuss plans and to pray for guidance; no one but church-members were allowed, as the people were afraid of spies. Plan after plan was proposed, but these did not meet the approval of the foreign pastors present. These latter did not then realize the danger in the city or the magnitude of the movement and felt that the Chinese were overanxious. It was a meeting I am sure no one could forget. Just before the close, Dr. Ament came in from a call at the American Legation and seeing the distress of the Christians, invited them all to come to the American Board Mission and

said: "We will live or die together. We shall not forsake you." These words will always be remembered by those there that day and the wonderful prayer by Pastor Teng of the Presbyterian Mission which closed that session gave courage to many who with him and his entire family were called to lay down their lives for the Master during the next few days.

Dr. Ament's rescue of the Tung-chow friends is well known, and many a man has been given a Victoria Cross for a less brave deed. He was quite unwilling to leave the American Board Mission and go with the others to the Methodist Mission. He felt that he, with some of the other helpers and men in the printing office, could hold the place. One day when all alone in his study, a man from a large grain shop came to call. After asking if he were alone in the house he said in a whisper: "It is going to be very bad in the city and we cannot save the others but you come and we will hide you and protect you with our lives." This man was a friend whom Dr. Ament had made one day by dropping in and asking for a string when his bicycle gave out near his shop.

On Wednesday, June 13th, Dr. Ament conducted the regular service at prayer-meeting; it was the last gathering of many, as a church. How tender and sympathetic would be the message of such a pastor at such a time. Four hours later the place was in flames, some of them struck down, the rest fleeing from the city. About an hour before the burning of the missions in the city, Dr. Ament went down to the Methodist Mission in response to a called conference. He was planning to go back, when word came that the Boxers had entered the city and were burning the Methodist Street chapel. All night long the heavens were aglow with the light of burning homes and churches, and the noise and din of a shouting, frenzied mob filled the ears.

The next morning Dr. Ament, with only his cane as a weapon, at daylight went alone from the Methodist Mission to his own a mile away. Going by back and side streets he reached the old place without many people seeing him. On his return he said, in speaking of the ruin and desolation: "There is not enough left to make a match-box." He went all through the ruins to see if any one was injured that he could rescue. While standing at the entrance of the little alley leading to the mission and wondering which way to go, he noticed men looking at him and running towards a large

residence where many Boxers were located. Knowing that unless he moved quickly it would be too late he started a few steps down the big street, when looking up he saw a company of Boxers standing in the entrance of the Mongol palace just to the east and seemingly waiting for him. He turned at once and entered a small alley just south and made his way to the back gate of the mission to the blind. This was all in ruins and finding no one he went to the great street. Walking quickly he heard his name called and looking round saw a boy who had at one time been in the boys' school, but had left to learn a trade. Because he was a Christian he had been turned out of the shop and had spent the night on the street. Seeing Dr. Ament he asked him to take him with him which he accordingly did. Later on, when volunteers were asked for to attempt to take a message to Tientsin, he was the only one to respond. In speaking of it afterwards, he said, "The pastor saved my life and wouldn't I do anything I could to save his?" During the siege, Dr. Ament was appointed to take charge of all Chinese clothing taken from the Chinese shops and homes about the legation and to distribute what was needed to the destitute Chinese. A few days after the foreigners had removed to the British Legation, he was standing at the gateway of the Russian Legation with six bottles of water in his hands, when a bullet came whizzing along and broke two of the bottles. This frightened him so that he dropped the other four. He said afterwards: "That jump was the highest I have ever made, I think, and I am sure it was a record breaker."

The night but one before the relief came, I walked with him for an hour in the compound of the legation. It was a beautiful moonlight night and all was quiet. Our hearts were most anxious over the Chinese Christians who had not been with us in the siege. "Where were they? Who were left? How many had been faithful? Where should we go when we left the legation? How should we and the three or four hundred Chinese who were directly dependent on us, live? The little churches in the country, what of them?" It was impossible for all to stay at the legation after the allies came, and Dr. Ament had been talking with Mr. Conger, our American minister. It was decided to take possession of the large Mongol palace, east of the American Board Mission. This had been one of the strongholds of the Boxers. It was they

who had burned the American Board Mission and killed many of the Protestant Christians.

From this place we early went to our old compound. Nothing but ruins everywhere. Not a tree, not a shrub, or vine left. Could order ever be brought out of such desolation? Ah, that night we entered into sympathy with the Jews as they came back from their exile and saw the destruction of homes and sanctuary. I shall never forget the flash of Dr. Ament's eyes as in response to my saying: "This place but represents the condition of the church; we shall not live to see it regain what has been lost," he said, "Don't be discouraged; in ten years it will have more than regained." I am glad God did not take him away until he had seen his prophecy more than fulfilled in less time than that.

Peking, Sept. 1, 1900.

DEAREST MARY:

Last evening Mr. Wells of Tengchofu came from Tientsin and brought our mail which had been waiting there for some time. No man was ever more heartily welcomed. How hungry I was for a sight of your writing, not having seen a word since June 4th. I just learned of your telegram which never reached me, getting no further than Chefoo, where it was piled up with hundreds of others. Your anxiety for me has been great. I am afraid your health has suffered. You may never know how wonderfully I have been sustained—good health, grace and spirit to do a little for others. You may see some time in the London *Times* of my rescue of the Tungchow people. Dr. Morrison telegraphed it long ago and many have spoken to me about it. Brother Li of the North Chapel just comes in crying to say his wife, mother and three children were killed by Boxers, and property divided up. Those wretches and he had no feud. Gamewell covered himself with glory during the siege. He was our engineer. I am interrupted all the time and can only write a few words. I am holding the church together but a relief will come some day. We have about two hundred Christians whom I am carrying as they have neither houses nor means of livelihood. Pastor Jen is my right hand man and keeps the respect of all. To-morrow is our first communion service. Communion service plates and goblets were stolen by the Boxers. I have no clothes for a change, practically what I have is on my back—no shoes,

stockings, neckties, no trunk. We left the Methodist Episcopal Mission with what we could carry in our hands. Fruit is coming in, for which we are glad. My scurvy mouth is well.

Peking, Sept. 3, 1900.

It will be just two years to-morrow since I left you and my heart behind in Owosso. It seems an age. Passage of time makes it no easier to be separated, but these poor people need me and I cannot leave them. About the time I finished your letter who should turn up but poor old Wen Ma and Moses—Willie's nurse and her grandson—who came to say that they had come in from the mountains where they had been hiding. They were a sorrowful looking set and have suffered for their faith. I gave them room here and will feed them for a while. Four men left this morning for Cho Chou and will try and look up the church-members there, also at Liang Hsiang.

I am busy looking after my people and hope soon to see some of them reinstated in their homes. In some places people are offering to rebuild homes of Christians and restore grain and animals. Of course they cannot bring back the dead to life. I cannot act as avenger in so many cases, and one may forgive vile rascals who pretend to repent. Still I prefer to err on the safe side. A man brought me last evening six mules and one donkey as he had no food for them—the Russians stripping him of everything. So his animals were starving. I gave Deacon Li of the North Church three mules and Deacon Kuo will take the other three. In this way our people are getting some compensation for their losses. I have now nearly twenty horses and mules. You see the need of gathering grain. Famine may be on us before the winter is through. Dr. Martin is very poorly to-day, out of his head till nearly noon. He is hurrying home to his children as he now realizes his weakness. Fruit is coming in now and we are supplied in every respect. I am getting a pillow made and may sleep comfortably after three months of discomfort. I may be able to get shoes and underclothes from the army commissary. I am very destitute. I need books, as I have nothing but my Bible left.

September 8th.—Stelle, Miss Haven, Mrs. Mateer and Wells, Dr. Mateer's nephew, left this morning under an escort of American soldiers for Tientsin. Troops are preparing to spend the winter here. Boxer trouble is by no means past. Anywhere within twenty miles Boxers can be found and they propose to

keep up the fight. The crops are good and fruit comes in abundance. The city is getting quiet though the diplomats seem to have settled on no "modus operandi." Two of our people started for Cho Chou and I am afraid met Boxers near Liang Hsiang and are killed. It is too bad after they have escaped so many dangers. Two correspondents are with us, one the son of Dr. Keen, a Methodist Episcopal preacher. Very pleasant men.

God bless you all and always.

W. S. A.

September 10, 1900.

Gattrell has been here but I was out. Your present was beautiful, appropriate and opportune. Many thanks and embraces also to Anna and dear Willie. Everything is needed and in order. I can barely get along with what I have. You see we left the Methodist Episcopal compound with what we could carry in our hands and we had to take food. I am so sorry you have had the terrible anxieties concerning me and had really given me up. I am very much alive and have been all the time. We should have been exterminated with a brave foe, but the Chinese however numerous will not attack several hundred armed men. At the Roman Catholic cathedral after a wide breach was made in the walls the Chinese were too cowardly to enter, though there were only four rifles to oppose them. Then we must not leave out our providential protection. A mine has been discovered, which by some unexampled stupidity ran in the wrong direction and if exploded would have killed their own men. Did the Lord confuse their minds and blind their eyes? Our missionaries in Pao Ting Fu and Shansi have been killed, also Dr. Taylor and others whom you have not met. The final reports will fill the world with horror. The Japanese section of the city is most prosperous. Orientals understand each other. I may lead a punitive expedition to San Ho and Shun Yi in a few days. Two of our people have been chopped up lately. Murders are going on continually. Soldiers must go to the country and scatter the Boxers. Stelle has gone to Japan. He must have a change. I am well and getting in food for our people during the winter. Cheer up and keep brave; a better day is at hand.

Must haste.

W. S. A.

Peking, Sept. 18, 1900.

The war is by no means over and there are Boxers gathering between here and Cho Chou, and to-day or to-morrow there will be fighting. The English soldiers are waiting for the Boxers to get as many together as possible and make a big slaughter. Twenty miles from Peking in almost any direction you can find Boxers in abundance. Our soldiers are wonderfully quiet, but I think there will be aggressive movement before long. The Misses Wyckoff are coming to stay with us after Mrs. Mateer and Miss Haven go away. They leave in two days for Tientsin. Dr. Mateer is rather impatient. The Tung-chow people have to leave their fine residence, as the Russians want it. I am glad we are in a place the Russians cannot covet. We are getting in provisions for the winter.

I have been absent on an expedition for five days. No letter on my return. Captain Forsythe and two hundred cavalry troops went—I as guide and interpreter—to Sha Ho and other places east of Peking. We burned two Boxer headquarters, destroyed some arms and brought in sixteen refugees, Christians who had been in hiding. It was a hard trip for me and I was worked in looking up the road and getting food for the troops up to the limit of my strength. Crossing rivers is a serious matter at this season of the year. The Boxers ran like wild deer from us, and we found it impossible to catch them in the high grain. The expedition did great good in stilling the people and causing bad people to fear and good people could see how well our soldiers behaved when on the trip.

Am called away to see about Swedish missionaries murdered in Shansi. Many were killed en route to Kalgan.

About the 27th of September the bric-à-brac and other valuables found in the Mongol compound now occupied were offered for sale for the benefit of the destitute Christians. The sales amounted to about fifteen hundred taels, a small amount considered pro rata to the several hundred refugees that were being cared for. Among those who shared in the hospitality of Dr. Ament was the correspondent of the *Sun*. At the time it was impossible to get foreign foods, so much needed, except through the army commissary. The correspondent through the

courtesy of the army could draw for such foods as were needed, which proved a great help at the time.

The political situation was very uncertain. The Russian forces had been suddenly withdrawn, with an ulterior object, and the American troops were also withdrawn. But fifteen thousand Germans were coming in and the Japanese would remain.

Miss Russell's narrative continued:

The conditions existing in Peking during that autumn remind me of what Paris was at the time of the French Revolution. After the Christians had been sought out by a house to house inspection, there came a time of blackmail and revenge. This was so great that the government appointed certain places where alone people should be tried. So great was the disorder that all weddings were either put off, or conducted with little ceremony, which was also true of funerals. Many besides foreigners were glad to have the soldiers from abroad.

Day after day Dr. Ament held an impromptu court. Men from villages who had been guilty of destroying either chapels, or the homes of the Christians, came to him. It was as good as a theatre to see him administer justice, and there were many ludicrous scenes. He was like a father. Many of them he knew by name or reputation. Often, while we were at meals, the door would suddenly open and some one would drop on his knees, saying: "Forgive me, old pastor; forgive me." Some he scolded roundly, especially the gentry and men who should have known better. He made his settlements *according to Chinese law*, dealing directly with the offenders, saving thereby all costs of lawsuits and the extra squeezes of the underlings. This was a method that appealed to all the Chinese and they felt that he cared for them and did not intend to be hard upon them.

It is needless to say that not all of the Chinese who worked with Dr. Ament and whom he trusted to carry out his wishes were true and upright, and there were things that stirred him to the deepest anger and sorrow. As early as possible he went to Cho Chou and Liang Hsiang. For twenty years he had gone back and forth in this region and knew the gentry and leading men as well as the officials. He was thus able to save the city from destruction. He found his old friend the magis-

trate in a state of nervous prostration. He saw the head men and advised them to bring in the food and grain which the French and Germans demanded and to help their official in every way.

The entire winter was spent in the reëstablishing of the Christians in their homes. In every case this was done in such a manner that no root of bitterness was left and not one family felt they could not go back and live with their old neighbors. Dr. Ament personally saw each family re-located. He called on the head men of the village and made them responsible for peace and quiet. It is needless to say that he gave plenty of "sound words" to the church-members, and exhorted them with many "good words." In all this settlement he showed that he understood the Chinese character, and if any proofs were needed they may be seen in the many beautiful silk umbrellas and banners that were presented to him. One of the hardest struggles Dr. Ament had with himself and some of his flock was when a noted Boxer was caught and brought to him to be handed over to the Germans. This man had killed eleven members of one family. For a night and a day he was kept bound in a side room while the pastor was seeing what was best to do. Much to the displeasure of the men who caught him Dr. Ament told him that if he would pay enough money to support a young widow and her little child he would spare him. This the man agreed to and the next day the money was brought.

When the allies came and the siege was over not one of the church-members had any way of making a living. Their homes and shops were in ashes, and they had no business in the city. Knowing that the people, if idle, would be in mischief, he set to work at once to start them in legitimate business. The country people had to be clothed and looked after, as they could have nothing until the next crops. Dr. Ament advanced on their indemnity money and thus tried to get them into normal conditions. Thus it came about that long before the church-members of other denominations or places were settled, Dr. Ament had restored old conditions as far as possible. This was not an easy thing to do. Many of the country people had never had any amount of ready money in their hands, and on receiving their indemnity were reckless in expending it. Others were wild to locate in the city, some wanted to go into business, while some were revenge-

ful, and wanted an eye for an eye. Dr. Ament, knowing their inability, and the conditions of the times, had to insist on their going back to their farms. It took great patience and tact to bring this about. Many of the women were unwilling to go back to the hard life of the farm, after a winter of being cared for in the city. Some of the men would not take his advice, and lost all they had in their unwise investments.

In the midst of all this care, when he was weary in body and mind, there came like a thunderbolt the article by Mark Twain in the *North American Review*. I remember that that day I went to his study on a matter of business, and found him sitting at his desk, as if stricken at the heart. I exclaimed, "What is it? Are you ill?" "If I am what that man says, I am not fit for you to speak to me! I feel as though I should go off and hide myself in a cave in the mountain, never again to be seen of man." I thought he had gone out of his head with all his cares, and I replied, "What you need is rest and a doctor, and I am going to send for one." If the writer of that article could have seen how he suffered he would have felt that every cent he received for that article would be a red hot coal of fire. A brave, masterful man he was, ever ready to relieve, not to add to the sum of human suffering, and while in some things he may have been unwise, his mistakes, whatever they may have been, were of the head and not the heart.

With great patience he searched out all that could be found of the martyred church-members. The remains or ashes were gathered and services were arranged for. Dr. Ament all his life believed in settling all questions according to their individual merits, and at this time there were no wholesale decisions in regard to those who were weak in the faith. Those who had recanted were sought out, and each one was helped or reproved as it seemed best to the pastor. Not once in all the settlements did I see one thing that looked like revenge. He gave himself for all alike, in and out of the church. Is it any wonder the people said, "He loved the Chinese"? The past eight years he has worked to strengthen them, making them more and more feel that the church is their own, and trying to encourage to stronger growth the desire for self-support. Last autumn, in speaking of his feeling that his work for China was over he said, "I have worked for one thing in my missionary life and that is to establish self-

DR. AMENT RECEIVING VILLAGE DEPUTATION

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supporting churches as far as possible, or at least to get that idea implanted strongly so that with time and the natural growth they will come of themselves to desire self-support." Dr. Ament established seventeen of the twenty-two churches connected with the Peking station. These little churches were as dear to his soul as children to a parent. He knew the names of all,—men, women and children. Many were the problems which awaited him in his country visits, some easy of solution, but others, owing to jealousy, or a desire to save one's face, required the utmost tact and patience. One of his deacons said, "Dr. Ament would reprove us severely, but no man ever went away in anger. He would always put his hand on the man's shoulder and say, 'Come, let us pray about this,' and in his heart, whether the man did what Dr. Ament wanted him to do or not, he always went away wishing he could be as good as the pastor wanted him to be." One of the native pastors, using a Chinese simile, said, "Dr. Ament always gave a man a chance to get off the stage if he had done wrong. He never let a man go away feeling he had 'lost face.'" Dr. Ament felt that the best was none too good to give to the country people. He sought to interest them in newspapers, in all new lines of agricultural development, and in all things that might open their minds and add to their prosperity and happiness. His knowledge of the Chinese classics and history, his admiration for their heroes, all made him a welcome guest either for the official and literary classes or in the humble homes of the common people. His magic lantern was always his companion, and the joy and delight it brought to the people in the country who never had such treats can best be imagined. It was always a trial to him not to see things moving; the natural inertness of the Chinese in the country wore on him and yet he had large charity for them. As a pastor, he knew his people. They were dear to him and he to them. He might speak of their shortcomings, but woe to the other man who did. The man or woman who was down, or from whom others turned, were his special care. He knew how to be a true friend, and sought to find the best in a man and cultivate that into a living power transforming the life.

"Came the whisper, came the vision, came the power with the need,
Till the soul that is not man's soul was lent to him to lead."

Ask God to give the skill
For comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be,
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy
For heavy is the weight of ill
For every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch.

XV

WHEN WARS CEASE

Peking, Oct. 15, 1900.

My dear Mary:

Your letter of September 4th just in. I now find that letters written the first part of June did not get through to Tientsin. I wrote almost every day and did everything I could to keep you informed. Your telegrams did not reach me and no private telegram could be sent from this end. I have been as anxious as you, but it does no good to worry.

Two columns of soldiers, French and English, have gone to Pao Ting Fu and that city will be punished. *I leave on Monday or Tuesday for Cho Chou, taking back church-members and settling them.* If Wilder can come here, you may see me at home next spring. No aggressive work can be done now and I may as well leave as not. Only the Christians must be settled and claims paid in some way first. Boxers are getting their deserts in many places. *A letter from the Cho Chou magistrate says he has a large place on the main street to give me.* The French soldiers are in Cho Chou, and I am afraid the place has been severely punished. Several Catholics were killed there. Li Hung Chang is in the city but there is no light on the situation. Reported punishment of Prince Tuan is false. American policy is too weak and does not help solve problems.

Cho Chou, Oct. 18, 1900.

To Mrs. Ament:

I reached here to-day quite worn out. I have not been well for some days. The Cho Chou people were glad to see me, and the gentry gave me quite a reception. They think it was my words that kept the foreign soldiers from burning the

city. Perhaps it was. I spoke to the advance guard and told them that the magistrate was a good man and pro-foreign. It would take volumes to tell of my settling Boxer matters. Boxers are all scattered but their ravages are seen on every hand. To-morrow I am to pick out a place from Boxer property for a new chapel for us. The Boxers in Cho Chou were not so much for killing as for making money. Some of our members are reduced to poverty by paying fines. In Pu An Tun where they wanted to kill me, I have cleared the idols out of the temple used by the Boxers and will turn it into a chapel.

The magistrate here called on me to-day, before I had rested up to go and see him. I reside at present in a Kung Kuan, or public café. My reception was quite royal. The gentry came out to meet me and sent presents of fruits, etc. I looked over the list of names of donors and crossed off the Boxers. This made a panic and I am told they want to pay to be let off from my wrath! I am pastor and judge at once. It was pitiful to see some of my people cry on seeing me. Some of them said they would have gladly died could they have seen me first. Some of them were hid in holes for two months and others spent nights and days in the fields. It was a mercy that it was summer and the grain was high, otherwise many could not have hid. It will take several visits to straighten out all affairs. Twenty Boxers have been beheaded by the French soldiers who patrolled this region and others driven away, and property confiscated. We are not through with them yet. The devil overdid himself this time in this masterpiece. It will recoil on his own head. No religion ever had such an advertisement as ours has had. I could open the doors and take in multitudes. I imagine our faithful ones will still be among the poor. My pony went lame and I had to walk. I have no appetite, only a sense of weakness. Always expect the best until you know the worst. Take cheerful views and think of your old husband who pines for a sight of you.

University Club, Fifth Avenue and 54th St.
New York, Oct. 22, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have just been reading Dr. Morrison's letter to the London *Times* in which he gives you a deserved credit for your daring and humane work in the relief of the missionaries

at Tung-chow. While I am not sure that I met you, although I like to believe I did, when in Peking about a year ago, I still want to write you a line of cordial thanks and congratulations over your exploits, on the occasion referred to and otherwise. Men like you not only hold up the name and repute of Americans abroad, but, on professional sides, do vast good for the missionary cause in China and at large. To you perhaps your work was done as a simple duty, but you did it while others held back, and when, in fact, it was a daring effort.

I would be obliged to you for a line at some time, if only to establish a more intimate relation with a man of your stamp. You may identify me as the counsel to the American China Development Company, who was in Peking last October and November, on the affairs of the Hankow-Canton Railway. I think I was introduced to you by Dr. Lowry, whom I have since met here. I know I have met Mr. Gamewell, who also appears to have done good work and to whom please give my congratulations. You appear to have rescued Mr. Smith, the author of the "Chinese Characteristics." If so, you did a good thing for the world at large, if only in this regard.

Again with cordial regards, and best wishes, I remain, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,
CLARENCE CARY.

Nan Meng, Thursday evening.

(No date to this; probably in November, after the visit at Cho Chou—about the 17th.)

DEAR MR. STELLE:

Thanks for your letter and the reassuring tone. I am glad things are O. K. in Peking. In Wen An and Pao Ting I have simply had a splendid time. The officials and people are grateful for everything and the affairs of the church are amicably settled. The Pa Chou magistrate talked very well on my way down, but I find that it is all talk. I delay here tomorrow to see him again and talk justice straight at him. I cannot palaver much longer.

There is to be the greatest opportunity in these regions for the Gospel that the world has ever seen. The time is ripe and the need imperative. Men should be planted at once in these regions. Your prayer was answered as to a pleasant Sabbath. I spent the day in Nan Meng and we had sweet times together.

We had a memorial of their Pastor Hung. Many eyes were wet as we recounted what he had done for the people.

I saw Mrs. Hung and she thinks that she and the children will come to Peking next week. Six hundred and eighty Christians and Catholics were killed in Jen Ch'iu District, and the priests have fined the region 750,000 strings of cash, about a quarter of a million dollars, gold,—a huge sum for them to pay.

I wish Miss Russell would write a few lines to my wife to fill in the gap; as I have no ink or pen I cannot write to her. I have suffered from the cold. I tear along on my horse and then wait for the cart in a sheltered nook. Our great need is for trained men to put into the field. We ought to have one in every market town. I have arranged for two new chapels in *Wen An* and *Pao Ting* cities and we are back in the old chapel in Nan Meng. I hope to spend Sunday in Cho Chou and reach home Tuesday or Wednesday. I have thought the street sprinkling need not be contracted for now that it freezes.

Yours fraternally,

W. S. A.

Peking, Nov. 4, 1900.

My dear Mary:

Every hour brings nearer the time when I shall see your face again. That thought fills me with a sublime contentment, so that I can wait patiently for a few paltry days that remain to pass. Only those who have had our separation can know the exaltation of our joy in reunion. Roberts has been written to and as he is in good health there is no doubt that he will come and give me a vacation. I am needing one now. Jaundice claims me for its own and will not loosen its grip on me. Dr. H. H. Lowry told our people that I ought to be sent right away. Of course our people must be established in some way before it would be right for me to leave. I do not see much light in the general settlement of the country. In fact it looks as if there might be some more uprising and foreign soldiers may have to scour the country for the malcontents. The Chinese are so stupid that they will not believe in the power of foreigners until they feel the strong blow on their shoulders.

I have now a very convenient desk and a sunny corner in which to sit and write, as I have only three books to my name,

except the Bible. These books by Professor Jordan were sent to me by Professor Lyman of Shanghai. We have service in Chinese with no hymn-books and no Bibles. Four Bibles have been received from Tientsin and these with the books which the Christians have dug from their gardens constitute our library. Already we are enlarging our chapel and if all goes well we shall yet see our best days in mission work. Pao Yu [his table boy] has just learned the particulars of the death of his mother and Mrs. Tuan,—two Bible women. They were cut to pieces outside the Ha Ta Gate, and the man who knew them risked his life in burying them.

There is a report that the Empress Dowager has killed herself. At Hsi An Fu the conditions were all unfavorable. The Mohammedans were threatening a rebellion in her immediate vicinity and a famine was on hand. Her trusted advisers turned out to be the real enemies of the state, and foreign powers were making serious demands for the punishment of her friends. Her outlook was gloomy. No one could sympathize with her. It is possible she is still living, but if she is gone the settling of the affairs of the country will be far more easy.

I have two stoves in which I burn coal balls, and a foreign stove in which I burn wood. I keep comfortable and have nothing to complain of in material surroundings. I have a good pony and two good mules which I do not consider my personal property. These and many others were turned out on the street by owners, as they had no grain to feed them. Tomorrow an agent from Li Hung Chang comes to me to talk over plans for the settlement of church affairs. The Chinese are beginning to realize that missions have some concern with their prosperity and that their best friends are missionaries. I think most of the remaining cases can be settled without my working so hard. Dr. Sheffield took supper with us. Wish you could do the same.

Peking, Nov. 14, 1900.

DEAR MARY :

I am very sober over what I hear as to the behavior of the German soldiers in Cho Chou. They behave more like demons than men. The city had been fairly well punished. Boxers had been decapitated. Others had been fined and passing troops had taken grain and animals to eat it. Then these Germans come along, with no right, as it is really French

territory, and strip the people of even the clothes they wear, and it is cold weather. To-morrow I shall see Mr. Conger and secure his interference on the ground that these Germans robbed my premises (in Cho Chou). We hear nothing of peace negotiations. Perhaps you know more than we do. I am surprised that Peking is recovering as rapidly as it is from the ravages of Boxers and foreign soldiers. The streets in some places are as animated as ever and business is prospering. Whether or not the grain will hold out till spring I do not know. I have quite a stock of rice on hand, but I am proposing to keep it. To-morrow I go with Stelle and others into the forbidden city on General Chaffee's permit. More Americans are seen drunk than other nationalities and in many ways our soldiers are a disgrace to the republic. I have been protecting villages from our soldiers. The villagers are very grateful. Dr. Sheffield is opening up his schools, also the Methodist Episcopal people.

It will be interesting at this point to refer to the arrangements for the Tung-chow missionaries and the church-members of that station. Mr. Tewksbury, with like efficiency to that shown by Dr. Ament, had at once discovered a large palace which had been partially looted by the Russians. It belonged to the family Yü, and was known as Yü-wang-fu, palace of the Prince Yü. The father had died and there remained the little princelet and his mother with other members of the family. The place was accepted by Mr. Conger as suitable for the large company of missionaries and members from Tung-chow. They left the British Legation at once and found a comfortable quarter in the many courts of this fine place. It was about half-way between the legation and Teng Shih K'ou, on one of the narrower lanes. Ere long, in the general division of the city into quarters and the assignment of these quarters to the several national commanders, the east side of the Tartar city was divided between the Italians and the Russians. The southern half of this section was assigned to the former. As soon

as the Italian commander received his assignment, he found it desirable to ask for the Yü-wang-fu for his officers. Mr. Tewksbury ere long found a most convenient palace for rent somewhat to the west and north of Teng Shih K'ou, known as the Chao Kung Fu. It had been for many years the residence of the brother of the Empress Dowager, whose family name was Chao. The record of the few years following the Boxer troubles will show few such interesting incidents as that of the change of feeling in the Chao family and even in the Empress Dowager in view of this close contact with the foreign mission work.

Peking, Nov. 28, 1900.

DEAR MARY:

Just back from Liang Hsiang. It is cold weather and I have not yet received my skin overcoat. Yet I get along and have not suffered from the cold. Villains abound in Liang Hsiang. Scamps are selling permits from foreigners under false pretenses. Others are fining the people for supposed robbery of the railroad; then the Catholic church comes in and claims indemnity for Boxer outrages and the magistrate must borrow money to assist him to entertain foreign soldiers. Surely their condition calls for sympathy and I think all will agree that I am doing what I can to make their position easier. The worst of it is that the miscreants under the flag of the Catholic Church are collecting money from the people. With the aid of a Catholic priest and twenty-five soldiers, French, thirteen men were shot in Tou Tien including one church-member. He had been warned that his course would lead into trouble, but he continued and his life pays the penalty. I want to hasten down to Cho Chou where doubtless another member will lose his life for his crimes.

The news is that peace negotiations have broken off and an expedition will be organized to go to Hsi An Fu and bring the Empress if she can be brought.

Germans and French are harrying the country and the people are ground between the upper and the nether millstones which they set up themselves. Most of them acknowledge their stupidity but it is rather late in the day. To-morrow I

am off for Cho Chou and Wen An and Fan Chia Chuang where Old Fan was killed, and where the helpers find it difficult to settle matters alone. Back from there I go to Shun Yi and thus I trust all the country work will be settled. Then before the Chinese year I expect the work in the country will be in running order and I can sniff home in the air. You know I can work hard and ride swiftly when I am going towards home. Blessed words! Mrs. Sheffield is expected in a day or two. I am getting a warm riding-jacket from the British commissary. I am in good health and travel mostly on horseback. I have a swift mule for the cart and a very fine pony to ride. I have a soldier's cot to sleep on and it is strong and comfortable. If I had a colleague the work would speedily be closed up, but everything has to come to me for settlement and the questions are many. I will try and write you from the country.

Peking, Jan. 1, 1901.

My dear Mary:

All the dear ones, a Happy New Year. The day and the year open auspiciously in every respect. It is bright and clear, an omen for better things for this distracted empire. The conditions of peace are reported accepted by the Chinese with no exceptions taken. We are all invited to call on General Chaffee from eleven o'clock to one. There have been some fresh outbreaks in the country, especially those visited by the foreign troops and not properly punished. You may not know that I led a troop of horsemen through San Ho District, and because I wanted certain Boxers hunted out and punished I was spoken of as vindictive and bloodthirsty. Now it comes out that this expedition has to be repeated, because of the softness of the Americans in dealing with the Chinese!

A newspaper is to be started and Mr. Cowen, the editor, wants all our printers. He seems a pleasant man and it seems a good opportunity for our men, some of whom are out of employment. All Legation Street is reserved for foreigners, and no Chinese allowed. Our legation is greatly enlarged, as are all the others. Last evening for some officers' guests, we had native acrobats and magicians. We were all surprised at their skill. They were remarkably successful. One of the men would make a fortune in the United States in a short time. They have gone to Tung-chow to-day for the soldiers there at Stelle's expense. Our soldiers are in need of amuse-

ment. The canteens are too generously patronized and two murders have taken place. The Germans are the best drilled men in Peking and easily take the prizes. However, our cavalry beats them all. I hope to go to Tientsin to-morrow for a little change. Your old husband hopes that our little family may have a rich and glorious year at the top of this new century. May kind Providence allow me to see you before its close. Now, for General Chaffee's reception.

January 6, 1901.—Sunday morning, the first Sabbath of the new year. I returned last evening, with Miss Wyckoff, from Tientsin. We had a miserable, cold ride on the train, taking eight hours to make eighty miles. Our first snow is on the ground. I had a pleasant visit in Tientsin and lectured on Chinese history to the Y. M. C. A., mostly soldiers present, a goodly company. I felt like a boy let loose from school, spent money freely, bought stove, new cap, boots for riding, etc.

To reach the train and to leave it are the quintessence of inconvenience. It is all for the military, and civilians have no rights. Russians squeeze you on one hand and Germans on the other, and you are helpless. Dr. Arthur Smith has been elected pastor of Union Church and is doing good work. Prayer-meetings are well attended. Mrs. Smith still distributes tracts to foreigners and Chinese alike on the streets. Wilder has taken hold of the native work so that Tientsin was never in so good condition. We shall observe the Week of Prayer. Pen Yuan has prepared a program, though there will be no union meetings of the Chinese.

Good news comes from the country districts. In Cho Chou we are occupying our new premises right in the centre of the city and in Nan Meng the members are enlarging the area of the chapel. I suppose the French have reached Tai Yuan Fu, and I trust they are making that miserable place smart for its crimes against unarmed foreigners.

After morning service Li Pen Yuan preached a fine sermon on: "Lo I am with you always." The house was crowded. I begin inquirers' classes to-morrow after the regular week of prayer meeting, led by Deacon Kuo. I think we shall have a fine series of meetings. I am glad now I can bend to the legitimate work of the missionary. Dr. Phipps, Y. M. C. A., insists that I must take a regular service for the soldiers. So I begin next Sunday evening and give up my enjoyment of writing to you. I trust your loss may be their gain.

Sunday, Jan. 27, 1901.

DEAR MARY:

I am doing what I do not recall that I ever did before, remaining at home deliberately and missing all the services. I need the rest and felt that it was imperative. You see there is no let up for me. It is a constant strain from morning till night. Gilbert Reid will doubtless give up his scheme and engage in regular mission work. He wants Stelle to go with him, but he is too late, as Stelle's fortune is linked with ours and he would not leave Peking under any consideration. I must make one more trip to Cho Chou before the [Chinese] year closes, and expect to set out next Tuesday.

Peking, Feb. 11, 1901.

TO THE SAME:

I am back from my Cho Chou trip. Messrs. Backhouse and Peachey went with me and proved very interesting and profitable companions. Backhouse is from a Quaker family, very rich, but he is very democratic in spirit and has set out on a career for himself as an independent student of Eastern languages. Peachey was a student in the British Legation.

The new chapel at Cho Chou is dedicated and is fairly lined with the banners and umbrellas presented by the gentry and officials. The whole city seemed to interest itself to provide us a good time. They did this in part to show their regret over a false arrest to which we were subjected by the French and Germans, an account of which may appear in some of the papers. There was not the shadow of a shade of a reason for gathering me in. One of the Chang boys was staying on the new premises and he was wanted on the serious charge of extorting money, which was not sustained at his trial. Our claims for indemnity had been long settled and I was there to dedicate the chapel and to marry the poor boy whom the French condemned to five years' imprisonment, just to save their face and to make people think they had a case.

In Cho Chou I baptized Teacher T'an whom you may recall as an inquirer of some years' standing. He has taken a bold stand as the first one received since the great persecution. Pastor Jen and the young helpers all seem to be developing in solid graces of mind and heart. Who should come in just now but Sung Yu Tung. He was our chapel keeper and with

his mother was the last person to leave our courts. They managed to escape to their old home in Shantung. I am glad to see him, as he was a reliable fellow. My plans are not definite, scheming to get home as soon as possible.

W. S. A.

Peking, Feb. 18, 1901.

My dear Mary:

The last day of the [Chinese] old year. I sincerely trust the day of reconstruction will not forget the calendar. Yesterday, Sunday, was a beautiful day. I preached to a crowded chapel and the whole service seemed uplifting and helpful. I spent the afternoon with Dr. and Mrs. Sheffield and had a good home visit and spiritual consolation. I reviewed my whole work in collecting indemnity and they fully approved and are prepared to defend the course taken. The correspondents who have written were all in the dark, and had made no proper inquiries. I have invited correspondents to come and see what was being done, but they did not come. I have been very unjustly treated by these writers, and my friends are coming to the front in defense, as all the missions have done the same things, and all believe they are right. So also does Mr. Conger, who is our good friend. Do not be disturbed by anything you see in the papers. The correspondents jump on to the missionaries when they are out of matter, and news has been very scarce this winter.

Dr. Sheffield thinks it better for the work that I return home now than wait a little longer and make my class reunion in 1902. He does not think that of sufficient importance to warrant any delay now. So perhaps in a month or so I shall be on my way home. I am in good health and cannot claim a change on that account.

On Thursday next, Dr. Edwards writes from Pao Ting Fu, they will try and find the bodies of Miss Morrill and Miss Gould and properly bury them. They were buried under the débris of the city wall, when it was blown down by the German troops. Dr. Peck is here and has been requested to go to Pao Ting Fu temporarily.

Let nothing disturb thee;
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth.
—*Longfellow.*

If you are slandered never mind it;
it will come off when it is dry.
—*C. G. Finney.*

XVI

AN EPISODE IN MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE

THE *War Correspondent* in mission fields was a new thing under the sun. For half a century the missionary work had gone on slowly burrowing its way into Chinese life and experience. No special incident had elicited any large interest in the details of mission work. But conditions were changing. The Japan-Chinese war of 1894–1895 hastened a considerable number of correspondents to the Far East. The brilliant efforts in China at reform in 1898 served to enhance a world-wide interest, and to bring the newspaper correspondent into a realm that was new.

There was therefore nothing strange, when two years later eight nations moved to the rescue of their ministers in Peking, in the coming of many correspondents. Every considerable newspaper in the United States sent out a writer to gather up every item of available news for the benefit of its readers.

In the early autumn of 1900, our American military officers were in haste to leave North China. They had made little effort to understand the real condition of affairs. The burden thrust upon them had the semblance of war, for which there seemed to them no adequate reason. It was natural that the correspondents should be much influenced by the opinions of the army.

Out of this anomalous situation there arose an episode

in Dr. Ament's career demanding a detailed study. When Dr. Ament and Mr. Tewksbury entered the Mongol palace on the 16th of August, they found one dead body and two little sleeve dogs in charge. Deserted by its owners, the Fu was secured as a temporary residence for the Christian refugees of the American Board Mission, of whom there were two hundred and more entirely dependent upon Dr. Ament's care.

Here for two years and three months the work of recuperation went on. In October, 1902, the mission occupied its own premises, rebuilt and expanded.

During the siege and at its close the clothing of the Christian refugees had been replenished in part by goods gathered from within the legation defense circuit. The better class of goods had been sold at auction, while the inferior garments were distributed according to the need of the refugees. It had been agreed upon by Mr. Conger that whatever was found in the quarters deserted, and occupied after the siege, should be sold in like manner for the benefit of the sufferers, including those who had been driven from their homes and had finally returned to be cared for.

Thus it was that all the various goods found in the Mongol palace were placed upon sale. Many of these were of considerable value, and Dr. Ament's quarters became the resort for a few days of many visitors, civil and military, who were desirous of securing some memento of the siege.

From the funds thus obtained and the resources of indemnities which began to be secured, a sufficient amount of grain was purchased to carry the people gathered in the Mongol Fu through the winter.

A second step in settling the affairs of the Christians followed closely upon that of securing sufficient food and shelter. This was seen in the visiting of the centres

where the depredations of the Boxers had been most destructive and violent. It was desirable to find out the true conditions as early as possible, to learn the amount of devastation and to rescue any who were still in peril. The Boxers were still rife within ten or fifteen miles of Peking. They were apparently unsubdued by the presence of the foreign armies. Many Christians were still liable to slaughter and it was not without peril that any foreigner exposed himself freely in the villages. The several military commanders were constantly hearing of Boxer clans meeting and destroying in the villages. It was necessary to send out expeditions to scour the country and break up if possible the Boxer gatherings wherever they infested the villages. It is to the credit of the American soldiery that they did not do this work in any disorganized way, but infrequently, and only when it seemed absolutely necessary. The French, the Russians and finally the Germans, when they had fully arrived, marauded the outlying districts indiscriminately, looting and killing as they pleased, and making exorbitant demands upon the people and the officials.

One of the early expeditions of the American soldiers was to the northeast of Peking to the city of Shun Yi Hsien.

The American Board had had in Shun Yi and in the country near at hand a considerable following. In the city itself there had been for some years a preaching chapel, and there were no less than sixty-five communicants in this out-station. Of these fifty persons had been most brutally killed, and every remnant of chapel and homes of the members had been burned or destroyed. The mere presence of the military force had a direct effect, however incidental, in the settlement of the indemnities which came later. Dr. Ament bears testimony to the kindness and courtesy of Captain Forsythe, a southern

gentleman, and of his troopers. The latter were in striking contrast with the Russian and French and later the German soldiers, who looted and killed on every hand, often taking delight in shooting every person visible. The Boxers themselves, as Dr. Ament graphically writes, dissolved like smoke. Perhaps it was this expedition, and the witness of the paralyzing effect of the presence of foreign military which determined Dr. Ament not to go again with soldiers in his efforts to secure the replacing of the Christian in their homes, or to enforce the reasonable demands for indemnity for the great losses sustained by the church-members. It is true that others found it necessary to go under the protection of a few soldiers, due partly to the purpose of the local officials not to endanger any foreign life again if possible. How perilous this might be was shown two months later when Mr. Stonehouse of the London Mission was shot down at a ferry crossing while visiting the church communities south of Peking. The expedition to Shun Yi was on the 18th of September. A month later we find Dr. Ament visiting Cho Chou and the mission out-stations scattered along for fifty miles southeast of Cho Chou. A few of the refugees from Cho Chou had been with him in Peking. Returning to their homes they had been overtaken and shot by the French punitive expedition hurrying on to Pao Ting Fu and towards Cheng Ting Fu, where the French priests had successfully defended themselves and a few Belgian engineers who had escaped thither in their hurried exit from the city three months before.

Dr. Ament's letters record that he was received by the people and the officials of Cho Chou with great enthusiasm. They had the idea that owing to him the fierce exactions of the French military had been in a measure stayed. The sub-prefect—Chih Chou—had hastened to assure him that full indemnity would be given for the destruction of

the mission chapel and other property in the city, and every facility offered for indemnities to the church people. Dr. Ament was happily able to secure in this way a fine place on the main street, and other property in city and country in lieu of the chapels and homes cruelly destroyed in the summer time. He was able, unattended, except by church-members, to visit the furthest Christian villages in his district and see the local officials, each of whom was desirous of settling the losses of the Christians in the readiest and simplest way possible. The Roman Catholic priests were securing indemnities by making excessive demands upon the officials. In a single district south of where Dr. Ament went, they demanded half a million of dollars for the Christians who had been killed. A month or more later, a German expedition passed through Cho Chou, en route towards Pao Ting Fu. Their depredations and exaction were a severer tax upon the people than that of their mobile predecessors. Towards the end of November Dr. Ament made a second trip to Pa Chou and Wen An and made a final settlement of the indemnity claims, in accord with the plans laid down in his conference with the deputy appointed by the grand secretary, Li Hung Chang, whose arrival had made it possible for the foreign powers to reach the far fleeing government. The Chinese principle of responsibility for wrong, or injury done to another, was the underlying principle which was accepted by the commissioners and acted upon by the missionaries. Early in December, Dr. Sheffield had written to his society in Boston, "Dr. Ament and Mr. Tewksbury have done and are still doing admirable work for the Christians in bringing order out of confusion and delivering them from manifold troubles. The conditions are very strange and are not improving. The province is in a more disturbed condition than three months ago. It should be remarked that everywhere the

people feel themselves responsible for what has happened, as with rare exceptions they welcomed the Boxers and helped on their work of plunder and destruction. Officials in the army and outside foreigners generally are only too ready to find grounds to condemn missionaries for things that they themselves are ready to do."

On his return from his second visit to the distant places, Dr. Ament reported to Mr. Conger, giving in detail the results of this final effort to secure a peaceable settlement of claims for each of the little communities that had suffered the loss of their homes, and where many had been killed in the Boxers' attacks and destruction. It was probably about this time that Mr. Chamberlain, the correspondent of the *Sun*, and at this time the chief in charge of Laffan's News Agency, having heard of the settlement of the indemnities, went to Dr. Ament to secure as full an account as he cared to give of his recent trip. Dr. Ament had been on very good terms with several of the correspondents, some of whom had lived on the premises with him and had enjoyed his hospitality. From the statements of Dr. Ament, Mr. Chamberlain made up his telegraphic letter, dated Peking, December 22d, which appeared in the *Evening Sun* of December 24th. It seems unfortunate that Dr. Ament did not ask to see the manuscript of the message before it went. Mr. Chamberlain had apparently no purpose of criticizing either the methods or the results of the settlement of the indemnities. A precaution would have wholly avoided the misconceptions of the correspondent, if not the mistakes in transmission. Later on, as we shall see, when making a more elaborate statement, Dr. Ament looked over Mr. Chamberlain's document before it was sent, and expressed himself quite satisfied with the statements made. The following is the crucial part of the statement in the *Sun*: "The Rev. Mr. Ament of the American Board of Foreign Missions has

returned from a trip which he made for the purpose of collecting indemnities for damages done by the Boxers. Everywhere he went he compelled the Chinese to pay. He says that all his native Christians are now provided for. He had seven hundred of them under his charge and three hundred were killed. He has collected three hundred taels for each of these murders and has compelled full payment for all the property belonging to the Christians that was destroyed. He also assessed fines amounting to thirteen times the amount of the indemnity. Mr. Ament declares that the compensation he has collected will be used for the propagation of the Gospel, that the compensation he has collected is moderate when compared with the amount secured by the Roman Catholics, who demanded, in addition to money, 'head for head.' They collect 500 taels for each murder of a Catholic. In the Jên Chiu country 680 Catholics were killed, and for this the European Catholics here demand 750,000 strings of cash and 680 heads." Any one at all familiar with the situation in China would detect on first inspection the errors in this reported interview. A few words indicate the newspaper correspondent's working over the interview as he understood it. Even so intelligent a news gatherer falls into his own pitfalls. He uses the word "compelled," which was never true of Dr. Ament. He says the native Christians are now provided for. That merely means that he had secured due payment for the great losses, in money, enabling them to start anew. He says this new fund was to be used for the propagation of the Gospel. Whereas it could be used for no other purpose than to provide for each individual, or as each combined with the others, for the rebuilding of chapels destroyed. He says finally, or the despatch says, "He assessed fines amounting to thirteen times the indemnity."

It will be interesting to note, in passing, Dr. Ament's

own version of the trip thus summarized, as seen in his letter to Dr. Judson Smith of December 27, 1900. This was before any intimation had reached him of the criticisms which arose in the United States concerning alleged looting, and securing excessive indemnities and funds for the treasury of the American Board. His letter shows that no funds had been secured except for Chinese Christians who had been injured in person and property.

Dr. Ament writes: "After a month of very hard work, I am glad to report progress to you. I visited—beginning on the south—Wen An, Pao Ting Hsien, Pa Chou, P'ing Ting, Cho Chou, Liang Hsiang, and on the east, Shun Yi. I found the officials in all these places exceedingly friendly and anxious to settle the affairs of the converts, recognizing the right and the need of such claims. I have made no use of foreign soldiers and *brought no external pressure to bear, relying on the justice of our claims.* Mr. Conger has supported us in the measures and methods taken, though the military people have not failed to make criticisms. The survivors in all our country stations have been recouped for all their losses, again reinstated in their villages, with some money in hand, and a promise of houses restored next spring. Over and above restoration for the converts there has been gathered a fund for the support of widows and orphans, who have no homes and have no one to look after them."

This brief summary of three months' effort in reconstruction shows simply that no funds have been secured except for Chinese Christians who had been injured in person or property.

The *Sun's* despatch from Peking was not widely known or distributed at the time and little attention was paid to it until Mark Twain, in the *North American Review* for February, in an article entitled "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," made it the basis of some fierce charges against the

character of Dr. Ament, and incidentally against the motives and actions of missionaries in China. A humorist is the victim of his own risibles. He has the advantage of any who might disagree with him. He has the first laugh and when it becomes catching his victim feels the scorching, true or false. Now our genial humorist, so attractive to us and to others that even staid Oxford could not resist him, but must shower him with its honors "just for fun," has always been "roughing it." Of course no humorist could investigate any fact. That would be too late for him. He must be like any lively wasp. He need not declare war. He must sting and sail away. And so it came about that on the 6th of February, the reading world learned of Dr. Ament through the courtesy of Mark Twain. The feelings of the victim are described in the graphic record of Miss Russell. Dr. Ament compared himself with Byron as being the direct opposite. "Byron," said Ament, "woke up one morning to find himself famous. I woke up to find myself infamous." With a curious leer in his humorous eye, Mark Twain repeats his emphasis, upon the "character-blasting despatch." It did not take long for the proof to come that the despatch from Peking was full of erroneous statements, and that the implications were still farther from the truth. The direct attack upon their missionaries brought the American Board at once to the defense of Dr. Ament. The inevitable discussion involved made it essential for a word direct from Dr. Ament himself. The following despatch was cabled him from Boston, February 13th :

"Ament, Peking. Laffan's News Agency reported New York *Sun*, December 24th, your collecting thirteen times actual loss, using for propagating the Gospel. Are these statements true ?"

The reply to this despatch was received from Peking two days later :

Statements untrue. Collected *one-third* for church purposes, additional actual damages now supporting widows and orphans. Publication 'thirteen times' blunder cable company. All collections received approval Chinese officials, who urging further settlements same line.

AMENT.

On the 9th of February there appeared in several newspapers a letter to Mark Twain from Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, foreign secretary of the American Board in charge of the missions in China. It is dated Boston, February 8th. Its courtesy and candor makes its own appeal:

MY DEAR MR. CLEMENS:

In common with multitudes in this country and elsewhere, I have a great admiration for your genius, and read whatever comes from your pen with delight. Your brilliant article, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" in the February *North American Review* will attract wide attention and exert a strong influence. Its keen, lightly-veiled sarcasm is well adapted to its purpose and will produce an effect quite beyond the reach of plain argument.

I observe that in commenting on affairs in China you select the Rev. Mr. Ament, D. D., one of our missionaries at Peking, to give your point of view, and that you base all you have to say of him on a single press despatch printed in the *Evening Sun* of December 24th, and that you assume the accuracy of this despatch as though it were Dr. Ament's frank and full confession of deeds and motives. The arraignment is severe, the effect on Dr. Ament's name and reputation must be very damaging. The prejudice thus awakened against the missionaries, mission work and the American Board is serious and likely to be of long consequence. . . .

It should require, as you will see, the ample warrant of unquestioned facts to justify a public arraignment of so wide a scope and far-reaching influence as you have made against this man—a man of hitherto unblemished character, of singular Christian devotion, of heroic courage and splendid deeds. He shared in the siege at Peking with other missionaries and in the encomiums which Minister Conger pronounced upon them. By an act of rare personal bravery he saved the lives of eighteen of his fellow missionaries with eight children and

brought them into Peking just before the Boxers fell on their premises and destroyed their homes. In doing this he risked his own life, and went in spite of the fears and remonstrances of Mr. Conger and the soldiers at Peking.

You are too experienced an author to rest so terrible an accusation against a man whose reputation is as dear to him as yours to you, and who is engaged in missionary work on the other side of the globe, upon a single newspaper despatch. I wonder what other information you possessed, what inquiries you made concerning Dr. Ament's record and of whom these inquiries were made. Dr. Ament has been a missionary for twenty-three years and my correspondent above sixteen years, and I have heard from him frequently during these last months since he escaped from the siege of Peking. The last letter from Dr. Ament was written November 13th, and gives a full account of the events to which presumably the *Sun's* despatch refers. This letter was given to the Associated Press soon after its arrival, January 7th. In it he says: "I have been in Cho Chou. This time I proposed to settle affairs without the aid of soldiers or legations. It was a complete success. Every one of our dispossessed church-members has been reinstated and a money compensation made for his losses. This has been done by appealing to the sense of justice among the villages where our people lived and where they are respected by all decent people. The villagers were extremely grateful because I brought no foreign soldiers and were glad to settle on the terms proposed. After our conditions were known many villagers came of their own accord and brought their money with them."

Nothing is said of securing "thirteen times" the amount of the losses. There is not a word about using the indemnity "for the propagation of the Gospel." The whole proceeding is in accordance with a custom among the Chinese of holding a village responsible for wrongs suffered in the village, and especially making the head men of the village accountable for wrongs committed there. Not a cash has gone to Dr. Ament, or his associates, or for mission purposes of any kind; all has been used for the relief of those hundreds of refugees whom the Boxers and their fellow villagers dispossessed of home and property in the wild fury of last June, who shared the siege in Peking with the legations and missionaries, and won Mr. Conger's unstinted praise, and who homeless and helpless are

dependent on the missionaries for food, raiment, shelter and all things. This is Dr. Ament's own explanation and you will note that it lacks all those features on which your arraignment rests. We give unhesitating confidence to Dr. Ament's narrative; we find it confirmed by what his associates write; we have not one intimation from authoritative sources that it is not true. Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, president of North China College, and Arthur H. Smith, author of "Chinese Characteristics" are associates of Dr. Ament and are now in China with him. The former writes form Peking, under date December 14th, as follows: "Dr. Ament and Mr. Tewksbury have done and are still doing admirable work for the Christians to bring order out of confusion and to deliver them from their manifold troubles. The mission and the Board owe much to Mr. Tewksbury and Dr. Ament for what they have accomplished for the native church this autumn. . . ."

But I need not say more. I know that you will not willingly do any man an injustice, and I have written freely and at once that you might have the facts before you such as are known to me and to all of us in these rooms, and be able duly to amend what has been written.

Assured of your good sense of fair play and with highest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,
JUDSON SMITH.

Mark Twain's reply, published in the *Tribune*, February 13th, was brief, reprinting the Laffan's News despatch, and refusing to accept Dr. Smith's assurances. One promise is significant. "Whenever he (Dr. Smith) can produce from Rev. Mr. Ament an assertion that the *Sun's* despatch was not authorized by him, and whenever Dr. Smith can buttress Mr. Ament's disclaimer with a confession from Mr. Chamberlain that that despatch was a false invention and unauthorized, the case against Mr. Ament will fall to the ground."

Dr. Ament's personal disclaimer as seen above was all that could be expected by cable. Laffan's News Agency seems to have made haste to fulfill its part in confessing

that the earlier despatch was "unauthorized." Its correction appears in the New York *Sun*, February 20th.

"Owing to the cable blunder, the *Sun's* despatch of December 22d was made to say that the Rev. Mr. Ament, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, had collected fines from the Chinese in various places to the amount of thirteen times the damages collected by him for the murder of converts and the destruction of their property. The despatch should have read that the fines were *one-third* in excess of the indemnities, making the difference of something over a million of dollars in the amount said to have been collected."

Shortly after the arrival of Li Hung Chang, newly appointed Viceroy of Chihli and commissioner to deal with all these questions, he appointed the Tao Tai, Chang Yen Mao, the commercial head of the China Merchants' Navigation Company, and also of the Kaiping Mining Company, as a commissioner to see the leading missionaries of the separate missionary societies and consult with them as to the indemnities for the native Christian losses. They agreed fully with the plan of local demand, and urged the missionaries to settle all cases in such ways. It was in pursuance of this plan that every demand was made and eventually carried through.

Peking, February 19th.

The ministers will hold a meeting to-morrow, at which they will discuss the question of indemnities. The approval by the Chinese commissioners of the missionary plan of collecting indemnities for native Christians from the localities where damages were inflicted has relieved this question of one of its most difficult features. The plan has operated thus far so successfully that the commissioners have had notices posted in the districts where Christians have been killed, or their property destroyed, urging the local magistrates to settle all claims in this way, and authorizing them to pay a hundred taels for each Christian killed.

Again under date of March 5th, Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed to the New York *Sun* the following which appeared in that paper under the heading: "A Clean Bill for the Missionaries."

"Minister Conger will give a letter to the missionaries here stating that the collection of indemnities was not extortion, but the payment was voluntary on the part of the Chinese officials, and was moderate in amount. The seizure of the property was justified by the prospect that a severe famine was inevitable, and there was no government to look after the distressed people. The proceeds of the seizures were used entirely for these people."

Not only did the *Sun* make this "amende honorable," but also the New York *Times*, which had made some unfavorable utterances on the basis of the first despatch, does the same, saying: "It seems we have been led into doing an injustice to him (Dr. Ament) by adopting the less authentic statement, in ignorance of the more authentic. In that case we have *to express our sincere regret.*"

How those upon the ground in Peking estimated the attack upon Dr. Ament is seen in a cabled despatch to the editor of the *North American Review:*

Peking Missionary Association demands public retraction. Mark Twain's gross libel against Ament utterly false.

SECRETARY.

How matters of this sort look to those outside of the missionary circle is perhaps seen in an editorial in the *Boston Journal*, under the title: "A Humorist Astray."

Mark Twain had better stick to his last. He is a capital humorist but when he poses as a publicist he gets into trouble straightway. His article in the *North American Review* is not good humor, and is very bad politics. Some of it, moreover,

seems to be recklessly and even libellously untrue. . . . Mr. Ament, against whom Mark aims the hasty shafts of his ridicule and denunciation, is one of the heroic men of peace who distinguished themselves in the defense of the British Legation. He has been a leader in the great and urgent work of relieving the necessities of the native Christians of the northern provinces, or of those who escaped the Boxer sword. In pursuance of this work, he has secured money contributions from the villages where the native Christians suffered. It does not appear that Mr. Ament has used any force to accomplish this. It does not appear that he has secured any more money than was essential to feed and clothe his native wards, and to reestablish them in dwellings. This is a work of Christian charity, defensible on the most elementary grounds of justice. When Mark Twain accuses Dr. Ament and his fellow missionaries of "looting" he manifests a mental and moral obliquity which astonishes and pains his New England neighbors and admirers.

The trouble with our genial humorist is that he is beyond his depth. He would not make a success if he turned statesman. He would not make much of a success if he turned missionary; as a humorist he is incomparable. Every man to his trade. Let Mark remember this, and let him choose as a target for his satire something other than the heroic men who have been through the nightmare of blood and ruin in China, while he has been comfortably basking in the sunlight that makes eternal summer for a genius admired of both old world and new.

The home of Mark Twain was for many years in Hartford, Conn., on a beautiful knoll on Farmington Avenue, where it descends towards a pretty stream. The élite of Hartford's literary folk delighted in his presence, his crudeness and his humor. One cannot forbear quoting from a Hartford daily, of February 11th, a few choice sentences:

Mark Twain is the spoiled child of American letters. There is always something good about a spoiled child. We all love him when he is at his wildest. We admire his courage, for he

dares everything. Mark Twain, with all his goodness and sincerity of heart, has never made scientific or historical precision of statement a characteristic of his work. The weaknesses and virtues of his methods are illustrated in the paper which holds first place in the *North American Review* for February. Here are the same outbursts of self-instituted conviction: the same half-humorous, half-satirical denunciations, the same disregard of details in the desire to make the main point luminous and impressive. In regard to the missionaries Mark Twain has drawn his bow very much at a venture. And this suggests that it is always safer for a satirist to know his geography, and what sort of people animate it before he strings his bow and shoulders his quiver.

The foregoing review was prepared many months since. And now the great humorist and popular author has passed into the vast silence. We shall have no word from him of the real heaven into which Captain Stormfield entered. Phillips Brooks was wont to say: "The speed of the soul is swift" to peace. The pen of the critic is stayed by the power of the invisible. The pathos with which Mr. Clemens has clothed his own home life and the delicacy of his tribute to the daughter he loved and lost enables us to pass lightly, now, his carelessness regarding the sincere efforts of multitudes of ardent souls to make the kingdom of heaven real upon the earth. The "Yea, yea" and the "Nay, nay" of that kingdom are as real here as they will be hereafter.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. Yourself shall be the miracle. Every day you will wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

XVII

INCIDENTS IN THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

AMONG the uncalled-for criticisms of the action of the missionaries was the complaint that they were unsympathetic with the suffering. Thus the *Sun* says, "There was not a word from beginning to end in sympathy with the spirit of brotherhood and mercy and forgiveness which is so large a part of the religion Christ taught to mankind." Another asks the question, "Why have we heard no scathing denunciations by the missionaries of the butcheries and unspeakable outrages by soldiers of the allies? Ordinary newspaper correspondents are unable to keep silent. But the missionaries are reported as seizing the houses and property of unoffending Chinese. Are the missionaries the only men in the world who do not see that these crimes of civilization set back the cause of missions in China for a hundred years?" The simple reply to such intimations is that the questions are asked by those imagining the feelings of the missionaries. The missionaries stood aghast at the appalling evils that accumulated every day which they were helpless to prevent.

Dr. Ament in addition to his care for his own people was steadily involved in the effort to help the neighbors and residents in the near neighborhood, defending them

if possible from the depredations of uncontrolled soldiers, Russian and German, who roved every quarter and pillaged as they chose.

Miss Russell gives us a vivid picture of Dr. Ament going out to rescue the family of a heathen neighbor: "While we were at supper an unknown man rushed in and kneeling at Dr. Ament's feet begged him to go to the large place west of us and save his old mistress, over eighty years old, from the Russian soldiers who were plundering the place. This place had been a notorious Boxer stronghold, having put out posters setting a price on the heads of all foreigners and Christians, even children. This did not deter Dr. Ament when he heard of the old lady deserted by all but two faithful servants, and seizing his stick said to Mr. Stelle and to Mr. J——, a newspaper man, 'If I am not back in an hour, come for me.' We waited and as he did not return the two gentlemen, Miss Sheffield and I went up to the place. Just as we reached the gate, the servant came through bearing the old lady on his back. Dr. Ament had quite a time making the soldiers understand his errand. One of the soldiers pointed his gun at him when he tried to push by with the servant. By motion and patience, Dr. Ament got the soldier to go along with him and pointing to the servant and the old lady with white hair, he made the soldier understand that he was not after money or plunder of any kind. Day after day, often before light and late in the night people were coming from all that region to get him to come to the rescue either of their families or property." These people had no previous connection with the Christians. "Morning by morning groups of women came and asked to be allowed to stay in the courts during the daytime. It was known all about that they would be protected and safe. It was a daily sight to see him dashing out of the court, stick in

hand, to drive out marauders, either foreign, or Chinese in foreign dress, or lawless soldiers. This was true not only of the immediate region (about us), but of other and sometimes distant parts of the city. I remember one day his coming in all worn out from a hand to hand tussle with foreign thieves. The servants had come for him; only women were at home: 'When I jumped on them they were picking over silks and furs knee-deep.'"

The sympathy of the American editor was with the "unoffending Chinese." In the effort to give real help and bring order once more out of the terrible confusion of the early days of reconstruction, no questions were asked as to who was offending or unoffending. Long strings of men and women, who had in their joy aided in destroying the mission compound in June, came back in September bringing the brick they had carried away from walls and houses of the mission.

Miss Russell says: "Large numbers of people outside the church who had suffered came with all sorts of complaints and claims. Many were the requests that he got from the Chinese government for indemnity for property destroyed by the Boxers in the attempt to burn out the foreigners, or as a result of spite and revenge, requests to right wrongs in family or business where the strong had taken advantage of the weak. Often large sums of money were promised if he would do this or allow use of his name or the name of the church." How thoroughly sympathetic Dr. Ament was, even towards the "offending" Chinese in their present perils and melancholy condition was abundantly evident to his immediate neighbors. They paid him the compliment of trusting him with their affairs, assured that he would deal justly by them.

In a letter of Dr. Ament written September 27th, about a month after the occupation of the Mongol Fu

one reads: "I am selling off the bric-à-brac, silks, furs found in the Fu for the benefit of the Christians."

Quoting from a despatch in a Boston paper dated April 25th, we read, "Dr. Ament explains the sale of goods in the Mongol prince's house in which he took up his quarters by saying that those with him were without food and that he sold the goods on the advice of Mr. Conger. Had they not taken possession of the place it would have been destroyed by the Russians. The amount realized by the sale was devoted to the needs of the native Christians."

The same despatch quoting from Mr. Conger says: "There were really no actions on the part of the missionaries there that were not entirely justified. There was no government, no organization. There were houses of men who had been firing on the foreign quarter; their property had been abandoned as a result of a state of war, and it was taken in order to succor hundreds of suffering and destitute Chinese whose lives the original owners had been laboring to destroy. Winter was coming on, measures of some kind were imperative, and the appropriation of property for the ends in view was unquestionably justified. I am prepared to justify the conduct of the American missionaries before the siege, during the siege and after the siege." No warrant or authority could have been stronger and more desirable than that of Mr. Conger. In calm assurance that justice and benevolence alike demanded such action, Mr. Conger, the only one in authority as far as Americans were concerned, bravely assumed great responsibility for which he is fitly to be commended. Dr. Ament acted under this delegated authority.

Regarding the propriety of this sale Dr. Ament states: "At the close of the siege, missionaries, in common with all others in Peking, had to hasten and gather in grain

as they could from various sources, for their own and their people's consumption. As they had no money with which to purchase clothing and other necessaries for themselves it was suggested by the United States minister, Mr. Conger, that the missionaries sell the stuff found on the premises which they occupied. In my own case, having been severely criticized, I would say that the premises we took had been Boxer headquarters. From this place they issued forth to burn our chapel. During the siege I had been appointed chairman of the committee on confiscated goods, and following the orders of Sir Claude MacDonald, I had charge of the auctions at which were sold the porcelain, garments, curios, furniture and odds and ends of things taken from adjoining buildings during the siege. None were taken before the siege. What was done was done under the authority and by the orders of Sir Claude MacDonald, and the proceeds were supposed to be divided among the British marines."

Only the poorer articles were disposed of under the direction of the missionaries, the better articles being reserved to be sold under the direction of a British colonel. As it was by the hard labor of the missionaries that a large amount of stuff had been saved from destruction, and thousands of dollars divided among the British soldiers, such efforts were certainly worthy of commendation.

It has been charged that in the sales at the palace, the stock running low, the missionary sent out his native Christians to loot more garments and bring them in for sale at high prices. The fact is not one looted garment was sold. "The Christians brought in garments they had bought from the soldiers, or from reduced rich families who wished to dispose of their furs for a fair remuneration."

There is reported an interview with Sir Claude Mac-

Donald, which may serve as a final verdict upon these subjects:

"If all looting is wrong, as in theory it is, then they have been to blame: but there are times when the laws of nature assert themselves over the laws of civilization, and this was a case in point.

"You must remember that these men had just endured a long siege, that they had been bereft of everything they possessed and that they had hundreds of men, similarly destitute, who were dependent upon them. What was their position? Had they come to me and said, 'Give us money and food,' I could only have replied in the negative, or, at all events, to the effect that I could not feed their converts, and so they took the law into their own hands. It has been a case of poetical or primitive justice. But, granted that this sort of justice was admissible, I do not admit that the missionaries abused it. I have not heard of a single instance of a missionary looting for any purpose other than that of feeding themselves and their converts who were dependent on them."

Among the special incidents of the reconstruction period was that respecting the residence of the Viceroy, Tuan Fang. The family residence of this distinguished Viceroy was in Peking, directly behind the American Board Mission, across a narrow street. His people had become acquainted with the foreign residence and with the native Christians. As Viceroy in Shensi, Tuan Fang had become much interested in the English mission in Hsi An Fu, of which Mr. Duncan was the leader. In June Mr. Duncan had been informed by the local telegraph operator of the imperial edict ordering the killing of all foreigners and the confiscation of their property. He saw the Viceroy at once and was assured by the Viceroy that he would do everything possible to save them. Thus it happened that Mr. Duncan was able to lead forty-

on persons over the mountains, and by the Han River to Hankow. No life was lost.

It was reported in Peking in September that a brother of Tuan Fang had been involved in the massacre of many Swedish missionaries in Shansi. The Japanese and Russian soldiers had looted the premises of the Viceroy. Dr. Ament felt at liberty to enter the Fu and to ask for clothing and bedding for his destitute people. Others had taken silks and satins. For our people cotton garments were sufficient. When it was reported to the Viceroy that his home had been despoiled, the soldiers were unknown, but the Christians were near at hand. Mr. Duncan, who at this time was in Peking, acting as an interpreter, received a telegram from the Viceroy asking his aid in the matter of the Christians attacking his home. He thought it a hard return for his attempt to save many lives. Mr. Duncan at once went to see Dr. Sheffield and they to call on Dr. Ament. It appeared that the soldiers had done most of the injury, but they were inaccessible. While Dr. Ament felt that he was in a measure justified, when it turned out that the offending official was only one of the same name, and that this was the family home of the genial Viceroy, it seemed only wise to make what restitution was possible. An estimated share of the loss was made at about five hundred dollars, which was duly returned to the Viceroy. At a later date, the Viceroy held no permanent grudge against the mission or against Dr. Ament. In 1905, when he was about to visit America, as commissioner, Dr. Ament called upon him and urged him to visit the schools and colleges for girls in the United States. This he did and was greatly impressed. When in Boston, at a reception given him, he spoke with noticeable compliment of the good work of the American Board missions and missionaries in China.

Following the withdrawal of the court, the city of Peking was practically without government. The general lawlessness was everywhere manifest, and the city was scoured by robbers and thieves. The common people of the lower orders took this opportunity to recoup themselves for supposed social wrongs. It was done with a liberal hand. Large numbers of persons appealed to the Christians to secure protection from the foreign soldiers. The American and Japanese were held in check, but others roamed at will.

It was at this time reported to our Christians that a government mint on the great street was in danger of attack, and they were implored to give some aid. This was reported to Dr. Ament, and a number of Christians who had secured guns undertook to guard the place. There was the material for a large amount of cash as well as valuable ores at hand. It soon became evident that the making of cash was a function of government which could not be assumed. The policing of the east side of the city was now in the hands of the Germans. Dr. Sheffield and Dr. Ament went to the German commander and reported the find. When it was fully explained, and he was told of the amount of material, he replied, "Well, we will look after it." He assumed control from that time.

As regards the settling of the indemnities in the villages, Dr. Ament went in person, without any military escort, saw the village elders and the magistrates, collected the amounts and distributed as best he could. He won great favor with the people for his kindly energy and helpfulness. He carefully examined, prevented fraudulent claims, and carried personal grudges and other such affairs to a happy issue.

He won great favor with the Chinese officials. Mr. Stelle reports a signal instance of Dr. Ament's wisdom

and skill in aiding the Chinese officials, even such as did not care to aid the Christians. The German expeditions went far afield to make demands upon the officials. Once they got as far as Kalgan, during which trip one of the higher German officers was asphyxiated at a wayside inn by coal gas, the night being very cold. A German force appeared at the city of Shun Yi and made a demand upon the district official for an enormous amount, threatening to burn the town. Dr. Ament was present collecting indemnity for the church property, settling up losses of our Board and also aiding the Christians to secure their indemnities. Mr. Stelle says :

"Local collections were by far the best plan and the Chinese government, represented by Li Hung Chang, strongly desired it, and followed that method as far as they could. They would have paid all indemnities locally if it had not been that the Roman Catholic claims were so exorbitant, running into millions, that the Chinese could not arrange further with them, preferring to have the claims settled through the foreign ministers in joint consultation. In that way greater fairness was secured, for in the wider representation all the allied nations were present, some being checks to others. The money collected by Dr. Ament as indemnity was in our chapel. There was the fullest good feeling on the part of the official and the people towards Dr. Ament and the church. Suddenly the Germans appeared. Their soldiers guarded all the gates of the city. German soldiers lined up on the main street at regular intervals, their guns with fixed bayonets. As the officers dismounted their orderlies secured the nearest grain for the horses. It happened to be a Fair Day. Business was in full process. Many had come from the neighboring villages for trade. Bags of grain were dumped on the ground for the German horses and the grain was trampled under foot. The Ger-

man colonel and an interpreter went to the yamen and demanded three thousand taels. In the streets there was a line of carts conveying the silver they had secured elsewhere. All the market towns for some distance to the east, wherever there were pawn-shops, had been stripped. The official in fright sent at once to Dr. Ament. At this juncture, the official's fine mule was led off. At the yamen, he endeavored to secure a compromise. He told the Germans that the magistrate had only been there a month,—for he was a newly arrived official whom Dr. Ament had known in Peking,—and that he could not possibly secure three thousand taels. Then they mentioned two thousand. This also was beyond reach. One thousand and five hundred were mentioned. Dr. Ament said he would consult the official. The official was frightened and dared not by bringing silver through the street show where the silver was. Finally Dr. Ament went to our chapel and had five hundred taels sent over to the yamen. The Germans said, 'Not enough.' After much conversation a merchant brought in a package of seventy or more taels. The Germans saw that they were not likely to get much, and as they had fed their horses and the day was still 'young,' they decided to go forward. Thus the pawn-shops of Shun Yi were not looted. The city was saved thousands of taels. Very naturally the gentry felt most kindly towards Dr. Ament and our church. Banners were sent to Dr. Ament from this city, inscribed with the names of the leading citizens. And only last year representatives from that city thanked Dr. Ament for his friendly aid."

Dr. Ament was as brave as he was wise in the settling of the church affairs. In the affairs in the region south of Peking at Cho Chou and elsewhere his success was in the nature of a triumph. The French soldiers had stolen a march upon their competitors in starting south from

Peking towards Pao Ting and Cheng Ting Fu. They made exorbitant demands of officials and villagers. Dr. Ament was in one of the villages southeast of Cho Chou when a body of French soldiers appeared threatening to burn the village unless they received sufficient funds from the head men. The villages appealed to Dr. Ament, who went alone to French headquarters. He insisted that they deal fairly by the people. The French were belligerent and threatened to shoot him if he insisted on interfering. Brave as he was he was helpless on this occasion.

One of the most interesting of the incidents of this period was in Dr. Ament's relation to the city of Cho Chou where for twenty years he had gone in and out and knew the gentry and the leading men of the region as well as the officials.

Miss Russell explains this more in detail: "The magistrate who called upon him, as has been mentioned, was an old friend. The presence of the exacting soldiery had thrown him into a state of nervous prostration. Dr. Ament saw the gentry of the town and advised them to bring in food and grain that the French and the Germans demanded and to help their official as much as they could. The official was not alone in his gratitude. The very gentry and people who as Boxers had threatened and destroyed were now in haste to make every amend possible. The people showed their appreciation by offering one of the finest places in the heart of the city for his future work."

The prestige secured in Cho Chou went before him so that in the regions far to the south, the limit of his parishes, the officials and the head men of the villages, former Boxers, were among the first to welcome him, hoping to secure his aid in preventing the coming of the soldiery, and ready to listen to his requests for indemnity for the wrongs they had done. He writes, "I simply had

a splendid time. Officials and people are grateful for everything and the affairs of the church are amicably settled."

Early in February just before the Chinese year closed Dr. Ament made a third visit to Cho Chou. He was accompanied by two English gentlemen, one a student in the legation. They were witnesses of one of the striking incidents of this period. The New York *Tribune* of the 6th of February has the following press despatch:

"London, February 6th. A despatch from Peking to the *Morning Post* says that Count von Waldersee has ordered the release of the Rev. Mr. Ament."

Of this incident Miss Russell writes: "It was in this city (Cho Chou), while helping to straighten out things that Dr. Ament was arrested by the French officers in charge. The French officer searched the chapel and put all there under arrest. Dr. Ament writes of this very briefly, 'It is a long story and I am too tired to tick it off. Suffice it to say, it was all a blunder or sinful lying on the part of the Jesuit priest and there was not the shadow of a shade of a reason for gathering me in. One of the Chang boys was staying on the premises and was wanted on the serious charge of extorting money, which was not sustained at his trial. Our claims for indemnity had long been settled and I was there to dedicate the chapel and to marry the poor boy whom the French had condemned to five years of imprisonment, just to save their face and to make the people think they had a case.'

"Dr. Ament always felt that the enmity of the French was stirred up by a Frenchman living at the time at Tientsin. In the dress of a Catholic priest accompanied by soldiers, or Chinese dressed as foreign soldiers, he was making demands for large sums of money. Dr. Ament reported him to the officials and also to the French Legation at Peking. In revenge the man made a great deal

of trouble reporting that the Protestant Christians were taking revenge by looting."

The following story is a full reply to the charge that the missionaries were only satisfied with "more heads." "A noted Boxer was caught and brought to him to be handed over to the Germans. This man had killed eleven members of one family of Christians. For a day and a night he was bound in a side room while the pastor was trying to see what was best to do. The German general had sent word that he would try and punish all Boxer leaders. Much to the displeasure of the men who caught him, Dr. Ament told him that if he would pay enough to support a young widow and a little child, all that was left of the large family, he would spare him. This the man agreed to do and the money was brought the next day. Regarding the payment of indemnities, it early became evident that foreign governments would bear no part in insisting that China pay indemnities for the losses of her own subjects. And yet if restitution of some sort was not demanded, it would be difficult for the native Christians to return to their places and live in peace, since the people, if not punished, would feel that after all China had in some way gotten ahead of the Occidentals."

One may close the incidents of this settlement and reconstruction by quoting once more from Dr. Ament as reported in the New York *Tribune* of March 30, 1901.

"There seemed very little hope of native Christians receiving anything through the instrumentality of their officials, nor did the foreign powers think they were called upon to provide indemnity for these. All the survivors of the churches were reduced to absolute poverty. They were harmless, inoffensive people who had no feuds with their neighbors and had not intruded their religion on any one. This at least was true of the Prot-

estant Christians. If a missionary, by means of his personal influence and by the assistance of the local official who might be friendly to him, could bring the neighbors of his persecuted people to see the error of their ways, and persuade them to contribute money for the rebuilding of destroyed houses and for the support of the survivors of the families, I think he was justified in so doing."

"Arise and go forth from the house of your care
To the sweep and the sweet and the swing of the air,
The glow of the hills and the mist of the vales
And the velvet bloom leading us down to the dales."
—*Anon.*

We admire the man who embodies victorious efforts, the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life.

—*T. R.*

XVIII

A MISSIONARY FURLOUGH

ON the 11th of February Dr. Ament had written, "My plans are indefinite, scheming to get home as soon as possible." The long stress of the siege and the constant labor in settling the affairs of the church made it most desirable that he should have some respite from the arduous tasks thrown upon him. The attacks upon him in the newspapers at home made it all the more desirable that he should return, and give a personal account of himself and especially of his recent work in Peking. It was with a real zest that he found it possible to start for home early in April. Among the many pleasures of the homeward journey was the presence of the American minister to China, Major Conger, with whom he had endured the perils of the siege and had received the thrills of rescue and escape. In a letter to his wife, just as they were approaching the California coast, Dr. Ament writes enthusiastically, "The Congers are full of kindness. Everybody has been kind, and so sorry that I have been abused in the newspapers. I can stand anything, if my friends who know me stand by me. I saw Twain's second article at Honolulu. There is nothing which a few words of explanation cannot answer."

The relations of Mr. Conger to the missionaries were of the most cordial kind. The intimacies of the terrible siege had brought them into the closest sympathy. The character of the native Christians won from Mr. Conger the highest praise. His wise and sympathetic, not to say Christian, judgment could not but admire the enduring constancy of the natives who bore the brunt of labor during the siege. The high praise over good work done in raising the standards of character through Christian effort which Mr. Denby and Mr. Conger have given is most important testimony. In her charming "Letters from Peking," Mrs. Conger has emphasized her own and her husband's interest in mission work and workers. In a letter of December 31, 1900, she writes: "I must tell you of a beautiful and valuable gift presented to Mr. Conger by the Protestant Christian Chinese in gratitude for what he had done for them. On the 24th, foreign representatives of different missions came with many of their native Christians, who were bearing an elegant tablet, resting on a large catafalque and sheltered by canopies of embroidered satin. This catafalque was carried upon large red poles by many men. The beautiful tablet came bearing respect and gratitude to Mr. Conger for the sympathy he had shown and the help he had given them. One of the Chinese pastors made some very bright, pointed, and feeling remarks in presenting this tablet. It is a beautiful thing in itself and the thought most beautiful that manifested it."

On the arrival of Mr. Conger and Dr. Ament at Kobe in Japan the attacks upon Dr. Ament had become widely known. The Kobe *Herald* secured an interview with Mr. Conger upon the subject. He expressed his judgment, already quoted, in the most emphatic way, a single sentence of which may here suffice. "There were really no actions on the part of the missionaries there that

OWOSSO CHURCH, 1898
WHERE AMENT MADE FAREWELL
ADDRESS

WILLIAM SCOTT AMENT,
1898

MRS. EMILY HAMMOND AMENT
AGE 75

MRS. WILLIAM S. AMENT

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were not entirely justified when the circumstances were known."

From Japan Dr. Otis Cary writes:

After the siege of Peking, Dr. Ament was with me for two or three days. Among other things, I remember that while at times he would joke about the criticisms that had been made on his course in providing afterwards for the needs of the Christians, he would at other times show that he had been deeply hurt by them. One day when the word "loot" had been laughingly used of something in his possession, he said, "Here, look at me, and see how I came out of this business. I had lost most all my clothes. This hat that I am wearing was given me by Mr. ———, this coat by Mr. ———, and the trousers came from Mr. ———. I could not have got out of the country decently if it had not been for my friends."

He had with him two Chinese, one a pastor and the other, I think, was a teacher in one of the mission schools. We were impressed with the care he took that they should see all they could in the short time at their disposal. Kyoto at that time had almost the only electric railway in Japan and they were especially interested in that. At a meeting in one of the churches the pastor spoke in Chinese and Dr. Ament translated this into English, and a Japanese then interpreted it into Japanese for the benefit of the audience.

Dr. Ament arrived from China April 25, 1901. He joined his wife, son and aged mother at Owosso, his home from childhood. He was received most enthusiastically by his old friends, especially proud of his record during the Boxer siege and its consequent labors. The recent controversy regarding him only served to enhance the widely extended interest in him personally. It is scarcely true in our blessed American land that a man is not without honor except in his own country. Our American prophets have accumulated honor among their own, and especially when they deserve the highest praise for good deeds well done. It was a rare pleasure to Dr. Ament to receive so signal a reception in his own home.

Dr. Ament soon hastened eastward to report to the mission board at Boston, where he had a most hearty welcome and an assurance that the mission board understood fully the conditions of affairs in Peking and the occasion for the fierce attacks upon his discretion and honor, by those wholly ignorant of the facts in the case, or unnecessarily determined to cast suspicion on mission workers in North China. From Boston Dr. Ament went to New Haven, to account for himself to the Dwight Place Congregational Church which had adopted him early in the year as its missionary. An annual letter as well as others will show how delightful such a relationship can become when rightly formed. The first of these letters was written in the early spring, a month before starting for the United States.

Peking, China, March 4, 1901.

Rev. W. W. Leete, *New Haven, Conn.*

Dear Dr. Leete:—In a letter dated January 5th, just received from Dr. Judson Smith, I am informed that I have been adopted as the missionary of the Dwight Place Congregational Church of New Haven. I well recall my visit with your church at the annual meeting of the American Board in 1897. There was a fine congregation in the morning. I enjoyed the service from beginning to end. The Sunday-school impressed me as prosperous and ably conducted. I count it to be a great privilege to be selected as your representative on the foreign field and assure you I shall do my best to merit your constant interest and intelligent support.

As you well know missions in Peking have been passing through a maelstrom of trial and sorrow during the last few months. Two hundred and fifty of my people were barbarously butchered, and all our churches and other buildings have been burned to the ground. The stories our survivors tell would melt a heart of stone. Old women were chopped in pieces and the fragments thrown to the dogs. Little children were tossed up on spears or sliced, being held by one foot. Even yet all our refugees have not returned, having fled as far as a thousand miles to the north. Such was the centrifugal

force of this great uprising. We are living in the residence of a broken down Mongol prince, who evidently thought he might retrieve his fortunes by assisting in the destruction of the Christian church, although we have been neighbors for twenty years and so far as I know there has been no trouble. We now use his temple for the worship of ancestors as our place of worship, and it is crowded every Sunday with an audience of 250 people. Last Sabbath we had the pleasure of receiving eighteen people on probation. The way seems opening for a large advance all along the line.

I think we have a right to look for large results in the near future. The uprising was but very partially due to opposition to the missionary work and its teachings. Many correspondents and military officers came to North China with their minds fully made up that we were the authors of all the trouble and have been very reluctant to give up this idea, but I think the tide is turning now and soon messages of a different tenure will come from this region. Misunderstandings have been cleared up and some have been free to say that they have been mistaken. All we ask from any one is fair play and an honest spirit of investigation. This we have not had, as too many opinions were formed without reference to the real sources of information.

At present I am glad to be able to report that our work is moving on finely. Helpers are in the country and preaching is going on nearly as formerly. I trust our church will be a cleaner, purer and more progressive church than ever before and that from the ashes of her persecutions she will rise into a higher life. I think we can see the red streaks of the dawn of a better day for the church in the celestial empire. I hope to make a brief visit to the United States and will doubtless be in New England in the month of May.

Trusting that you and your church will be richly favored with spiritual blessings, I remain

Yours fraternally,

W. S. A.

It was natural that Dr. Ament should visit New Haven as early as possible after his arrival and a brief visit to his personal friends in Michigan.

The New Haven *Journal and Courier* of May 9th gives the

announcement of Dr. Ament's arrival and a notice of his appointment to speak that evening in the following terms: "Rev. Dr. Ament, the missionary, whose part in recent events in China has been so widely discussed in this country, will deliver to-night at Dwight Place Church his first address in this country since his arrival from China. Dr. Ament has arrived in Boston and will reach New Haven to-day. Dr. Ament was an important leader during the trying days of the siege and was actively engaged in re-establishing the work as far as possible at Peking. He is considered one of the most excellent missionaries of the American Board, and deserves the hearty confidence and sympathy of God's people." The New York *Tribune* of May 10th publishes a special despatch from New Haven summarizing this address:

"New Haven, Conn., May 9th. The Rev. Dr. W. S. Ament addressed an audience to-night on the missionary situation in China and on the criticisms which have been directed against him by Mark Twain and others. He vigorously defended the missionaries in their actions after the uprisings had subsided, particularly in relation to the indemnities collected by them to make up for the losses incurred by the native Christians under his protection. Dr. Ament emphatically denied that the missionaries and himself had misused their powers to collect indemnity, as alleged. As to the much criticized collection of one-third extra, Dr. Ament said: 'When we came to distribute to the people about the districts, we collected the indemnity due the native Christians, and added with the approval of Li Hung Chang an extra one-third for the benefit of the widows and orphans who had lost no property, *having none for which indemnity could be collected.*' This step was upheld by every one in Peking at the time."

The New Haven papers, the *Palladium* and the *Journal*

and Courier of the same date, give summaries of this address. "Despite the bad weather a fair-sized audience gathered to hear Rev. Dr. Ament tell of his recent experiences during the siege of Peking. Dr. Ament did not specifically consider the charges of Mr. Clemens. Rather he confined himself to a general review of the Boxer uprising, its cause, progress and results, and gave a lively and interesting running story of the events in the legations from day to day during the siege and thereafter. The question of that 'one-third more indemnity' which Mark Twain so vigorously threshed in his second article in the *North American Review* was carefully and lucidly explained by Dr. Ament. According to his statement, this 'one-third more' was not an extra, but was in fact a part of the whole and was to be awarded to those sufferers who, not having sustained the loss of houses burned and property looted, simply because they possessed neither, yet had suffered approximately—in that their husbands, brothers, those who had earned the living on which they depended, had been sacrificed—and therefore this 'extra' so called, had been awarded. All this, too, on the agreement with Li Hung Chang and his appointed assistant. The plan seemed wise and just, the only remedy, in fact, at that time, and it was successful in relieving the distress. We were ten thousand miles away and in ignorance of the discussion going on here, and we did the best we could with our light."

The cordial reception which he received from the Dwight Place Church lifted a perceptible load from Dr. Ament. The intelligence and the appreciation of the work in North China shown by his listeners gave him the assurance that his wearying work was well understood. Such cordiality and growing interest served to modify almost from the first the effect on him of the caustic criticisms of those who had attacked him.

From the time of Dr. Ament's arrival in the East he was kept very busy making addresses to audiences large and small eager to hear at first hand the story, still so thrilling, of the siege and its concomitants. Among the earliest of these addresses was one given in New York at a banquet in honor of the Honorable E. H. Conger, United States Minister to China, by the American Asiatic Association. This association of merchants and old China hands who had special interests in trade or diplomacy was organized in 1896 to facilitate the development of China in commercial and all other beneficial ways. Many of the great merchants of New York, as well as the great benefactors, were members of the association. The presence of Mr. Conger afforded an opportunity for exploiting Chinese affairs such as they were always desirous of using as wisely as possible.

Through Dr. C. C. Creegan, the local secretary of the American Board, an invitation was extended to Dr. Ament. The banquet was spread at Delmonico's and was a very elaborate affair. Some four hundred of the principal bankers and business men of the city were honored with an invitation to meet Mr. Conger.

Subsequent to the imposing banquet, Mr. Conger was presented to the association and made an admirable address. He was heard most cordially. At the close of his address he spoke a few words of the highest appreciation of the services rendered by a missionary in North China, especially referring to the heroic services of Dr. Ament. Dr. Ament, who had a seat of honor next to Minister Conger, was then called upon to speak. When he arose, every man there sprang to his feet and the cheering lasted a long time. Coming as this reception did from the leading business men of New York City, it was felt to be a wonderful tribute to Dr. Ament and a fitting rebuke to his critics. Dr. Ament made an address which was re-

ceived with great enthusiasm. One would like to quote from each of these significant addresses. Those who are especially interested will find them duly recorded in full in the journal of the American Asiatic Association in the bound volume for 1901. Immediately following the New York address was one in Boston, given before the Twentieth Century Club, the members of which were equally interested in hearing at first hand the story of the recent events in China. Here as elsewhere the address was received with real appreciation. It was such receptions as these which made it possible to drop henceforth any reference to the controversy as regarded himself and his methods, and to devote his whole energy to the finer work of explaining the growth of the Christian Church in China which had been able to exhibit so nobly and signally its firmly grounded faith, which neither blood, nor fire, nor death could shake or destroy. The noble army of China martyrs is to stand as the rich ensample for those who, for Christ's sake, may still be called to suffering and sacrifice.

Among the subsequent addresses of Dr. Ament none was perhaps more noticeable than that delivered before the great International Christian Endeavor Society, held at Toronto in the summer of this year. Dr. Ament had been an ardent endeavorer in China, and had been elected a trustee for China of the World's Christian Endeavor Union. When he was presented to the great audience at Toronto, more than three thousand filling the auditorium, he was greeted most enthusiastically with the famous Christian Endeavor salute. His address under the spell of such a reception was among the best he had ever delivered. The months of the summer and autumn were spent at the West in visiting the churches and telling the story of the great siege and the result of the planting of the Christian faith in China. Most of the Western

states hold their Congregational Association of churches in the early autumn. Dr. Ament attended many of these in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas. He was received with very deep interest and acceptance and returned from the long circular trip with an ardent sense of the great fellowship of churches, and the warmth and heartiness of their appreciation and welcome.

Early in October, the annual meeting of the American Board was held at Hartford, Conn. There was a very large attendance of corporate and honorary members. On the evening assigned to the China missions, Dr. Ament was the principal missionary speaker. His presence and the assurance that he would speak at this meeting had been fully announced. The audience which greeted his appearance on the platform was a very fine one, for the good people of Hartford seemed willing to give their own response to the criticisms of their citizen, Mr. Clemens. It may have been true that the crowd of three thousand which packed the opera house were expecting to hear a passionate defense of himself, and perhaps an attack upon his accuser. The whole audience was of one mind in greeting with enthusiasm the heroic and now widely known missionary. His address, as reported in the Hartford papers, was a signal one. Not a word of reprisal or of self-vindication. His theme was the redemption of China. During the hour allotted him he poured himself out in an account of mission work in China, presented with all his ardent belief that henceforth Christianity was to be the influence that would make itself a permanent and profound impression, the environment that must mould and guide the progress and the uplift of the Middle Kingdom.

The comment of the Hartford *Courant*, the following morning, showed how completely this address disarmed criticism in the very home of Mr. Clemens. In fact it

aroused fresh interest in mission work and won for Dr. Ament a greatly increased circle of friends and admirers. There was a kind of magnanimity illustrated which could but assure for him new appreciation and friendships.

Oberlin, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1901.

DEAR DR. & MRS. LEETE:

I am glad to say we are comfortably settled in Oberlin and greatly enjoy our opportunities here. The Messiah is to be rendered soon and will be the event of the season. We claim for Oberlin the best conservatory of music outside of Boston. I go to Michigan and Illinois for brief visits, and then go to New York and Brooklyn to spend the month of February. I expect to address the Manhattan Association, Wednesday, January 29th. The spirit of the churches in the West, Nebraska, Kansas and other states is delightfully warm and the religious note is high. I feel buoyed up by the association with dear brethren in these places. I get good news from my colleagues in China. Our chapels are full of inquirers and all the work seems moving along. The death of Li Hung Chang will work for good. His successor is in earnest for reform and is willing to sacrifice to attain that end.

Yours fraternally,

W. S. AMENT.

Oberlin, Dec. 24, 1901.

TO MISS SCHIRMER:

I suppose no one can tell how many hundred miles I have travelled since I saw you last. I have been east and west, in the middle states. Now I am with my dear family for a brief season. January 12th, I start for St. Louis for a week and on January 26th I begin a campaign in New Jersey, Brooklyn and New York. I speak in Dr. Hillis's church, Dr. Cadman's and many others. I have worked hard during the last seven months, but as the people have been so sympathetic and friendly I have not felt the burdens, so true it is that love lightens labor. We find Oberlin a very pleasant home. The atmosphere is intellectual, music is in the air and the moral tone is high. Every one is busy. We find hardly time to call on a few old friends. Good news from China. People are flocking to the chapels and the country is settling down to a better growth

than before. We hope to go back to China some time in the late spring. May you have a joyous and delightful time recalling the Christ Child.

Oberlin, Dec. 31, 1901.

TO THE SAME:

We are a happy family. Christmas in our home, good health, and under our own roof. What more can people want in this world's things? Thank you for your generous gift. I must visit several places in Brooklyn and can stay in no place long. It will be a busy five weeks which I shall spend in and around New York, then comes the preparation and the flit for China. Mother and the boy must be left, and our hearts nearly rent in twain, but the problem is clearer now than it was two months ago. Mother is more cheerful and will go back to Owosso, and be among old friends and sights. She will then be happy. Good-bye, dearly beloved friend of so many years. I am some like the Chinese and cling to old friends.

Oberlin, Ohio, March 21, 1902.

DEAR DR. LEETE:

Our date for sailing from San Francisco is fixed at May 9th. I am just rested up from a very hard campaign in New York which drew heavily on my physical resources. Mrs. Ament goes on Monday to Michigan to attend the meeting of the state branch of which she is president. Early in April I go to our old home in Michigan, Owosso, and reinstate my mother, where she will not be quite so homesick as she has been here. Although eighty-four years old in May, mother is in good health and I see no reason why she may not be here waiting for us at the end of our next term of service. My boy, now in the academy at Oberlin, with Miss Wyett, Mrs. Ament's aunt, will hold the house together at Oberlin. The calls are loud and imperative from China. Full chapels are reported and work is opening on every side. What is to become of the old empire no one can prophesy. Nothing but truth can satisfy them and the poor bewildered people know not where to turn. We want to be on the frontier where the battle is hottest and do our share to turn the current of affairs in the right direction.

In a certain sense we are jumping into the dark in going

back just now. The place where the station resides at present belongs to the Chinese government and must be given up in October. The Board has advanced $10,000 on indemnity account but our new house cannot be put up and made ready for us for residence before next year. I am glad to return to China with the clear conviction that the tide of interest in world-wide work is rising and that our churches are working as never before in harmony with the teachings of Christ. Some divergence from traditional observances and teachings do not indicate any loosening of the tie that binds to the Personality of the Master.

Yours,
W. S. A.

It is only sober truth and no fanciful conceit, to say that men and women still are called upon to the help of the Master, to share His burden for the world.

—*Henry Kingman.*

XIX

RENEWALS AT PEKING

LEAVING San Francisco May 14th the travellers arrived at Peking four weeks later, after a very propitious journey. Great changes were in process on their arrival. The commission appointed to consider claims and indemnities had assembled. In the assurance that indemnities would be duly paid the missions were hastening to begin rebuilding. Mr. Stelle, formerly of Dr. Gilbert Reid's mission, had permanently joined our mission and was rendering invaluable aid in reëstablishing the mission in its old quarters. Several successive enlargements had been secured before 1900 carrying a line of premises directly through to the front street. During Dr. Ament's absence all the remaining courts and buildings on the east and west had been secured. These additions were made at an expense of about $10,000. It thus became possible to have a gateway front on Teng Shih K'ou and an open expanse within to the rear. It seemed advisable to form a general plan for the reconstruction. The accompanying photograph shows the new entrance, over the fine gateway of which is carved in Chinese characters the name of the mission—Kung Li Hui—the Congregational Mission. The new buildings on the street were the Front Chapel, on the left the book room of the American Bible Society. At

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the present time the Bible Society have greatly enlarged their plans. They will have separate premises and erect an admirable and expensive Bible house upon the fine macadamized Teng Shih K'ou, a daily thoroughfare for officials and others passing from the Ha Ta Street to the west and the imperial city. The photograph shows in the deep vista the new church building, an edifice of excellent architectural design, capable of holding 1,100 people. The plan of reconstruction included on the west of the church all the buildings of the Bridgman Academy and the Union College for Women, and the Angell Memorial Bible Training School, with residence houses on either side of the open space in the centre.

The summer of 1902 was devoted to these rebuilding efforts. The care of the rebuilding fell in large measure to Mr. Stelle. One of the residences on the east side was built by the Yale Mission for the temporary residence of Mr. Thurston. On selecting Hunan for the Yale centre this residence reverted, according to agreement, to the American Board. It is now occupied by Dr. Young. The buildings for the Bridgman School were under the care of Miss Porter, transferred from Shantung to the care of the schools. The photographs will show the pleasant house for the ladies; the new Union College buildings comprising a two story recitation room, with court in front and rear, on the latter of which the dormitory faces. Behind and north of these are kitchen and dining-rooms with laundry and other necessary rooms. More recently other buildings completing the immediate need for the Woman's College and the Angell Memorial have been erected. Dr. Ament's house was placed on the east side of the transept of the church. On that side also there has now been erected from the gift of the Tank fund a prayer hall, for the lesser social gatherings of the church.

Peking, June 28, 1902.

Dear Dr. Smith :

We reached our field on June 14th, and find ourselves now after some hard work fairly settled. I think without doubt there will be large opportunity in the future for association on friendly terms with the gentry and officials of the neighborhood. We have more friends than formerly and more officials in office call on us than ever dreamed of coming three years ago. As soon as I can, I hope to visit all our people, see their homes, hear their stories, and try to get into living relations with them. (This evidently refers to the immediate neighborhood Chinese and not to the native Christians alone.) After that I will write my impressions of the state of the church and our hopes of progress. They have been put to a severe test which would try the virtue of those longer in the Christian life. It is a matter for gratitude that we are back in the old haunts and whatever the conditions we shall plan for the largest growth and upbuilding of the kingdom.

In accordance with this plan Dr. Ament visited the country churches in the districts of Liang Hsiang and Cho Chou. The building of his house and the renewed care of the station, as well as the long summer, made it difficult to spend much time in touring. In October the station had the peculiar joy of leaving the Mongol palace and of returning to the original home of the station. For two years they had occupied the princely palace. The large east room in the palace had served for all the religious services. In the spacious courts, Dr. Ament had met the delegations from the villages and from the native Christians who needed his advice and help. But it was good to be located once more in the old compound, despite the lingering dust and débris of building, and the utter absence of shrub or tree. It had changed entirely, no one knowing the exact location of former house or spot, since the transformations were complete, and in returning they came to new scenes. Alas, that "the pastures green," the grand trees of other days, and the

lovely flowers were gone. But these by care and culture could be renewed, while the quarters for work were far more complete and healthful than the narrow court ways and mildewing alleys of former days. For the mission as for the station, all was practically new, except the rescued lives of the greatly depleted Christian communities. The report of the Peking station for 1900 gave as its number of communicants 811. The report for the year ending 1901 showed a membership of only 425. Two hundred and fifty had been killed by the Boxers. It was an indication of the terrible outcome of the Boxer days, and yet full of hope, since so large a nucleus remained for the regathering of the church. In October Dr. and Mrs. Ament visited all the stations south of Peking. Miss Russell accompanied them. The railroad had been repaired and extended, so that they could travel with rapidity and ease to Cho Chou, and thence diverge to the stations southeast from this large city. This railway passes through three of the out-stations, Lu Kou Ch'iao, newly opened, Liang Hsiang city, and Cho Chou. The southern limit of Dr. Ament's field adjoined the great Roman Catholic centres of Jen Chiu and Hsien Hsien. In many of the villages there was a movement away from the Catholic church, because of the extortions which accompanied the settlement of the indemnities by their assessors. There arose in consequence a determined jealousy and hostility to the Protestant advance, which was a source of much trouble. Despite this untoward influence, there were found clear signs of progress.

Peking, Nov. 20, 1902.

To Miss Schirmer:

Peking is quite a different city from what it was two years ago. Foreigners abound and many foreign stores have been put up. Legation Street quite reminds one of a European city. Streets are paved and uniformed policemen are seen.

My Mary is in good health and a tremendous help in our work because she has good command of the language.

Have you heard of the death of Miss Wyett in Oberlin? She died in Oberlin, September 7th, having had a distressing illness of not very long duration. My mother is there now and seems quite contented to stay in Oberlin, after her summer at Owosso. My niece is in Oberlin College and my nephew has graduated from the mining college and has a good position in Butte, Montana.

Many tourists are visiting Peking and I have been hoping that you would drop down on us. You would find Peking a curious old city and you would want to give it a good look over.

I wish you could see my pleasant study. Your books adorn my new shelves, here are my scales for weighing silver, and my typewriter is my well beloved friend. A large imperial felt is on the floor. It would be an event of a lifetime to visit this worn-out old city. May best blessings follow you in all things and the smiles of our Father be on you.

Late in the year of his return we find him writing to his aged mother.

Peking, Dec. 21, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

It is Sunday evening, and Mary has gone to a meeting of American soldiers. I am left alone and the sensation is rare and interesting. I do not think I can improve my time better than by writing to my beloved mother. The New Year is approaching. It hardly seems like winter as the weather has been so unusually warm for this time of the year. To-morrow the Emperor goes to worship at the Temple of Heaven and to report to high heaven his doings for the year and to crave grace for the year to come. His cavalcade will be long and imposing, and, as he will take so much time in crossing the railroad, all trains must be stopped for the day. We are glad that Emperors do not go out every day. To-day the Presbyterian church was dedicated. It will seat about five hundred people and is very convenient. It will be a glad day for us when our new church is ready. As yet we have no idea when the money will arrive for that purpose.

I was in the country three days last week. I went to my old stamping ground, Pu An Tun, in the Liang Hsiang district. The people were glad to see me as I had not visited them since my return last June. This little church had been badly harried by Boxers and Catholics and some had fallen away. But they are all coming back and sorry to find that they had been so weak. A temple had been turned over to us in place of a chapel that had been pulled down. I have made arrangements with the old priest to care for him as long as he lives and after that the land is to come to the church. We needed the priest's room for the boys' school, otherwise I do not think I could have brought myself to have urged the old priest to get out. He will find a comfortable room in another temple.

I have some dizziness, which somehow seems to be associated with my stomach, though I do not see how. I am getting old and do not rest up from hard work as I used to. I must take things a little easier. I do not think any one can say that I have been lazy since I returned.

The annual report of the mission, 1903, records that Dr. and Mrs. Ament visited the country stations in March and April of the current year. It is from a southern station on this tour that Mrs. Ament writes the following letter:

Nan Meng, March 28, 1903.

My dear Mother:

This is the fourth day in the country. We spent a night at Cho Chou, one at P'ing Ting, and yesterday reached here. Everywhere are signs of life and growth. At this moment William is planning for some new boys to come to the primary school here from near villages. They are to bring as much grain as they would eat at home, and the church here is to provide the running expenses, while the Board helps on teacher's salary. The old helper here (Mr. Hung, for a long time one of Dr. Blodget's most efficient workers) is dead and preparations for his funeral are in progress. A great shed has been erected. Loads of grain stalks and piles of coal balls are stacked up to prepare the funeral meats; earthen bowls are piled up with pork. Dozens of fowls have been killed. Baskets of salt vegetables and countless cabbages are in readi-

ness. Yards of white cotton cloth are torn in strips for girdles or sewed into head-dresses for the men and women, as all guests wear mourning for a while. All who come bring either money or its equivalent and eggs and grain have been flowing in. The great day is Tuesday, the day of the burial. One hundred families have been invited. I presume between two and three hundred persons will be here. Helper Hung had been living here several years and his son was pastor here five years till the troubles, when he disappeared. It is thought that he fled to Mongolia, and there was a rumor that he was seen a year ago at *Uliasitai*, way off in Ili, in the far northwest; that he believed his family to be killed and was not coming back. He was a good faithful man, but timid and was frightened nearly out of his wits by the Boxers at this place two years ago. It is hard to believe that all these things happened here in this region, for all seems quiet now. A crowd has just come out of the chapel. It seems that a man working here on the funeral preparations was arrested last night as one of a nest of gamblers near. There was a great racket, and for a few minutes we thought there was a fire. He was coming away from here and the officers thought he was escaping by means of our gate, but William got him released and hence the crowd came with the man to thank William. About sixty-five attended the service. A number of women brought in eggs,—nice brown shelled. I wish I could fry some for you.

Monday.—It rains slowly. The mourners are dressed in coarse white clothing, for the feast begins to-day and continues four days. I hope to see a lot of women during this time. Otherwise we should go on. We have a coal stove in our room made of bricks and plaster and set into a wooden frame. It keeps my room quite comfortable. I mean with a long coat, fur cape and hat and extra underwear.

Yesterday the oldest son of the pastor, Jui Ming—"Propitious Light"—came in with a grieved expression and said "My aunt calls me a bone." His mother advised him to keep out of his aunt's way for a while. They are pretty thick just now, three wives and one daughter, with seven of the ten grandchildren in these two adjacent courts. No wonder there is occasion for the use of strong language. If the aunt were not a Christian she would probably have called the obstreperous child "a disintegrated bone" which is the final epithet in such cases. To-day William goes to a village near by. I

shall have enough to do here. A man goes to Peking, Wednesday, who will take this letter.

Lovingly yours,

MARY AMENT.

P. S.—I am at home again. The women and boys are coming and going, house cleaning going on in the school court and we will be nice and tidy to begin.

The place seemed full of building materials when I went away, but it is crammed full now and no hope of a clearance for many months. My Sunday-school class of teachers seemed glad to see me. While we were studying the lesson together William brought in three children, three old nurses, a gentleman and a serving man. The old man was one saved after the siege, and was one of the donors of the tablet. The children were his son and grandsons. He has had a wife and three other women, and all are dead. As he ogled the pretty young women in my class, one of whom was unmarried, I soon dismissed them. He repeatedly asked who she was and where she lived, so I soon made an excuse to get them away. I presume he will try to get this young lady for his fifth. He'll find her parents are above that arrangement.

Peking, May 5, 1903.

TO DR. SMITH:

The telegram announcing the granting of our request for sums for the new church and a general enlargement was received with exquisite delight at this station. It is a weekly problem what to do with the people who come to our Sabbath services. Our numbers and strength are growing rapidly. Mrs. Ament and I have recently returned from a long tour in the country. Our out-stations are recovering from the troubles of 1900. We have now more preaching places than before the outbreak. We count up now an even twenty chapels. Our services are carried on more or less regularly. Since last mission meeting our additions have been 130, the largest addition in one year since the station was opened. Our stations are so arranged that now we never are obliged to stop at a Chinese inn. On this trip twelve deacons were ordained in six churches. Men were chosen whose characters are respected by all. Four new schools were started, two of them being half

supported by the native church. Twenty-eight people were baptized. It has been proposed that the young helpers at Cho Chou and Lu Kou Chiao, both graduates of Tung-chow College and Theological Seminary be raised to the pastorate. This is my wish and the general consensus of opinion would warrant this step. But one of the young men is so modest that he underrates his ability, and thinks, also, his church should pay more of his salary than they have any ability to do at the present time. It is a matter for congratulation that any of our helpers has reached the point when he counts it a matter of moment that the local church should be responsible for his support. Some helpers have looked forward with dread to native support as they supposed it would cut them loose from an assured income given by the mission. But Pastor Jen has been so long and so faithfully supported by native contributions that the example is having a good effect.

On our trip we never heard one unpleasant word, and were received most cordially everywhere by officials and people. I am glad to consider myself a friend of the smaller officials whom it is my privilege to meet, and I always find that they are glad to help one with all reasonable requests.

Tung-chow, May 28, 1903.

My dear Mother:

We are in the midst of annual meeting and all are very busy. Mary is here, also people from Kalgan, Pao Ting Fu, Shantung and others. The Chinese had a good meeting and went away in good spirits. The outlook is good for the whole mission. Many new buildings are going up. We in Peking are to have a fine new church building which will seat 1,152 people. Mr. Stelle looks after the work and is very busy. I look after the preachers and have many meetings on my hands. We need more schools. The Chinese want education and know a good school when they see it. I am writing in the college building which is so constructed that it gets all the sun in winter and none in summer. We had fine meetings among ourselves and I think the Holy Spirit is in our midst.

I believe China is going to be converted and great things will take place before long. I hope you will pray hard for us out here. We have so many things to contend against and so much in ourselves. I want to be more loving in my relations with my brethren and want more holiness. I used to think I

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could tell when you were praying for me. I think great good came to me through your prayers. I hope you will pray much for our boy Will. His father and mother are so far away; he needs special help.

Miss Porter is just reading the report of the Bridgman School. I wish you could see what a splendid school it is. I think the women of the United States would be pleased to support such a school if they knew what it was. We greatly enjoy being at Tung-chow, where the air is so pure and where there is a little grass. If you wait a few years we shall have as fine a college campus as there is in China.

It is pleasant to record here that Dr. Ament's admirable colleague, Mr. Stelle, had found a mate for himself in Miss Elizabeth Sheffield of the Bridgman School. Wedding bells were heard at Tung-chow on the 10th of June, 1903. A cheerful company of a hundred guests, including Minister Conger, Mrs. Conger and Miss Campbell, and the United States Consul-General Ragsdale, with others, gathered at the house of Dr. Sheffield. Gifts from the Empress Dowager had preceded the company and her representative, the Duchess Te, was present to witness a Christian wedding service, accompanied by her aunt and attendants. General Ma Yu Kun and other Tung-chow officials presented gifts and greetings. It was a happy event and the station welcomed Mrs. Stelle, realizing what it had gained in strength and unity by the coming of these into the ranks of the married workers of the station.

It will be fitting in this connection to recall the great influence of Mrs. Conger, whose social prestige and wise thoughtfulness as well as humanitarian impulses opened the way for the acquaintance and the entrance of the missionary influence upon this wider circle. The readers of Mrs. Conger's charming "Letters from Peking" will find recorded there the fuller accounts of the beginnings of that influence.

On the return of the court from its exile an audience was given the foreign ambassadors when the ministers were received in the forbidden city for the first time. On the 1st of February, 1902, the ladies of the diplomatic corps were received in like manner, Mrs. Conger being the dean among them. After a second such reception which was more intimate and womanly in its courtesies, Mrs. Conger decided to return the compliment in a simple way acceptable to Her Majesty. The court princesses were accordingly invited to tiffin. All the ladies of the American Legation and army post were invited to assist and one lady from each American Mission to assist as interpreters and entertainers. Mrs. Conger writes: "My missionary assistants were most proficient." At Mrs. Conger's tiffin at the American Legation, December 26, 1903, a fine photograph was taken of the court princesses. In his more recent volume, "Court Life in Peking," Dr. Headland presents a photograph of one of the receptions at the American Legation, in which each of the missionary ladies acting as interpreters appears. Mrs. Ament and Miss Porter are of that number.

The visiting princesses were naturally drawn a little nearer those with whom they must speak than to others. Thus it came about in a natural way that the social barriers to acquaintance or intimacy were dissolved. We should interpret this as one of the ways of that interior working of the Spirit of God of which we so often speak. Hearts of stone become hearts of flesh. Mrs. Stelle had been one of Mrs. Conger's assistants and interpreters, and the Empress on learning of her coming wedding had appointed Madam Te to attend. Madam Te herself, as the hostess for two years of the Tung-chow station at the Chao Kung Palace, had naturally a special interest in Miss Sheffield and her career.

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon
And afternoon and night,—Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.
—*E. R. Sill.*

XX

COUNTRY TOURING AND ACTIVE MISSION WORK

AN account of a country tour taken by Dr. and Mrs. Ament in the month of July, 1903, in a letter to the New Haven Church :

Peking, Aug. 18, 1903.

DEAR FRIENDS :

It is always an experiment to travel abroad in the months of July and August. It is then we expect our heaviest storms and worst roads. So it was with some reluctance that we set out upon this trip which seemed sufficiently urgent to justify the effort. Last summer I had gone alone and had met with very heavy rain-storms which, however, would not impede an old traveller lightly equipped. This year we were quite a company, Mrs. Ament, cook and boy.

The food-box was packed, our soldier's cot folded into small compass and on July 2d we took the noon train for our ride of twenty-five miles to the city of Liang Hsiang, our first station. Here we left the railroad and hired three carts for about thirty cents each to take us to Pu An Tun, a village six miles distant.

We have here a school with eight boys. The preacher is a simple-minded man from the province of Shantung who has little to commend him but a warm heart and a good character. As so many of our preachers were killed we were obliged to use what material we could. But the choice of this man has been justified by the character of his work. On Sabbath the chapel was filled to overflowing with sixty-five people and more stand-

ing about the windows. Four persons were baptized and five taken on probation. The new teacher for the school was secured so that the preacher can give his whole time to visiting other villages. This village had just passed through the triple scourge of smallpox, scarlet fever and dysentery. The son of one of our young and well beloved deacons was taken away as well as many others. In a neighboring village ninety deaths of children were reported from these causes.

On our way to the next station we stopped at the door of the Lin family, whose clan is so large that it comprises nearly all the people in the village of Pei Lao. Into this family was married a young woman from Pu An Tun, the mother choosing the acres of the Lin family, instead of a humble Christian home. But the difficulties began to appear. She married into the youngest generation of the Lins, and hence all other members of the family are superior to her, though some are inferior in age. It thus became her duty to yield preference to them all, and at New Year's time to knock her head to every member of the family three times in succession, making in all about three hundred times. The mother now regrets that the daughter does not have the freedom of a Christian home.

Cho Chou.—Our next objective was this city where we have a large working plant. We stopped but a few days, the heat was oppressive, the people busy. We held two or three successful evening meetings and held our prayer-meeting on the little grass plat in the rear lot. Here the preacher, a well-trained man, the Bible woman, and the school-teacher, together with a warm-hearted deacon, make a force equal to the work in hand.

From here, in hired carts we proceeded to P'ing T'ing, a market town fifteen miles southwest. We hoped to dedicate the chapel, but found the work not quite finished, so that was deferred to the next visit. The whole town was interested in the dedication and the leading merchants had contributed money proposing to put up a fine tablet to commemorate the occasion. The Bible woman and the Bridgman School young woman who was assisting had done good work, as was seen in the crowd of children who could repeat parts from the catechism and other Christian books. The Sabbath was a notable day. Never before had we had here so comfortable a room in which to meet, and never were so many present. The husbands of two of the women had been killed by the Boxers in

1900, and now as loyal wives they wanted to walk in the same way their husbands had walked in. One man and three women were received to membership. The man was a younger son in a large family and was in terror lest his father should know of the step taken. He was finally persuaded to make a full breast of the whole matter and the older brother came to see this one taken into the church, and seemed much pleased to be there. In our fine new premises in this place, we need a school for boys and hope soon to see one started. We suffered greatly from the heat in this place, the chapel being situated just in the centre of the village and odors were numerous and fresh breezes few.

From P'ing T'ing to the next chapel is a hard ride of twenty miles. Here is the market town of Nan Meng. The helper, Deacon Yiu of Cho Chou, was in a good state of mind, anxious to work and cheerful at the prospects before the church. They had moved from their rented property and occupied the new premises recently purchased. Here we have reason to expect that we shall have a property adequate to all the demands as the work expands.

The next morning as early as possible to avoid the heat, we set out for the little city of Pao Ting,—same name as that of the capital of the province—where a new chapel, never before opened, was in process of completion. Helper Fan was here and with his young wife had taken hold of things with great enthusiasm. This is a new place so far as Christian work is concerned, and it may be some time before we can report much progress. It takes time to get acquainted with the people and to secure their confidence so as to warrant a genuine listening to one's message.

Mrs. Ament met many women here and had some very interesting interviews. At one she was warning them against gambling. One old lady remarked: "Well, what can we do? Our eyes are poor and we cannot learn to read. We used to spin but the foreign yarn has come in and we can buy cheaper than we can spin. So our occupation is gone. We have nothing to do but to play cards." There is much truth in what the old lady said. China is going to the wall commercially. Her tea is degenerating, her cotton costs more than foreign yarn, hardly anything is left for her. The weather was so hot that Mrs. Ament decided to remain at Pao Ting while I visited the remaining places. It was also decided that the remainder of

our trip should be by boat as there is direct connection with Tientsin by the Ta Ching—Great Bright—River. By the kindly intervention of a Mohammedan friend a boat was hired and it was on hand for our departure, Monday A. M., July 20th.

I went first to the Fan Chia village and viewed the new chapel which was approaching completion. As usual the deacon who was superintending the work had gone beyond all appropriations and wanted more money. As the church-members, including the deacon, had spent the whole summer in voluntary work, and had done very well in contributing work and material, it seemed best to add to the previous sum granted.

Near by in a temple was the boys' school which had been started by the magistrate of Pao Ting, and was now in full operation with eighteen boys and young men, six of whom were from Christian families. The prefect of Peking had told the local official that there was to be no distinction between applicants whether Christian or not.

The return was made to Fan Chia Chuang and Mrs. Ament felt strong enough to attend the service where all were most pleased to see her. The unusual sight was seen in a Christian chapel of the students of a Chinese school and their instructors sitting in quietness and order during the service. The magistrate has confiscated a Boxer temple in the next village to the one in which our new chapel is located, and the best of relations exists between them and the church people. Six boys from Christian families are in the school, and the whole school is an example of harmonious relations between the church and the village people. This is as it should be, and we hope to cultivate the same in other places.

Monday morning, July 20th, found us safely established on a houseboat bound for Tientsin. Tuesday evening we reached Peking. On Saturday of the same week, Mrs. Ament set out for Pei Tai Ho, the seaside resort for tired people. A conference was held at this place August 18th–30th. Through the liberality of Mr. Tewksbury, we were requested to invite some of our native helpers to go at his expense and hold a sort of summer school. This has now been in session several days and is proving eminently helpful and inspiring. About sixty men are in attendance from five missions and seem to enjoy their mutual association very much. This week Saturday we all return to Peking and soon will be in the full tide of autumn work.

Peking, Oct. 9, 1903.

MY DEAR SON:

Your mother has been so busy this week that I do not think she has written her usual letter to her beloved son. So, as she is in Tung-chow looking after our grates, I seize the opportunity to write you a few words. We are anxious to hear from you, how you reached home after Saginaw and how you found grandma and how you are starting in the high school.

I went yesterday to Fang Shan to take over a chapel which the London Mission is transferring to us. It is a beautiful place at the foot of the hills, pure air and fine scenery. There are only a few Christians who have been greatly discouraged since the troubles. On my way back I called on the official at Liang Hsiang and he treated me royally. I remained to dinner with him and the other officers. He gave to our Christian village immunity from military taxes, a great privilege, and let off a man whom he was going to punish for a small offense. I was so pleased with him that I took off the revolver and belt I had on and gave them to him. He also was greatly pleased with the present and sent me home in his cart, and in the morning sent a finely caparisoned horse for me to ride. He says he will send his son to our school. We are waiting for Dr. and Mrs. Devins to arrive. You know Mrs. D. is your mother's aunt from New York, and Dr. D. is the editor of the New York *Observer*, one of the oldest religious journals in the United States, and one of the best.

Our new church is rising rapidly and begins to look like a church. It will certainly be the finest building in the city. We have just had our house papered, and it makes a great improvement. If we get in our grates and our curtains up, we shall feel as if the great work of getting settled in a new house was about done.

Reference has already been made to the building of a house for the Yale Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston had occupied it since their arrival in the autumn of 1902. During the summer Mr. Thurston had gone to Central China to consider the invitation of the Hankow missionaries to select Chang Sha as the centre for the Yale University Mission. On returning through Shanghai, Mr.

Thurston had consulted with physicians regarding the state of his health. The following letter from Mrs. Ament explains the result:

Peking, Oct. 27, 1903.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

The Thurstons heard from the doctor they consulted in Shanghai that Mr. Thurston has tuberculosis and must return to America at once. Their goods were mostly packed to go to Hunan, and now they must open boxes, sell the bulky things and repack. Mr. Thurston's strength is small and the weather getting cold. They had got to the point where they must break up housekeeping, so I invited them over. They are occupying our room, as we have to go through the southeast room to get to our much loved balcony.

Friday William and I went to the southern city. Had a long ride in the sun which cured my cold, but overheated William who was on his wheel. I was in a jinricksha. So Saturday he complained of headache but was about as usual and attending to the usual things. Saturday night, Aunt Lottie and Dr. Devins went to visit the Methodist Episcopal Mission to stay a day, then to the Presbyterian Mission, and so home to us. Saturday night as William was sitting by the register in an overcoat, complaining of heat and cold by turns, in came Mr. Wilder to preach for him the next day. I did all I could for William, as he tossed on the balcony cot with fever. Next day Dr. Cochrane saw him. He has been coming twice a day. It was a clear case of sunstroke, from which he is recovering, and if he has a good night to-night may get up to-morrow for a little. I have had the boys stay and keep pounding ice for his head. Have given him everything myself, as it is critical. Now Mr. Stelle has come back and relieves the situation as contractors and others were coming to me, and I had to write notes for them and translate for the architects.

Peking, Nov. 28, 1903.

TO THE SAME:

William ran down to Tientsin yesterday to lecture under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., to audiences of Christian and non-Christian men in the Kiang Su Guild Hall, a building seating about four hundred.

Sunday, 4 P. M.—William's coming ended my writing, for there were so many things to talk about. As the Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai announced that he would be at home to receive guests on Saturday, in honor of the Empress Dowager's birthday, William, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Gailey went to the yamen and saw the Viceroy, whom William describes as a very ordinary-looking man. Theatricals were in progress all the time. The little change did William good. He had perhaps two hundred out to hear his lectures, thoughtful students, most of them. Some six hundred attended the evening lectures which were of a more popular character, with stereopticon pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hinman are with us now, in the interests of the Christian Endeavor, and he spoke to their societies and to our church this morning. I knew Mrs. Hinman's mother years ago, as a child may know an older student, and am enjoying her daughter's strength of character. I think their trip among the churches may do good, though it hinders their study of the language. They have some Fuchow colloquial and a little Southern Mandarin which helps them here, though William interpreted for them.

Love to all,

MARY P. AMENT.

Peking, Feb. 7, 1904.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

It was splendid to get so long a letter from you on Christmas. Don't make hard work of writing to us but just put down a sentence or two to let us know you remember us far-away children. It has been a busy week. Oh, but the dust is blowing hard, and my house is hopelessly dirty and the air so dry that my hands are cracking in many places.

Final examinations to-day in the Bridgman School and Mrs. Sheffield and Mr. Wilder, the committee, are up from Tung-chow, and hard at work hearing them. After prayer-meeting I am to help decorate the chapel and friends have bestowed upon us eight pots of beautiful flowers. Greens are here from Tung-chow and the legation has sent flags. The flowers are dwarf peaches, double pear, jessamine and peony trees all in the prettiest stage of bud and bloom. Miss Chapin's geraniums have grown rank and will help to make a bank of green, so we shall have a cheerful chapel. We have got an appropriation for our boys' school and the brick are coming in,

as it is cheaper to buy them before the New Year. Soon a line of old buildings will be pulled down and the lumber laid aside, the bricks sorted into piles, the dirt also saved to mix with the lime when building. It will be nice when the era of building is over, and we can settle down to straight work.

Sir Robert Hart says he thinks the Russians will back down at the last moment. News of the first battle came yesterday. Japan sank a small Russian cruiser.

Yours ever,

MARY.

Peking, Feb. 16, 1904.

TO HIS MOTHER:

This is Chinese New Year's Day and people are coming to make calls. First come the servants on the place and then some of the church-members. They present their red cards, say a few pleasant words and are gone. Soon the deacons of the church will be here and the preachers and colporteurs. After that the schoolboys will appear in their clean clothes.

We had a fine watch-meeting last night. Over a hundred were present, the chapel was warm and pleasant and all took hold to make the meeting a success. Dr. Atwood was here and told us something about Shansi and the resurrection of the church there. Some of the young men prepared a special song or so for the occasion and twelve o'clock arrived almost before we were ready for it after our three hours' meeting. The Emperor was on hand at twelve exactly to go to the temple of his ancestors.

Just now some of our best schoolboys came to call. They reflect honor on any school. They were clean and well dressed. One boy said his father and mother wanted him last night to worship the god of wealth but he refused to do so and came to our chapel to escape. A man just called who had been a Boxer, but is now a reputable member of the church.

The war has begun, but it does not seem to affect us in Peking. The ministers of five powers have announced that China is to be kept neutral and no other will be allowed to violate her territory. I have subscribed for Reuter's telegrams and expect to keep as well posted as possible. Dr. Morrison of the London *Times* thinks that great things are to take place in China and this war is to be the beginning of a new empire. If Japan is victorious, China will fall into line with modern

ideas and railroads and all modern improvements will be introduced. Whether this dream is realized remains to be seen. I have little hope for China except in the wide spread of the Christian religion. There must be new men before there can be a new China. I am glad you keep as well as you do and think you will carry out my plan for you to live many years.

Peking, Feb. 17, 1904.

Dear Dr. Leete:

The new conditions entailed by the war now in operation seem to suggest that you might wish for information fresh from the "Storm Centre of the World." Perhaps there is no portion of this planet where opinions are changing and developing so rapidly as in China. A few weeks ago the Chinese were trembling for fear the Russian Bear would place his great paw right down on Peking. Threats had been made to that effect but, as the Russians said, it would be only to help the Chinese in keeping peace within their own boundaries.

Russia expected her plans to succeed. But there was one power which Russia did not seem fully to understand and that was Japan. The Japanese have proved themselves to be superior to all other nations in diplomacy. They have been wonderfully patient and lenient when we consider what they have had to endure. They have been obliged to see Russia absorbing Manchuria, a district conquered by Japan in fair conflict in 1894. They have had to see the mighty fortress of Port Arthur built up almost opposite their own coasts and they know that Port Arthur was theirs by all the laws of right of the world. Not only that, but they had been practically warned that they must expect to see their influence in Korea gradually decline as that of Russia increased. When these matters came up for discussion and decision, Japan had been waiting weeks on weeks, and the whole world was trembling for an answer. At the same time Russia has been pouring her troops and munitions into Manchuria and preparing for a desperate struggle. The fighting blood of Japan was aroused. She could endure the insults no longer. Japan had gained moral victories before the roar of cannon was heard. She has shown patience, wisdom, long-suffering and the spirit of compromise, all to no avail, and the only appeal was to the sword. So Japan struck the first blow and it was a hard one. Russia complains of "treachery," but could Japan quietly sit by and see these tremendous prepa-

rations going on for her destruction? Since the Japanese victories began,—and there has been a series, as you doubtless know—the change in Peking has been most marked. The Chinese breathe more easily, as do we all.

Next Sabbath I expect to baptize ten men and take on many probationers. Our country work is growing finely and the whole field committed to us, which is over a hundred miles south and north, and fifty east and west, is in a healthy condition. I had a station class of ten men, all literary graduates, who have just returned to their homes. They were not all Christian men, but men who wanted to study Christian doctrine, and some of them dismissed their schools in order to come.

We are all in good health and never enjoyed our work more. Crowds come to make New Year's calls.

Best regards to all,

W. S. AMENT.

Each night is followed by its day,
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their songs of joy together.
Then learn, oh, heart, their songs of hope.
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow,
For though the clouds be dark to-day
The sun shall shine to-morrow.
—*T. Edgar Jones.*

XXI

GROWTH OF UNION IN MISSION EFFORT

Peking, April, 1904.

To Dr. Smith:

Mrs. Ament and I have just returned from the most delightful trip we have yet taken in China. Though we were gone a month or more we did not begin to touch most of our stations. We first stopped at Liang Hsiang, a city just this side of Cho Chou and a place we shall long remember, as all our Christians were killed except one old man. Hence this place is the last one at which we have begun rehabilitation. We shall have enlarged premises here and a contract was given for buildings which will accommodate schools, Bible woman and preacher. Calling on the official he said that if we should establish a school where Western knowledge was taught he would be glad to send his son to the school. If he does that, it would mean the support of the gentry and the popularity of the school. Hence we are looking out for the proper man for this important place.

Only a few miles away is the village of Pu An Tun where we have had work for years. We were more than pleased with the fine audiences here, and the presence of inquirers from many villages. In view of our losses in this village from Boxers and other thieves, I succeeded in securing from the magistrate immunity from the taxes for support of soldiers and the necessity of supplying carts for transportation. As the villages here are near the great road, north and south, these calls for carts had been frequent. They were duly grateful for this relief. We were pleased while here to have a call from a village in Cho Chou district for a Christian teacher. For fear the Catholics would force them to start a Catholic school, of their own free will they took the entire funds in hand for a school and depos-

ited it with the preacher in Cho Chou. We try to be patient with those who try to break up our work, and to show the people better results of our Christian teaching.

On the edge of the Wen An plain is the little village of the Fan family. Dr. Blodget gave it his loving care and prayerful interest and if he could look down from his heavenly home he certainly would be pleased to see the fine new chapel now in their possession. On Sunday there was a large gathering of over a hundred people. Near by is the government school started by the local official. The school is about equally divided between Christians and non-Christians. The teacher is very friendly and always brings his boys to service if there is a man to preach. We do not need to locate a distinctly church school so long as the government gives our boys an equal chance with the others. Thus ended our journey so full of blessing to ourselves, and we can trust some light was communicated to others.

The war does not seem to have any deleterious effect upon our work. Victory for the Japanese will doubtless mean much for the development of work in China, if the victory is properly used and not made an excuse for absorbing territory.

The annual reports of the mission, 1904, sum up in brief and compact form the progress of work. During the previous year progress had been made in building. The report is able to speak of a new street chapel, a fine large church in the compound for Sunday services, a boys' schoolroom with dormitory to care for fifty pupils, near the street front of the compound. At the North Church, new buildings, taking the place of the Emily Ament Memorial School, were prepared, and three new chapels were opened in the country villages.

The venerable Dr. Henry Blodget, first of the missionaries to enter upon work in the north, had passed away in February, 1904, forty years after his early entrance into Peking, fifty years since his arrival in China. Fitting services were held in Peking. Impressions and memories of this strong, faithful pastor and friend were

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DORMITORY

DR. AMENT AND SCHOOLBOYS

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brought to mind, his noble character and impressive influence. To those of mature years who remembered Dr. Blodget when they were young his name will be potent and precious and the work he did with such fidelity and love will abide.

The North Church under the direction of Pastor Jen was a joy to the station. The pastor and his wife were working out their own ideas of ways of reaching their neighbors which were having happy results. The little day-school for girls became a boarding-school, and the way was opening for an independent dispensary with an educated native doctor in charge. The Bridgman School was steadily advancing in influence, now under the charge of Miss Miner, Miss Porter being on furlough in the United States. Mrs. Stelle after her marriage had continued the musical instruction and in the second semester took up again kindergarten and normal training. Miss Russell, the devoted pastoress of the native Christians of every sort, having wasted more of her heart than could be endured, had gone on a greatly needed furlough.

The station is able to report an expanding of their work into new and hitherto unexpected quarters. There is an ever widening circle of acquaintances among official and Manchu families of rank. The touch of educational interests becomes a key to the unlocking of many closed doors. One lady of princely family after visiting the Bridgman School remarked, "We ought to have such a school for our daughters. If I lived near at hand I should send my daughters every day."

The social intercourse between the missions and the upper classes was continued most happily. Mrs. Conger entertained Manchu ladies at luncheon, April 16th. Missionary ladies ably helped to entertain these princesses, wives of Manchu officials, and members of their families who

were guests. Mrs. Conger writes, "Without the assistance of the missionary ladies I should be almost helpless in accomplishing what I am trying to do." A permanent outcome of this social expansion was the development of an interest in the education of woman, which has gained increasing impetus in the capital and elsewhere in the empire. It was the joy of the missionaries to make as much as possible of the opportunity before them. Of this Miss Miner writes in her "Appeal": "All the ladies of the imperial court, with the exception of the Empress Dowager and Empress, visit the American Legation. There is not a wife of a high official in Peking who does not seem glad to converse with missionary ladies in Mrs. Conger's drawing-room; many of them visit our girls' schools; a duchess sat with tears rolling down her face listening to the essays of the graduating class, thinking how much richer and fuller were the lives of these educated girls, poor in this world's goods, than her own."

The previous autumn Mrs. Ament mentioned the presence of Rev. G. W. Hinman, acting as the general secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society in China. Of this movement he writes: "The Christian Endeavor Society in the churches of China is giving the Christians something to do and training them to do it." He had previously said: "Dr. Ament in the north and Miss H—— in the south are 'hustlers' for the Christian Endeavor Society, 'Mien Li Hui' as the name is in China." Of this society Dr. Ament himself writes very ardently:

> There is no theme which stirs my blood more than that of Christian Endeavor in China, especially that part of it with which I am acquainted. My judgment is that the Christian Endeavor movement and its principles are to be one of the great forces in the redemption of China. It is adapted to the Chinese modes of thought and when well understood commands their respect. The movement enters into the monotonous life of the people of the Orient and stirs them with the consciousness that Christianity is something which expects constant activity and loyalty

to principles. This idea is put into concrete form by the responsibility laid on each member with regard to the meetings and doing one's duty in the committees.

The departments in Christian Endeavor which most influence our people are the prayer-meeting, first and foremost; then the opportunity for helpfulness in charitable ways, and the development of sociability. Our prayer-meetings have been recreated, and are a wonder to many. To see and hear the naturally immobile Chinese become prompt and brief in prayer-meeting activities is a privilege which, as one has expressed it, he never expected to live to see.

So far as I am aware I had the privilege of being the organizer of the first Christian Endeavor Society in North China in 1888. The first district convention was held at Tientsin, when Dr. Clark made a visit to Peking, in 1900. Nothing gives assurance of the continued life of a small community as the existence of a live Christian Endeavor Society.

As an interesting commentary on the foregoing, it will be well to notice here that the following summer Dr. Ament was elected a trustee of the World's Christian Endeavor Union. The union itself was one of the elements in the rapidly forming sentiment towards a more vital coöperation in effort among Christian workers throughout the world.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor for China issued in January, 1905, a letter of greeting from its general secretary which contained the following pleasing commentary on the reference to the Chinese pastor of whom Dr. Ament has written: "Recently Dr. W. S. Ament sent to Shanghai eight banners and five pennants to be forwarded to Dr. F. E. Clark for use in the 'increase campaign.' These Peking banners were designed by Pastor Jen of the American Board Mission, and are made of blue silk and velvet, being inscribed with the motto 'Wei Chu chih ming'—'THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR CHRIST.'"

為主至命

Five of them are in the form of the three-cornered Manchu banners and are bordered with a conventionalized design of flames to commemorate the sufferings of the Peking Christian Endeavorers in 1900.

Federation in mutual effort had already assumed considerable proportions in North China. It became possible for the American Board, the American Presbyterian and the London Missions to unite in definite plans for all their educational work. These plans have been carried out in a most delightful and effective manner. A Union College of Arts was thus established at Tung-chow; a Union College of Theology established on the Presbyterian premises in Peking, and a Union Medical College for men, provided for by the London Mission in Peking. To these there was added a Union College for Women, the expansion of the former Bridgman School. The Peking University of the American Methodist Mission with its well-established centres could scarce unite with these. But that mission found its way to union through the medical departments, being represented in the faculty of the Lockhart Memorial Medical College, and providing premises of the Union Woman's College of Medicine. In each of these Dr. Ament had special interest and a voice in determining the drift towards union.

The summer of this year (1904) was signalized by still more definite steps towards union, culminating in the conference at Pei Tai Ho, the happy seaside resort which was bringing so many into mutual relations and sympathies. Perhaps few enjoyed the growth towards unity of sentiment and purpose more than Dr. Ament. As he says in a letter to Dr. Leete of September 9th: "I wish I had time to write you of the movements most hopeful and encouraging towards union or federation in China. And especially in North China where we have practically buried the vexed question, What term to use for 'God.'

This certainly shows that the Spirit of Christ is abroad in China." As a matter of fact the Boxer storm had made it all but impossible for the Protestant Church in China to use as its own the Roman Catholic term "Tien Chu." The great influence of Dr. Blodget had for many years guided the mission in the use of this term. Individuals had perhaps changed their estimate. The words Father and Lord had become the manifest substitutes for the former term in the regular public services. And a phrase: "The Lord above" was slowly becoming well acclimated. In an equal measure a term for Spirit was being more widely used, long accepted by our mission. In a paper read before the North China Tract Society, May 27th, Dr. Goodrich has presented this term with great force as the suitable one for the final compromise, leaving the word "Shen" in its own native strength as the true representative in Chinese of the Greek Theos. The Seaside Conference was held on the 24th of August. There were five sessions in all. The Committee on Union appointed in Peking earlier in the year presented four topics. As regards the fourth, the resolution was: "It is the opinion of this conference that the formation of a federation of Protestant Churches in China is feasible and greatly to be desired." The carrying out of this last led directly to the work on that subject for the Centennial Conference three years later, in which Dr. Ament was to take such an active part.

Peking, Sept. 9, 1904.

DEAR DR. LEETE:

I want you to have a copy of our last printed report of the mission meeting which Mrs. Sheffield and I collaborated. Also a printed report of our little Emily Ament Memorial School. Now I am sending you a picture of the ordaining council at Cho Chou and of the new pastor and his deacons. Also a picture of our new church. You can see the bricks have not been cleared away in front.

Next Sunday we have our first meeting in the new church; thirteen people are to be baptized. The light and heating plants are not yet in the church and we do not plan to dedicate till later in the season. Another chapel is to be dedicated in the neighboring city of Liang Hsiang next week. This will be our twentieth chapel now in operation.

The war in Manchuria is awakening the ambition of the Chinese. The success of the Japanese is marvellous. There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. Their accuracy in firing, absolute obedience, untiring energy, and physical condition all go to show that a new force has come in world history which must be accounted with. Their influence is growing in China every day and they practically control the new education. I am glad to say some of the new teachers are Christian men and want to do well by the Chinese. Our station has now two self-supporting churches and two able pastors. There are no better men in China, in or out of the church.

With best regards to Mrs. Leete, and friends in the parish.

Peking, Sept. 27, 1904.

My dear Miss Schirmer:

While our life out here is rather monotonous, we manage to keep very busy and never really keep up with the work. I have taken several trips to the country and spent a month at the seashore with other friends, who had a convention or so on their hands. It is a great boon that we have such a place as Pei Tai Ho, to which we can go in the summer time and escape the heat and smells of Peking, also get a little change and rest from the Chinese who crowd about us in the city. A few plunges in the sea water seem to make us over again and I begin to improve from the first bath. I am in good health, but the anxieties of the last several years have told somewhat on my poor head which seems to lose its grip when the summer heat comes on after a winter of full work.

But with respect to our station we are getting beyond the period of experiments and reaching the place of an assured standing ground. Our buildings are practically all restored and are much better than the old ones. We have finished our beautiful new church which will be dedicated October 8th. We had generous help from friends in building and the money did not all come from indemnity money by a good deal. Mr. Herbert Squires, now United States minister to Cuba, sent us

the goodly sum of $800, and Sir Robert Hart has been a good and helpful friend. Miss Porter and her brother of Chicago have done beautifully by us, and we have a fine church which would cost, in any city of the United States, not less than thirty thousand dollars. It will seat about one thousand people and is well adapted for all purposes.

Mary sends you a copy of her little memorial school which has a warm place in our affections. Churches are springing up all over the regions where I have travelled for twenty-five years, and they look to me as something like a father to them. These relations are very precious to me. I shall be fifty-three years old the 14th day of September, and am one of the so-called "senior missionaries" in Peking. I welcome every gray hair, though I have not many, as it lends influence and proves how long I have worked for them.

The photograph shows the fine proportions of the new church which was dedicated with due ceremony on the 8th of October. It was natural for each to think, as Mrs. Stelle writes, "Our beautiful church is at last finished and is a joy to all who see it." The church was built without drawing upon the funds of the Board through the indemnities of the two churches destroyed and through the kind gifts of friends. The gift of Mr. Squires was in memory of his son Fargo Squires, who had shown himself a brave American lad during the days both before and during the siege. His accidental death a few years later touched many a sympathetic chord. In the tower of the church an American bell calls to all services. It is inscribed to the memory of Dr. Jeremiah Porter with the words:

> "Peace and Good-will, Good-will and Peace,
> Peace and Good-will to all Mankind."

Peking, Dec. 4, 1904.

DEAR DR. LEETE:

It is about a week now since I returned from a long trip to the country, and it is high time I began a letter to you. I returned home to find the new church in good order and services

held regularly with our audiences doubled over those in the old chapel. The acetylene gas plant is installed and gives us a world of trouble. It has gone out and left us in the dark several times, which fact gives rise to many rumors among the Chinese. Our furnace is set up but it will be some time before we get the proper use of it, as a Chinaman will break a machine if there is a way for him to do so.

I cannot express to you my thanks for the splendid gift of books which Mr. Ewing brought from you and your people for me. They are all adapted to my present need and are most acceptable. My library is very limited as yet. I hope you received the report of the mission and of our little memorial school which has been sent to you. The memorial school is connected with the North Church and I have very little to do with it. But it prospers under the fostering care of the native pastor and his very excellent wife. The pastor is just opening a dispensary which is to be operated by a native practitioner who has had some foreign training, and the funds for which the pastor obtained by private subscription. This pastor is quite a genius in his way. He is an artist of rare merit. (His family were all artists and artisans, painting pictures for the Chinese feast days for their trade.) Dr. F. E. Clark said that the pastor's Christian Endeavor banner used at the Denver convention was the most striking and interesting one there, and he wanted one like it. You may have seen the brief account in the *Missionary Herald* of the ordination of our second pastor, in the city of Cho Chou. We have a third pastor in contemplation and only wait for his modesty to mitigate in order to induct him into the office for which he is well fitted. Now as to my trip. In general I may say that forty-three persons were baptized and seven new schools started. I rode on my wheel from village to village and accomplished several hundred miles. I visited eight out-stations that are organized and have a more or less independent existence.

Peking, Dec. 24, 1904.

My dear and only Mother:

This is the day before Christmas, and it has been a rush from morning till this hour, 6 P. M. We had service at eleven this morning with a Christmas tree—you know it is Saturday with us—and gave various gifts to two hundred children. The matter was entirely in the hands of the Chinese and I only

offered prayer on invitation. There were fully 800 people in our new church and we think it has been pretty well inducted into office. After meeting we had a tea-meeting in the front chapel for the men, while the women went to the Bridgman School. After swilling great quantities of tea and eating many cakes we had sports for the boys in our ample spaces in front of our houses. The boys contented themselves with potato and egg races, running round the circle and jumping the hurdles. Mrs. Young, our new doctor's wife, distributed the presents and many boys were made happy. Just now, 6 P. M., Mrs. Young has a little Christmas tree for the children of the servants. It will take twenty-six presents just to satisfy our own family if we take in the gatekeeper and night watchman.

I hope you are still praying for China and our work here. We need all the help we can get in that way. This is a dry and thirsty land and we are few and weak. Well, a happy Christmas to you and a bright, fresh New Year, 1905.

Peking, March 12, 1905.

MY DEAR WILL:

This is to be a mutual letter, father working the typewriter and both father and mother thinking what to say. So if it is somewhat mixed you may know that both father and mother are working in unison. Yesterday we went with Mr. Goodier to the mission of the Russian church in the northeast edge of the city. Mr. Goodier is an Englishman, born in St. Petersburg and speaks French and Russian fluently. Dr. Young and Miss Reynolds were of the party. We took jinrickshas and in half an hour reached the place. The gateway is in a tower which contains a chime of bells and from which we get a fine view of the city. The whole structure is a fac simile of one in Moscow. Opposite this is the bishop's chapel and residence. This building originally belonged to the ninth prince (Cheng), an uncle of the present Emperor. The whole palace was given over to the Russians after the Boxer troubles. Besides this chapel there are two others, being memorials to the martyrs, and it is built over the place where they are buried. About forty people were thrown into the well and drowned. We attended service in the bishop's chapel. It was a curious combination of green and gold, the dragons in gold, and the walls were covered with pictures of saints.

There were about fifty people present, including eleven girls

and fifteen boys. There were two Chinese priests who had charge of the service. They sang Gregorian chants and their voices harmonized very well. Pleasant as these chants were, we think it would be a great deprivation to have no other singing. They are monotonous. The service was partly Russian and partly Chinese, so we got very little that we could understand. We visited the rooms of the monks and saw their refectory. They live very comfortably, but their lives must be dreary. We saw in the compound a little boy from Dalny who is in care of the monks. He wore a peculiar garb and had a gown that came down to his heels. He had a cap which came over his ears. But he was a true boy, and even this ridiculous costume did not prevent him from chasing a dog, running up a tower. He showed that boys are the same the world over. The old monk who had him in charge seemed very fond of him. I thought of Samuel and Eli.

We heard the chime of the bells, and had tea in a monk's cell and drank from tumblers as the Russians usually do. Then we went over to the service. As everybody stands in the Greek service, we also stood. Those who took part in the service varied their posture by bowing but we had to stand still. We did not get home till half-past eight. There were some nuns also. They had made some fine jams for the monks and they gave us some. Your mother said she hoped that we were not robbing them. A monk replied, "No, there is plenty more." What else could they do but make jam? It did not seem as if they could be busy, as they had only eleven little girls in their care, and there were five of them.

Because we were out so late I had to preach this morning with less preparation than usual. Papa preached a sermon on worshipping in spirit and truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him, suggested by the service yesterday, so full of form. Only eighteen women followed your mother into the house to talk with her after Sunday-school. So you can see that when Sunday evening arrives we have a right to call ourselves weary. We are getting lively news from Mukden these days.

Good-night, from your mother and father.

Peking, March 14, 1905.

My dear Dr. Smith:

Our work is forging ahead, so that it is a plethora and not emptiness which makes it difficult to write. We are most

thankful for a year of almost solid health and expanding development. The completion of the new church gives us ample space in Peking, and our fourteen well-equipped chapels outside of Peking, besides the two churches in the city, furnish opportunity for all the strength we have to be usefully expended. I will begin with the most recent things and tell of the latest achievements of our dear native brethren. Cho Chou has become practically the constructive centre of our station and two weeks ago we held there our session of the Peking conference, when sixty delegates were present from our nine organized churches. We represented in that conference a region 120 miles in extent north and south, including the city of Peking and the capitals of the counties with about three thousand villages. As this is the first general conference we had held as a station since the troubles of 1900, they came together with a great deal of interest and helpfulness. The consciousness of church-personality is growing, like that of individuals, and each wanted his church to be recognized as an entity. With that spirit there is growing the spirit of self-help and the desire to be as nearly independent as possible.

The local church entertained this crowd for three days and did it cheerfully. Our premises are ample and we gathered as a company of men and women who had important work to do, and meant to perform it. Pastor Jen Chao Hai was made chairman and myself vice-chairman. Our general topics for discussion for the first day were how to secure self-support, and how to make relations between foreign and native workers more generally useful. Many things were said which it did us good to hear and we realized as never before how near to the native Christian is the success of the church.

Then there came the unanimous conclusion to organize a *Native Home Missionary Society* and undertake as far as possible self-supporting work. The organization was effected by the election of a president, secretary, treasurer, two auditors and a representative from each church of the nine to make an executive committee. They wanted a pastor of their own and elected then and there Helper Wang, of Lu Kou Ch'iao church, to be their pastor at large, to have a salary of fifteen dollars a month, more than he ever had before. He was appointed to dwell in, and was willing to go to our most distant out-station, also our newest, Su Chia Chiao, and will have charge of that large district. The pastor will be ordained in our Peking

church on the 30th, and it will be the biggest occasion we have ever known in Peking. His salary has been already more than provided for the first year, but we hope that at the Home Missionary rally which we shall hold on the occasion of the ordination such a goodly sum shall be gathered in, that other work can be undertaken by the brethren. This is the first time in our history that our native brethren have taken hold of self-support in a way that indicated a real self-sacrificing interest.

In Peking, the first of the Chinese year we held a series of meetings in which we were assisted by Rev. R. R. Gailey, of the Y. M. C. A., Tientsin. Mr. Gailey is large of body and heart and took hold of the people, and the meetings proved to be of peculiar value. The presence of the Spirit was graciously felt and was seen in tearful confessions and repentance. The meetings were continued after Mr. Gailey's departure and now we follow with evening meetings in the outer chapel which are well attended. A daily class is held which is studying Andrew Murray's "Spirit of Christ," a book which breathes the very aroma of the inner life of Christ. To secure the presence of the Spirit some time and work are necessary and one's energies must be bent in that direction. Nothing has paid us better than our quiet times each morning with about ten of our native brethren who come gladly at that time, when most families are eating their breakfasts.

There is no special rush towards Christianity in the Peking field. So far as we have had experience there is no surety of success in evangelistic work, except as some one has put in time and energy in preaching and teaching. There is no path to success except the rugged one. People cannot come in masses except as they have had some instruction individually, hence there can be large ingathering only as there is a large force of workers. If our fund for general work could be increased we might multiply our force of helpers, while leaving the churches to care for their local work.

As to the war, the Japanese seem to be showing admirable judgment and caution. Japan realizes her responsibility as the leader in the Orient and wants to do the best for China and all Asia. The Chinese appreciate the fact of Japanese protection and welcome their presence and help, as is seen in the predominating influence of the Japanese in all educational institutions. Japanese stores abound in comparison with those of any other

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nationality and Japanese wares are found in their shops. Russia is certainly beaten in this war and before this letter reaches you, I venture to predict that negotiations for peace will be in progress. We are all well here. Dr. and Mrs. Young take hold of the language with energy and seem destined to be most valuable workers. It is to be hoped that he can be our representative in the medical college.

Yours cordially,

W. S. AMENT.

Peking, March 16, 1905.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am sending you some pictures. Two are rather dim but you will see that the towers of the Ch'ien Men are not yet finished although the money was long ago granted. The contractors wanted to make a little more out of the dear old country, so they delayed, but I hear it is given to a new set and is to be finished soon. I wish you could see my two rose-bushes in bloom in May. One on each side of the steps. The few green things I have I value much. We were going to make gardens this spring, but now more building stops us. The ladies are building more recitation-rooms and rooms for woman's work.

A Manchu noble brought his boy here to-day to put him in the school, a lad of fourteen. Over sixty are present. I have classes, ten in English, ten in geography and fifteen in Old Testament. I also squeeze in a little time for organ lessons as a number of boys want to learn to play. They are quick to learn.

William is well and having interesting work every morning teaching or reading Murray's "Spirit of Christ" with a class of men. He has charge of the depositary of the Tract Society, with hundreds of accounts to make out to the treasurer. He runs I know not how many colporteurs besides the mission affairs, and preaches every day at the street chapel.

Good-night. Love to all.

MARY.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

—*Emerson.*

XXII

HERALDS OF THE NEW CHINA

IN the spring time of 1905, the Russo-Japanese War was practically at an end, although it held on its way until the treaty of peace was signed at Portsmouth. While it is true that the Boxer year was the pivot upon which great changes turned, it is still more true that the Japanese victories forced the situation rapidly onward. Henceforth a new China was heralded. The officials were convinced. There must be an absolute break with the past, or China would be undone. The growing church in China was eager to meet all the teeming opportunities, and every mission could plan for a wider scope in its efforts. The development of original forces in the native church was the first object of desire. A new national spirit was rising rapidly and the young men in the churches were absorbing the sentiment, "China for the Chinese."

One of the first agencies to make use of this spirit was the Christian Endeavor Society, which held a national convention at Ning Po, May 12th–15th. The Peking societies, the American Board, London Mission and the Epworth League united in sending a costly banner to that convention. The convention was a great success. It was said that never before in the history of Christian missions in China had such a large and representative body of Chinese Christians assembled for prayer, worship

and deliberation on things pertaining to the kingdom. The visit of high Chinese officials called forth great enthusiasm. They paid earnest attention to an address on the "Duty of the Christian to his Emperor and his Country." Three of these officials addressed the audience in words of cordial and unstinted approval of the teachings of Christianity as just explained.

One of the best results of this fine gathering was the coming to consciousness in many marked ways of the native Christians, in the assurance that they were able to take the lead in their own lines of work. To take the initiative, especially in the presence of the foreign teacher and pastor, had not been an easy task for the Chinese.

The annual meeting of the North China Mission was held at Pei Tai Ho, in the summer of 1905. This meeting was, in succession to other meetings, of great worth, alike to the missionaries who assembled there and to the native Christians. On the invitation of Mr. Tewksbury, "a convocation of Christian workers" had come together with a view to uplift for body, mind and spirit. The attendance this year was 115, gathered from the native bodies of workers. The general theme was the "Evangelization of China." Dr. Ament was glad to be present at these meetings and to feel the tender and heart-searching influences which were binding the native and foreign workers together.

The message of this convention was sent out to the native churches by four of the Chinese pastors, who were to carry the good news and to arouse others to like service. The Chinese delegates subscribed for the expenses of the tour. One of those chosen was the Pastor Jen, who did most effective service.

The *Conference on Federation* held the previous year was continued through its Peking committee, of which Dr. Ament was a member. A second conference was

held in Peking, September 28, 1905. There were present delegates from twenty-two missions in China, as well as four bishops of the American and Anglican churches. The questions presented were the same voted upon the previous year. Dr. Ament opened the discussion. A session was devoted to the "Term Question," resulting in a practical agreement upon the suitable terms. More interesting, as related to the coming Centennial Conference, was the discussion of the federation of the churches. The opinion prevailed that a resolution in a definite form should be presented. This resolution was summed up in the final paragraph: "This conference appeals to the executive committee of the general Centenary Conference of 1907 to arrange for the adequate presentation of the subject of federation to that conference."

It is easy to fix an epochal date in September, 1905, as the final turning point of the great changes in China. The treaty of Portsmouth had hastened the pace. On the 28th of this month, the imperial government abandoned the last remnant of cleaving to the ancient scholarship, and proclaimed Occidental scholarship as the essential need of China. Under the quickened enthusiasms of the Viceroy of Chihli, a most elaborate system had been prepared and every district in the province was entering upon a new career.

The capital city began to be wholly renovated by the new forces at work. The two cities of Peking and Tai-Yuan were the only ones graced by the great Kublai with broad ways running from north to south and with connecting cross streets of equal breadth. These were now taking on an Occidental appearance. All the terrible rags of the former days, hucksters' tents, and bazaars were carried off, the broad space filled properly to a level, the streets finely macadamized, with sufficient sidewalk, and latterly lighted with electric lamps, making

a brilliant sight, in lieu of the former utter filth and degradation. Thousands of jinrickshas trundled hither and thither and many equipages of the princely and official class took the place of the green mandarin chair. The people delighted in the prospective changes and were evidently waiting to be led into new and green pastures.

In order to meet the strong popular demand for information, Pastor Jen of the North Chapel began weekly evening meetings for the free discussion of current themes. The interest in such meetings grew rapidly, and in the autumn a similar university extension was established by Dr. Ament in the South Church, meeting every Thursday evening. At these meetings no mention was made of gospel truths. This new movement became very popular, newcomers from many quarters joining in. Students from the newly established government schools, members of the official classes from the palaces, progressive men and women, mingling with the general congregation. The new vogue of newspapers shared in these courses as well. Representatives from them were present and easily induced to take a part. A daily paper in Mandarin was among these, and its editor gave an excellent lecture, speaking frankly of the relation of the Church to the new aims in China. Lectures on electricity were learnedly given by expert Chinese students. The alumni of the Tungchow College, now living in Peking as teachers, medical students and practicing physicians, gave fine lectures, packed with the new learning. Dr. Ament always took advantage of the close of the lectures by skillful questions to draw out discussion of the several topics. The topics eventually covered such themes as astronomy, hygiene, geography, China's trade relations, banking, opium, silk, and cotton.

The ladies of the station made an effort to present the same themes to companies of women. Princesses and

elegant ladies did not hesitate to come to them and ere long to take some part. The foreign homes were thrown open to these ladies who soon showed no scorn in meeting their humbler Chinese sisters on an equality. It reads like a romance to recall the stories, from week to week, of those who assembled to listen. One of these ladies, the sister of Prince Su, married to a Mongol prince, had established a school for Mongol girls and brought them with her to the meetings. The editor of the only Woman's Daily in Peking came often and delivered a few lectures. These lectures were extended to the country stations, lending a fresh interest to many isolated lives.

It is interesting to notice in passing that in consequence of these lectures, there had been a great advance in the sale of literature and of Bibles. During the ensuing months, the woman's report records: "Many windows have been opened for us from which we get new glimpses of Chinese life with its peculiar burdens and pathetic bravery."

All of these matters of increasing interest served the more to make the Sunday services helpful and elevating to the many new listeners. Dr. Ament preached on Sunday in the new church and the congregations were steadily gaining in numbers.

The religious optimism of Dr. Ament found frequent illustration in his dealing with men. He had an unlimited faith in the capacity of the most degraded to be built up into a better life. This is strikingly presented in one of his sermons in English, from the text John xiv. 30. He is speaking of the attitude of Christ towards the sinful with whom He associated. "Christ saw the possibilities in every human life. However low and degraded, He saw in the person a future of endless growth and the hope of a perfect character." "Man was worth

saving and God was magnified in his salvation." "He wanted to restore those godlike attributes in man, with which he was originally endowed, and he wanted to do this through the effect of truth and love, as manifested in His own life."

Mr. Ament's interest and hope in men made it possible for him to persuade men of very different temperaments to work together in harmony. Accepting the Chinese theory of "peace-talking" as a practical force, he often secured the promise of enemies and opponents to act justly, and to meet those opposed to them on common ground, knowing that a word given under such conditions would never be violated. The native custom would hold them. With him it was an art of high diplomacy.

Peking, Sept. 19, 1905.

DEAR DR. LEETE:

I was in the city during June and July and then went to Pei Tai Ho, our little seaside resort on the Gulf of Pei Chihli. I responded wonderfully to the fresh air and felt like a young colt and took my turn with the kid missionaries at baseball.

Now is the time when men of verve and muscle are needed in China. The current is against us. The official tone is a patronizing one and seems to say we will suck your civilization dry and we do not want your religion. In fact that is what Tuan Fang said to me in conversation the other day. He is a neighbor of mine and also one of those appointed by the Empress Dowager to visit foreign countries and make a report on their civilizations. Fortunately he is planning to visit the universities in America and you may see him at New Haven. His interpreter, Mr. Wan, is a very pleasant man and I hope you will seek an interview if they visit your city. I begged the governor to visit the churches as he would see there the foundation of our growth as a nation and not find it in the schools alone. To-day after a long conversation I learn that he was pleased with my frankness and has instructed his brother who is a neighbor to be more friendly than he has been in the past.

Our three native pastors are working well and seem courageous to meet difficulties. One of them quite puts me to shame

by his cheerfulness and resources. He gets fine crowds at his course of lectures, given on all sorts of subjects and delivered by any one whom he can get without reference to religious opinions.

Peking, Jan. 5, 1906.

To his Mother:

I trust the New Year finds you hale and ready for another year of strenuous living. The year begins well for us. The last day of the old year I was in Shun Yi City and baptized six people. I returned New Year's morning and found myself with a genuine cold, but had the strength to go to Tung-chow and lecture to the students last evening for an hour and a half on Russian history. There are many things common between China and Russia which makes the latter history interesting. I brought Miss Browne with me, whose father once preached in your church and you liked him very much. She is a fine young woman. I saw Mr. Wilder at Tung-chow and he told me of his visits with you. One of the first things he said was that you wanted me to come home. I know you want me to come. Your picture hangs over my desk and you have many friends who would be delighted to see you.

Our piano-player furnishes much diversion. It is a great help in all our work. It is in the church, and I play pieces for our audiences of five hundred people. You hardly thought I should reach an altitude like that, did you? I can grind an organ now, or play a piano. Week of prayer begins next Sunday. I trust we shall have a good time and great blessings will follow.

Good-bye. Much love for the New Year and many prayers for the good health and enjoyment of my dear mother.

Peking, Jan. 6, 1906.

Dear Dr. Leete:

The New Year has opened and I trust it has already brought to you and your family many new blessings. Since the bomb throwing our city has settled down to a certain degree, determined to solve its mighty problems which concern a third of the human race.

The commissioners are finally afloat, and you may see one or more in New Haven. Their courage pretty nearly oozed out after the bomb outrage and they saw the dangers of being pro-

gressive. There is no city in the world where ideas are so boiling and seething as in Peking. Schools are springing up on all sides, especially schools for girls. To-day the wife of a Mongol prince brought fifteen girls from her school to see our woman's college. These Mongol girls had ridden about five hundred miles in mule carts to reach Peking. It is the only school for Mongols in the world. The princess is in earnest to train the girls and she and her husband have been persecuted by other Mongols as followers of the hated foreigner. They do not hestitate to say that the Lama form of Buddhism must go as too stupid and useless for human beings to follow. Because of its ideas of celibacy, the prince says this religion has reduced his tribe to one-half of what it was two hundred years ago. The bands of superstition which have held this simple people of the desert are broken and can never be tied again.

In our station our dangers are from our very prosperity. Men are pouring into the church and inquirers are heard from in distant places. But we have no men to send to instruct them and when men are found there is no money. If boys are trained to be preachers it is hard lines to turn them adrift after ten years of study. If our little schools bring us fine bright fellows, it is hard not to have money to send them to college at Tung-chow. If a village is awakened and calls for a preacher it is hard to send them away unsatisfied.

The week of prayer is upon us and yesterday 1,200 people gathered at the first union services in our church. Mr. Wilder of Tung-chow preached the sermon. We hold daily meetings in the daytime with the Chinese and in the evening foreigners meet by themselves. Our native meetings are getting so large that no building can hold them.

Peking, Feb. 15, 1906.

To the Same:

Can you spare any of your flock for service in China? The field is the world and there is no more needy portion of it than this decrepit empire. The craze now in Peking is a sort of university extension, a lecture, with no mention of religion. Dr. Goodrich lectured to-night on astronomy. Last week we had electricity. Next week we may come within gunshot of some moral ideas by a lecture on opium. We make our best report this year—1905—234 received to the church and contributions of all sorts of about $1,200 gold. We num-

ber now just 1,000 members, three ordained pastors, fourteen helpers, ten teachers, a college for men, and one for women, three boarding-schools for girls and seventeen chapels in this station. Last year the Board granted $940 for this work. Was that an extravagant sum?

Peking, Aug. 9, 1906.

DEAR DR. LEETE:

I was very glad to receive your kind letter of May 30th, and regret that I have been so long in replying. But this has been a most exacting summer. Mrs. Ament and I had about two weeks in our little cabin by the sea before she left North China, July 20th. We spent the last night together on a little steamer that was to take her down the coast of China to Shanghai. I went back and spent three weeks in the heat in Peking, and came here three days ago to attend the annual meeting of the Tract Society and to get ready for the conference on union, also for the meeting of the committee on union in education. A senior missionary in China has to serve, perforce, on all committees calling for experience, and labors increase with age, which hardly seems the normal way. My heaviest responsibility is to act as chairman of the conference committee—the Centennial—on Comity and Federation, which will entail a vast correspondence and the preparation of a paper to be read at Shanghai next April.

The preceding letter alludes to the coming Centenary Conference. The committees appointed were selected from the wide range of missionary workers and the chairmen were chosen with great care. The result showed the wisdom of the elaborateness in preparation, the excellence of which was to set the pace, perhaps, for the still wider scope of the Edinburgh Conference in June, 1910. The Shanghai Conference of 1907 was a delegated conference. This was necessitated by the great numbers of workers aggregating, December 31, 1906, 3,833. Of these selected as delegates 122 men and thirty-five women were chosen to form twelve committees.

Among the chairmen of committees, Dr. Ament was

elected to represent the problem of Comity and Federation. Each of the committees had a membership of twenty-five, making a very wide exchange of opinion possible on the important questions selected. The federation scheme in China had felt its way along until it was absorbing the special interest of almost every mission. The shadow of a new responsibility rested upon Dr. Ament in the effort to assimilate the varying sentiments of the missionary body. He was to have the large assistance of many missionaries devoted to the thought of union in effort. At Pei Tai Ho were gathered in an informal way a very large number of ardent workers. It was said that the delegates represented 400 missionaries in North China, with perhaps 300 not represented by delegates. At this meeting the following resolution was carried unanimously: "Resolved, that this conference of delegates representing sixteen missions in North China is unanimously of the opinion that it is desirable to form a federal union of all Christian Churches in North China. The object of the federation shall be to promote everything that will demonstrate the essential unity of the Christian Church."

Pei Tai Ho, Aug. 11, 1906.

MY DEAR SON:

You will have the advantage of me in seeing your mother before I do. I received a letter from her from Kobe, but you will hear all her experiences from her own lips. Take good care of her while she is with you as I shall hope to spend many good years with her yet. She is greatly missed in North China and all are poorer by her absence. It is not often that people are loved as she is. You will love her most of all as she is your best earthly friend. I am living all alone, but it has not palled on me yet as I am busy and my mind is occupied with many things.

I hope you will talk over with your mother what will probably be your life plan, so that we can adjust our plans to yours. This is a day for specialization and it is well to begin early and

do thorough work. Make a good deal of modern languages, as you will surely need every requirement in that line. I should like you to know enough Latin and Greek to be able to know the origin of words and their original meaning. But certainly the general experience is that most people forget all they learn of ancient languages except what gets into the blood and marrow.

Your father,

W. S. A.

Peking, Sept. 28, 1906.

To his Wife:

I have received Edith's card announcing your arrival in Oberlin. I hope you will not be too ambitious now that you are in a free land, and work too hard. Affairs are moving on here finely in all respects. Station class has from thirteen to twenty men four times a day. Miss Russell spends Sunday at the bridge—Lu Kou Ch'iao—and I shall be at Pu An Tun. The following Sunday will be my last before the long tour. Perhaps thirty persons will be baptized. The compound looks fine and our gardener goes on Monday to the British Legation, to be head gardener.

Peking, Dec. 24, 1906.

To the Same:

I went to the Lung Fu Ssu temple fair and bought trinkets for the kids in our compound. I bought cart, dog, stuffed figures, swords, etc. It is a cold day and there are not many at the fair. The schoolboys have an affair on for the evening and we are all invited. To-morrow is a great day and Deacon Liu just told me they had 650 presents. That will exceed anything ever done before. The Christmas tree is in the church and the presents are spread at its base.

After the boys' entertainment they had their outing in the schoolroom. I was afraid the ceiling would give way. The room was crowded.

Tuesday, 3 P. M.—The exercises in the church from ten-thirty to one never went off so well. The Chinese had entire charge of the program. I merely called off. The children never sang better and they behaved like little saints. The Chinese girls had charge of the kindergarten children. Liu Te spoke well and John Fan read the Scriptures. Then came the panto-

mimes. Six men represented different worlds and spoke and sang well. They had borrowed all the old clothes in the compound, I think. Some of mine may be lost in the process of returning. After that came the presents and owing to the good management of Deacon Liu not a child was missed who ought to have a package. After the schools were supplied, the outside children came and there was no confusion.

I went over and invited Tuan Fang's school to come and to my surprise they came in a body, sixty strong, and we gave them reserved seats and the boys a package each, and the teachers a handkerchief and some edibles. Evidently Tuan, the fifth, was pleased as he sent over four boxes of fruit, wanting the boxes back again. This is the family of Tuan Fang, the well known Viceroy, of whom we hear now that he has been displaced by intrigues at the capital. To-night I show the Salvation Army pictures. Miss Russell has a lecture—Yen Shuo—on Saturday and invites all the women.

Tuesday evening, 9 P. M.—The great day is over. The event at Mr. Rockhill's passed off pleasantly, as in other years. Mr. Rockhill was most agreeable. At seven-thirty we had the pictures in the church. The church was packed full and I had the doors shut and we had a fairly quiet time. I talked my throat nearly out, but I hope I have done some good. The North Church were here in good numbers. The Tuan family were well represented by very nice looking children. I have enjoyed the whole day and never spent a pleasanter Christmas. I hope we can have a pleasant year in 1907. I am invited to escort the deputation to Shansi. It will be a busy year. Home Missionary Society comes early in the year, then the deputation, the mission meeting, then Shansi, then my tours. Where will Pei Tai Ho come in? May the New Year bring you many blessings.

December 29, 1906.

MY DEAR MARY:

Doubtless this will be the last letter of the old year. Wen T'ing Liang has been at work on the translation of a hymn—Whiter than Snow. In some way the boys got hold of this for Christmas and sang it very nicely.

Sunday evening Mr. Gordon took dinner with us. English service in the Angell Memorial. It was pleasant and warm. Mr. Meech turned up with the Reverend Chang, a Chinese

preacher from Australia, who spoke on the Good Samaritan. He is to speak to-morrow evening in my house on the opium question. To-morrow he has an interview with Tang Shao Yi on this matter. All opium joints must close in Peking in the next six months. Mr. Chang is a very fine speaker of the English language.

Give me to sleep, give me to wake
Girded and shod, and bid me play
The hero in the coming play.
—*Stevenson.*

XXIII

DEPUTATION, CONFERENCE, AND FEDERATION

Peking, Feb. 16, 1907.

My dear Son:

I have just returned from a feast at the home of Deacon Wan. We had a right rollicking time. The feast was enjoyed by Dr. Barton, and all were in good spirits. We compared Turkish and Chinese jokes and Pastor Jen outdid all in telling good stories. Many of these could not be appreciated unless you understood the Chinese language.

Last evening Dr. Barton lectured on Turkey to a good audience and I interpreted for him. I was surprised to see so many out so early in the year.

Yesterday we returned from Tung-chow, where I spent a most pleasant day. Dr. Ingram and Dwight Chapin have gone up in the woods to shoot monkeys, of which there is a special breed in the Hunting Park where they go. It is strange to find monkeys so far north and where there were none a few years ago. The boys at Tung-chow are in good spirits and Mr. Galt says the spiritual tone is improving as well as the intellectual. Our Peking boys have done better than in previous years and I think we are out of the woods with them.

On Monday, Dr. Barton and I start out for Shansi, spending two nights in Pao Ting Fu and going by rail to within three days of Taiku. Mr. Corbin will meet us at the junction and will bring cook and provisions for the way. This is a great relief to me as I will not have to look after the culinary department. While I am absent my well digging machine will begin work and I shall hope to put down three or four wells this season. I am in hopes the man who runs it will soon be able to buy the whole outfit. The well at our chapel in Cho Chou is a great success and the pastor is happy. We are having the most delightful weather imaginable. It is cold but bracing and the children all have rosy cheeks.

Saturday, 10 P. M.—Just back from a lecture to the soldiers

on Chinese coinage. A good company was present, not many Americans. One American soldier had some Greek coins which he asked me to identify. I begged to be excused. A French soldier had a goodly quantity of old Chinese coins and I helped him out a little. Some Belgian soldiers seemed very bright and thoughtful. I spoke for about an hour and a half and then ran out of ideas. I had my new collection of coins, and they seemed very much interested. The new Y. M. C. A. room is the old Methodist chapel on the steeet. Your mother can tell you the location.

It was especially appropriate that Dr. Ament should visit Shansi as Dr. Barton's interpreter. Many years before he had visited Shansi. In those days it was a long journey, twelve days at least, by cart or litter from Peking. The Chinese inns en route were those of the ordinary Chinese official travellers, and the perils of the trip were enough to make it an arduous task. Those were the days also shortly after the great famine which depleted the province in the most disastrous way, millions having fallen victims to its devastation. A new pathos was to form a part of this second journey, for in this province had occurred the most fearful massacres of many workers who were unable to reach any place of safety, the pitiful victims of the ignorance and the brutal rage of the governor of the province, carrying out with zeal the fierce proclamation of the imperial authorities at the time. In the restoration, Dr. Atwood bravely opened the way in gathering together the scattered fragments of the churches, and brave young spirits from Oberlin were ere long ready to answer the summons, and "follow in their train." Rev. Paul L. Corbin entered the Shansi Mission, believing "that Oberlin should send at least one man to the field where such a goodly number of her sons were called upon for the supreme sacrifice." Mr. and Mrs. Corbin had joined the mission in the autumn of 1906. With them went Miss Flora K. Heebner to

take up work in school and among women which was in the hands of Miss Partridge and Miss Bird, who perished with the martyrs of Taiku in 1900.

Drs. Barton and Ament left Peking by rail on the morning of Monday, February 18th, and spent the night with the station friends at Pao Ting Fu. They left Pao Ting Fu on the forenoon of the 19th, and at noon Mr. Corbin met them at the eastern terminus of the Shansi railway. That afternoon the party rode on the new railway as far as the construction had proceeded. Here they took mule litters and spent three days on the way, reaching at last Taiku, the station of the American Board Mission. Mr. Corbin has himself kindly furnished an account of this visit as far as relates to Dr. Ament.

Immediately upon reaching the Shansi field Dr. Ament began to manifest a keen interest in the work of the mission. On the first Sabbath of his visit he preached a strong sermon in the forenoon and in the evening spoke in a newly opened street chapel in the city. The large audience and close attention in the street chapel greatly pleased him, and he remarked with enthusiasm to the missionary in charge of the station that the latter ought to open the chapel and preach every evening in the week. Also on that Sabbath Dr. Ament read to the little company of missionaries the paper that he, as chairman of the Committee on Comity and Federation, had prepared for the Shanghai Conference.

The next day we left for Fenchow, the other station of the mission, distant fifty-three miles. That afternoon Dr. Ament met with a slight accident. The mule drawing the cart in which he was riding became frightened and ran away. To save himself from being overturned in a deep ditch Dr. Ament leaped from the cart, and in so doing suffered a cut on his hand and wrist, and some bruises on his shoulder. After reaching the inn where we were to spend the night the wound was dressed by Dr. Hemingway, and beyond some lameness for a few days Dr. Ament seemed none the worse for an adventure that might have terminated very seriously. That same evening a delegation of Christians in the town where we were

spending the night came into the inn and asked Dr. Ament to lead their evening prayers. Seeming to forget his injured hand and the weariness from the journey he led their service and gave them most helpful admonition.

Wednesday, February 27th, was spent in the Fenchow station. Dr. Ament spoke to the Chinese Christians both in the morning and afternoon, and in the evening organized a Christian Endeavor Society of fifteen members, enrolling the leaders of the native church. He was very enthusiastic over the outlook for the station, and Dr. I. J. Atwood, then in charge of the work at Fenchow, spoke with deep appreciation, then and later, of the work done by Dr. Ament in his brief visit.

Returning to Taikuhsien on Friday, March 1st, Dr. Ament attended a Chinese feast with Mr. Corbin and Dr. Hemingway in the afternoon, and in the evening preached in the street chapel. The church-members from the out-stations had begun to gather in for a "big meeting," and all were captivated by the earnestness and simplicity of Dr. Ament's message. On Saturday another feast was on the program, in honor of Dr. Barton. Dr. Ament enjoyed meeting some of the leading bankers and business men of the city and district at these banquets, and in Taikuhsien, the most important city commercially in Shansi, the province of bankers, he could hardly help meeting some men who had known him, or had heard him preach, in Peking. Both Saturday and Sunday evenings found him preaching with evident enjoyment in the always crowded street chapel. On one of those evenings he had the hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know," written upon the blackboard, and kept the audience repeating it until even the men and boys from the street could sing it with great gusto.

Sunday morning, March 3d, found the main chapel at Taikuhsien filled, many having been attracted by the notice that Dr. Ament was to preach. He spoke most tenderly from the text, "And the sea is no more." Both he and Dr. Barton rejoiced in seeing sixteen persons baptized and received into the church that day, and Dr. Ament led the communion service following the reception of members. That evening, delegations of church-members called to bid him good-bye, for before dawn of the next morning he and Dr. Barton began their return journey.

Several of Dr. Ament's strongest characteristics were brought out very vividly in this Shansi visit. His earnest and warm-

hearted evangelistic spirit made a deep impression on the native church. The Christians marvelled at his energy, and so fell into a happy mistake when they asked if a full-length portrait of President Roosevelt that hung in Dr. Hemingway's study was not Dr. Ament's likeness. His power to win and hold friends was also brought out on this visit, and several business men whom he met socially while at Taikuhsien long continued to inquire for "Pastor Mei." Though these men are not yet believers their sorrow seemed as genuine as that of the Christians when they heard not long ago that Dr. Ament had "returned to the heavenly home."

To the missionaries visited upon this journey Dr. Ament brought great inspiration. His energy, his uncomplaining endurance of hard travel conditions, his zeal as a preacher, his delight in the little children in our homes, his loving and helpful counsel, all contribute to most fragrant memories of this brave and gentle Christian knight. To think of him is to determine to strive better: his memory is an unfailing inspiration.

The above visit occupied the days until March 6th, when Dr. Ament returned to Peking, leaving Dr. Barton to make a détour during which he visited the Lin Ching and P'ang Chuang stations in the Shantung Province. Dr. Barton returned thence to Peking and visited the Kalgan station between March 19th and 27th, returning once more to Peking.

Peking, March 24, 1907.

DEAR DR. STRONG:

We are just now in Holy Week and holding daily meetings. This week is becoming increasingly precious to the Chinese church. The idea of sacrifice as an expression of love as well as of power is unknown in this eastern world. The Buddhistic idea of sacrifice begins and ends in self and the outcome is merit. This merit will offset the shortcomings of life. The character of Christ as the ideal is gradually looming up before the Chinese mind, though it is hard for them to realize how one has both power to avoid suffering and at the same time endure suffering, as a perfect character, willingly.

The Home Missionary Society of our Peking station is our pride and our joy. They support one native helper, one pastor

and one day-school. Larger societies take no more pleasure in independent work than does this little society in North China, begun and carried on by men and women, hardly one of whom has an income beyond the absolute needs of the family. Of their own initiative they organized a course of study for helpers and lay members of the church and the examinations will be conducted by the native pastors. From the successful ones are to be chosen the future preachers. The interest shown by the body of members, the statesman-like views of the leaders, and their ability to think and to plan all give us great hope for the future of the society. Other stations are establishing like societies and in the course of time these various societies will amalgamate and form a great society for North China.

On the twentieth of this month the Emperor made his first trip to the temple of Confucius to carry out the recent edict of the Empress Dowager, that Confucius should be worshipped as the equal of heaven and earth. It is thought that the elevation of Confucius to this great eminence is to show that he is as high as Christ and that there is nothing in the universe greater than the "perfect teacher, sage and god Confucius." The same rites that have been observed in the worship of heaven are to be observed in the worship of Confucius. The Emperor has also established schools in the native city of Confucius, in Shantung, where only the writings of Confucius are to be studied. The Duke in the seventieth generation from Confucius is now en route to Peking to thank the Emperor in person for this great honour conferred upon his ancestor and upon his native city and the region. A yellow chair is provided for him with bearers and he is given more than regal honor.

The annual meeting of the North China Mission, 1907, was made memorable by the presence of the deputation appointed to visit China. Dr. Barton had already visited each station of the mission, the last being Tientsin, where Professor Moore had joined him. They hastened with others to Tung-chow where as hitherto the annual meeting was held. The meetings began on Saturday, the 6th of April, lasting until the 14th. On Sunday, the 7th, the morning service was devoted to a welcome in Chinese to the deputation, by the native pastor at Tung-chow,

Mr. Kung, and the responses by Drs. Moore and Barton, duly translated. The special interest in this annual meeting, aside from the usual reports which were encouraging and hopeful beyond the common years, centred naturally in the discussions and explanations due to the presence of the deputation. On Thursday the mission was in the committee of the whole, discussing questions raised by the deputation relative to the financial policy of the Board and methods of work, as well as the outlook for the future, and as to the questions of self-support, titles of property, buildings, and conferences with the native church. The vote of the mission expressed in a formal way its estimate of the value of the coming of the deputation.

Aside from the general criticisms which might naturally occur, or suggestions as to the impression which was made upon them by the present aspect of the mission work, the deputation entered into the social and spiritual life of the mission with great interest and in their addresses and personal appeals made a deep impression, as well as upon the Chinese who heard their words through the several interpreters. It was Dr. Ament's part to share largely in interpreting the views of the deputation, especially to the Chinese gatherings at Peking. He shared with the secretary and Dr. Moore in the large outlook for Christian effort and in the freer estimate with which modern thought looks upon the relation of the native peoples to the religion which is brought to them, through the devotion and ardent philanthropy of Christian believers in America and Europe.

From the annual meeting the delegates and the deputation hastened southward to attend the Centenary Missionary Conference, held at Shanghai April 25th–May 8th. One hundred years had passed since Robert Morrison had arrived in Canton.

The time had come at the end of a century to estimate the underlying forces and to make real to the world the splendor of the progress in this unwilling land. The three years spent in elaborate preparation, in the appointment of large committees, in the assignment of the many problems to carefully selected leaders, and in arousing a special interest in the gathering was now to bear rich and abundant fruit. The place was the central point of effective work in China.

The records of this Centenary Conference have been fully published. It will not be necessary to refer to the large problems that were discussed, nor to the world-wide influence of this effective assembly, except so far as they relate to Dr. Ament and the share he was permitted to take in the subject committed to him. Of the eleven large themes assigned for consideration, each occupied much of a single day in the presentation. It was on the ninth day of the conference, Monday, May 6th, that Dr. Ament took the floor to present an abstract of his paper on the subject: "Comity and Federation."

The nineteenth century, especially in the United States, opened with theological strife. The Church was divided into parties which gradually swung off into denominations. Is the twentieth century, in its opening years, to witness a welding of the broken fragments into something like unity? Unity is the goal towards which all events move, social, political, religious. The Hague tribunal is a portent of peace and one of the most significant events of history. Christ came not to found a church but to establish a kingdom. Unity is always a condition of Pentecost—not uniformity, but more than comity. In India the Dutch Reformed and the Free Churches of Scotland have effected a memorable union, with a simple confession of faith in four articles. The Free Church Federation of Great Britain practically covers the country. In Canada, Nova Scotia, New Zealand, Australia, Korea, Japan, as well as India, those formerly opposed to each other are now allied. The Federation Conference in New York in 1905 discovered no

special barrier to the federation of thirty denominations representing fifty million of people. Successful federation in China must be vital, not formal. It must include the Chinese Christians. The longer deferred the more difficult. Different members of the committee have made valuable suggestions towards forming a united council of the Christians of China for considering any and all questions of importance in extending Christ's kingdom. It is felt that principles must not be wrecked by details, but this conference must give fresh impetus to this movement. Integration will imply some sacrifices and concessions which we must be prepared to make.

With this as a preliminary Dr. Ament introduced the series of resolutions accepted by his Committee on Comity and Federation. He spoke of the rising tide of harmony and good feeling. There were significant omissions in the resolutions. The word Protestant was not used. They were gathered as Christians, and not as Protestants, to discuss these resolutions. Members of the Latin and Greek churches who came, Bible in hand and in faith in Jesus Christ, would not be turned away. Nor were the words, non-conformist or dissenter, used. Party names should have no place here. There was no mention of any creed.

Dr. Ament then went on to detail the objects of the resolutions and outline their effect if adopted.

He presented each resolution in order. An amendment to the first resolution suggesting a change in the name was accepted, as follows: "The name shall be The Christian Federation of China."

A strenuous debate followed, Dr. Ament answering questions as to the working of the plans, or explaining the purpose of his committee.

Among those speaking was Bishop Bashford, who considered the resolutions "eminently safe, practical and conservative." The vote was taken at the close of the morning session and the first resolution was passed, less

than a dozen hands showing in opposition. The afternoon session was even more strenuous, as Dr. Ament offered in turn the successive resolutions, accepting or declining amendments as they affected the general tenor of the committee's plan. In the course of the debates a reference was made to Dr. Ament's remarks dealing with the creeds, and the hope was offered that those remarks might be deleted from the reports. In reply Dr. Ament said the remarks represented his own opinion, and as his memory served him he had nothing to withdraw. He had made no reflection on the two great creeds of the Church. After further discussion, Dr. Ament felt the drift of conference and then said: "In the interests of harmony I am willing to withdraw portions of my address which may not be acceptable to the conference." The conference then adopted the resolutions as a whole.

The first and second resolutions give the name and objects proposed.

1. This conference recommends the formation of a federal union under the title, "The China Christian Federation."

2. The objects of this federation are to foster and encourage the sentiment and practice of union, and to work for the ultimate accomplishment of our ideal—a united Christian Church in China.

In view of these resolutions strenuously debated, and carried all but unanimously, we may fittingly quote the local newpapers: "The key-note of the conference has been unity. It has underlaid every series of resolutions, every paper prepared, and hardly an hour has passed without some reference to it. The meeting of such a conference was in itself a triumph of union and nothing can bring home more convincingly to the native Christians the fact that in all essentials the Protestant missions are at one. The Centenary Conference must go down to history

as an epoch-making event. Those who attended the conference from day to day cannot but feel that :

> " There shall come a time when brotherhood shows stronger
> Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world.
> When the bars of creed and speech and race, which sever,
> Shall be fused in one humanity forever."

Of Dr. Ament's personal feelings during the great day of the development of his ardent plans for unity and expansion in Christian effort we have scarce a word from himself, but it is a pleasure to add the estimate of those who were present and able to judge of his bearing and his strength, as well as courtesy, in the long discussion. Of this Dr. C. C. Creegan, at that time district secretary of the American Board in New York, and visiting the missions with Dr. A. N. Hitchcock, district secretary in Chicago, writes as follows :

I want to speak also of the way Dr. Ament bore himself at the great Shanghai Conference. I was with him there ten days. He was ill most of the time, complaining of his head. I wonder if it was not the beginning of the disease which finally caused his death. You will recall that he was chairman of the Committee on Church Federation. When the time came for him to make his report, he delivered an address, twenty minutes in length, I believe, which was one of remarkable power and made a deep impression on all who heard it. This was followed by a discussion which lasted practically all day, and although opinions differed on some of the points which had been presented by your husband, at the conclusion the vote was unanimous. If you could have been present, as I was, and have heard his masterly address, I think you would have felt that he was speaking at his best, out of a ripe experience and from the deepest conviction of his heart as to the needs of China.

Prof. E. C. Moore writes as follows in the *Missionary Herald* for July, 1907 :

There was the freest expression of opinion, and upon matters concerning which the widest differences prevail. But the dominant impression made by the convention was that of the seriousness with which the delegates approached their work. Men stood in awe as they thought of the gravity of the issues which were involved. Never perhaps has the spirit of prayer more truly possessed a deliberative body. And out of the sense of the presence of God there came a charity and kindliness of judgment which in no way hindered earnestness, or even the saving sense of humor, but which brought the convention at the end of every day's debate to the practical unanimity that characterized the conclusions of the conference. The greatness of the problems which these missionaries face, and to some extent the newness of the conditions in which they work, made this conference such an exemplification of the spirit of Christianity as has rarely been seen. In truth out of the discussions of Comity and Federation came resolutions which not only organize for effective coöperation all Protestant bodies now working in China but hold before the workers the ideal of a united church of China.

On the Yang Tse, May 20, 1907.

DEAR DR. LEETE:

I am on the broad bosom of the mighty Yang Tse, en route for Peking after attending the Centenary Conference.

As chairman of the Comity and Federation Committee hours were spent in consultation on resolutions, which were finally accepted by the conference, and federation of the eighty missions in China is about to be achieved.

I am one of a committee of twenty-five to start federation councils in the provinces, and from them to elect a general federation council who will act for the whole missionary body. We thus hope to get closer together and take away the reproach that we are divided. The spirit of the conference was most beautiful to behold and there is no doubt that the power of sectarianism has been broken and there will be in China, in good time, one Christian church. Now if the churches at home can follow this good example there will be hope of a united church in the world and more strength for the spreading of the Gospel. The Anglicans were especially active in promoting everything which looked towards unity in the church and proved themselves most irenic and aggressive in every good thing.

The different Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist and Episcopalian denominations all federated, or united. We English and American Congregationalists had union meetings, but no burning questions were up before us and no organization was effected.

I wish you could take a ride on this majestic river. The volume of water is vast. Islands abound, almost as large as a county at home. Porpoise are found 800 miles up the river. The banks are fairly lined with fishermen and their huts. Mountains line the shore, on which thousands of sheep might be fed. But they are not here. The resources of the river and the land adjoining seem not to be touched. More teeming millions might be supported, if they learned to work together and could trust each other. We have just passed the "Little Orphan" rock, an island, a sharp pinnacle of rock running up sheer from the water, with two temples on it. It must be a lonesome place for the priests who live there. The river here is magnificent, reminding one of the inland sea of Japan. High rocks abound and birds seem to find a home in them.

We are at the borders of two provinces, An Hui and Kiang-si. The latter is one of the worst provinces of the empire, and riots and troubles are of constant occurrence. Mission work has as yet taken small hold of the province. To-night we reach Kiukiang, from whence there is a road to Kuling, a high mountain where missionaries go to escape the summer heat and malaria.

I have felt the strain of the past year, preparing my paper and doing a large correspondence. I expect to get a horse when I get to Peking and see if I cannot better my condition.

"Forget the day that is done, and prepare to make the coming day the best day you ever knew. Expect the new day to be the best day you ever knew and you will do your best to make it so. Meet life as a king and you will be treated as a king; meet life as a weakling and a place for weaklings will be the only place offered you."

XXIV

NEW HOPES FOR SOCIAL AND MORAL UPLIFT IN CHINA

Peking, June 12, 1907.

My dear Mary:

Stelle left this morning for Pei Tai Ho. The best thing is that Pastor Wang and Kao Hsin have come to me and intimated that the former may accept the call to Nan Meng. They have gone now to consult with the other members of the committee. That will lift a burden from my mind. I took dinner last night with several Chinese gentlemen, and their idea is to start a decent newspaper in Peking, and they want Dr. Martin and myself to help. They will have a Christian department as well as scientific, literary, etc. They seemed in earnest and have a good property inside the Ch'i Hua Gate already purchased. Prince Su is sending seven of his sons to Chang Hsi Tung's school and thinks this school is the best in the city. (Dr. Ament was trustee of this school.) Rain has fallen in small quantities, and the great dryness seems to be broken, for which I am devoutly thankful.

Later.—Just back from my first ride on the pony. He proves to have a good gait and I am well satisfied with that. Now if he can add some meat to his ribs and hold his head up and put on a smart appearance, I shall feel that I have made a good bargain.

June 18th.—Have had a most delightful and unusual day. Wang Chao, one of the exiled reformers of 1898, invited me to dine with Shen Ta Jen, an officer of the Agriculture and Commercial Office, at the latter's office. He is a rich man as well as an official. He has refused office for years, but came at the order of Tsai Chen, and is making a success of it. He has six fine sons, and one of them came to the feast, as fine a specimen of an intelligent, modest man, as I ever saw. His ability is shown in his beating Wang Chao at chess.

The feast surpassed any I ever saw in China. The great man was most polite and invited us to our seats in a way which saved the usual confusion. He took the wine cup and put it at a plate and then came to the one who was to sit there and made a salaam, and that was the end of it. No one could refuse. One plate at a time came in, and everybody was well filled before the last plate came. After the feast we all went to the new zoölogical gardens outside the northwest gate, and a surprise met us. Here is an agricultural farm of 2,500 mu, of land and things well developed. Water is brought in from "Black Dragon" Spring, and a little river runs through the grounds. A lotus pond is there and other things. The animals include lions, tigers, zebras, monkeys, aquatic birds, wild boar, kangaroo, all cared for by two Germans, who have insured the animals for a year. It may be opened this fall by the sale of tickets. It will furnish a fine outlet for the people of Peking, and be most instructive.

Peking, June 24, 1907.

To the Same:

Monday turns out to be a hot day and it grieves me to see twelve little and big lads, schoolboys, setting out for Nan Meng in this sun. I was to buy their tickets as far as Huang Tsun, when I found to my dismay that the morning train did not stop there. So the little fellows shouldered their bags and started off, with two dollars extra, and they were not happy because it was not more. What is to be the solution of this money question? Here these boys have been fed at the church's expense for a year or so, and having received what I consider a fair sum, they go off growling and think the pastor stingy! I am very sorry not to satisfy them, but they may drive me to do nothing at all for them and to let them get along as best they can.

Yesterday, Dr. Fries spoke for us. He is chairman of the World's Students' Federation and lives in Stockholm, and seems to speak any language wanted. His wife is an English woman born in Sweden, and a very delightful lady. She is with him here, and is now writing letters in my room. Our house is delightfully cool this year.

The Chinese are holding a meeting in the interest of independence and may ask the throne for protection as an inde-

pendent society. This does not mean to cut loose from foreigners, but will be an outlet for their energies and may eventuate in a native church, for which I should be devoutly thankful. They are all inquiring what constitutes a church and are anxious to get the church on secure foundations.

This P. M., Dr. Fries spoke in English on Paul's Visions. He has given me much valuable information on Finnish, Russian, Swedish and Norwegian affairs. All the London Mission are going to the hills. The shore does not seem so popular, partly on account of the expense.

I want to take a run to Liang Hsiang and stay over Sunday. I have a liking for old Pu An Tun with all its failings. They are out of the woods—so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned. Their school is the only one in town. Our little summer school starts in with six boys. There will be more later. After next Sunday, I will either take a trip to the country or go to Pei Tai Ho. I want to leave the city. Our engine is running as never before. Water is needed. Street wells are drying. It is never too hot to read your letters, or to write to you. God bless you. Good-bye.

WILLIAM.

Pei Tai Ho, last day of July, 1907.

DEAR MARY:

It is delightful to be once more in the little house by the sea. The air is very damp and my bed last night seemed full of water. First plunge a genuine delight. A good many people were there and we had the fun of seeing a battle between Gailey and Robertson, two giants. They were like two whales and full of fun as the rest of us.

Friday evening.—"Federation." A good two days' meeting. People very harmonious. Adopted the terms Shang Ti and Sheng Ling. Some dissatisfaction with the Union Hymn-Book and will defer its acceptance. Will elect delegates to the National Council—in America. Much dissatisfaction with Bible selling as at present conducted.

I had a tough time to-day battling with the waves which were high and were sweeping me towards the rocks. I called for help and two young men pushed me a life preserver. Sad news of drowning of Seabury, a Yale man, at Kuling. Also Mr. Mann of the St. John's College. Mr. Beach is sadly grieved over the loss to Yale Mission.

From a report in the Shanghai papers we cull the following additions to the brief mention by Dr. Ament.

"*Mission Federation.*—An important step towards the realization of the general desire for federation in mission work was taken by the holding of the first meeting of the Chih Li Provincial Council at Pei Tai Ho August 1st–2d. Delegates from seven missions were present. It was resolved that the Provincial Council accepts for this province the new terms for God and Spirit, Shang Ti and Sheng Ling."

The autumn work of the Peking station began with full vigor on the return of the missionaries from the seaside resort. The impulse of the Shanghai Conference was felt very deeply and the hope for a large extension of Christian education and evangelism in the empire was greater than hitherto. To do his share of the work in a courageous and effective way was the renewed purpose of Dr. Ament. While the carrying forward of such work must be much the same from season to season, yet there are always distinctive indications and signs of happy progress. The long touring of the autumn fell to Mr. Stelle, as well as the brief tours to the near out-stations. In summing up the work, Dr. Ament reports that for the first time in the history of the station all the out-stations are well provided with buildings and preachers.

The street chapel work, which came especially to Dr. Ament, filled his heart and life. There, he says, "we come in contact with the outside world and gather recruits for the kingdom. The secret of success is persistence and love which faints not at discouragements."

The popular lectures which now for three years had become a settled part of his work were held weekly, with an attendance varying from one to several hundreds. It is noted that a new constituency had been developed by these lectures, the church-members taking little interest in

them and feeling less responsibility for them. Evidently this form of reaching a new set of listeners had been very helpful in implanting new ideas and arousing thought along scientific and more universal lines. It was a task to keep these lectures in running order and to make them duly effective. Lectures for women were kept up at the North Chapel by the ladies of the station, as a means for opening the doors wider for access to the homes of the people. Teachers of outside schools and the pupils were invited and good response was made to such invitations. Thus the circle of friendship was steadily enlarging, and the way preparing for sowing the gospel seed in many hearts.

One of the most interesting developments of the year, which while not in Dr. Ament's charge elicited his most hearty interest, was the plan of the pastor of the North Church to secure a representative meeting of all Christians in the city. The idea had occurred that standing alone on the universally accepted truths a meeting might be called at the New Year holidays, with representatives from the three great communions, Protestant, Greek and Roman Catholic. Pastor Jen developed the idea with great tact and persistence. He called personally on each of the leaders in the churches of all Christian sects. A surprising spirit of harmony and willingness to unite in mutual ceremonies was evident, if features objectionable to any might be eliminated. The program was arranged for the 11th of the first moon—February 12th. The church at our mission compound was filled with a company of believers, such as could seldom be gathered together. Fourteen religious bodies were represented, including the Anglican and the Greek. Congratulatory addresses were made and formal Chinese salutations offered by each to each, and by all to each. It was a delightful occasion and the Christians of the capital felt for the first

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time perhaps a real unity in the Spirit and the bond of peace. Each body brought its written or printed New Year's cards of congratulation to exchange with all the others. Many of these were subsequently framed for preservation and hung upon the church walls as a memento of the fraternal spirit of Christianity, which now seemed to be pervasive in the great city,—a happy omen of the time when large numbers should feel the sense of glad fellowship in the service of a common Lord.

While it would thus appear that North China was opening to the Gospel, the attitude of the high authorities still called for care in the presentation of the word of faith. Dr. Ament sums up the situation in his annual report with the observation: "The situation calls for the missionary who will grapple first of all with the common man and leave converts by the million from the higher classes to the realm of dreams. Hard individual work is the order of the day. Reforms are in the air, but most of them may result in deformity unless duly guided.

"There is therefore more call than ever for the preaching of the old Gospel which still means: 'Peace on earth to men of good will.'"

April 4th.

The city has been troubled by nine fires breaking out in different places, one being the exposition building. The Empress Dowager has ordered water to be brought or secured near the fire stations. I think there will be some improvement in that line. Some attribute the fires to revolutionists, but I think that doubtful. To-day we had dinner with the Duchess. It was a fine affair. I was hungry and enjoyed the whole repast. Outdoor sleeping keeps me hungrier than ever before in the spring. I sleep more and eat more and do not seem to get tired. Had a splendid preach to-day, after five o'clock. The Duchess's eldest son will go into the Y. M. C. A. class. I shall go and introduce him next Monday. American soldiers are the teachers. Ever your affectionate

WILLIAM.

Peking, April 9, 1908.

MY DEAR MARY:

Your letter of March 8th is at hand. I was interested in all the bunch of news. Mrs. Hicks is here and Mr. Hicks may arrive next week. I shall hope so, as we expect to hold daily meetings through Passion Week and would like some help from him.

To-night we had a lecture on gambling from a man in the Theological Seminary, who used to be a professional in Tung-chow, but is now studying for the ministry. If he can preach as well as he can talk on gambling he will be sure of success. The Stelles leave day after to-morrow. It seems as though the largest part of the station was to go.

There has been a panic in the city over fires. There have been twenty-five fires in different parts of the city. We had a lighted lamp thrown into the kindergarten building, but it fortunately went out and no harm was done. The fire fiends are about.

Peking, April 15, 1908.

MY DEAR MARY:

The Passion Week is rapidly slipping into history. Our meetings have been well attended and to-day Pastor Jen led a beautiful meeting on the general topic, "The Master hath need of you." At the North Church yesterday Mr. Kastler conducted a fine meeting. While we did not have any remarkable developments, as in Manchuria, I must believe these meetings are helping on the spiritual life of the church and must educate in the best things. To-morrow we have communion in mid-week for the first time. I think it will be well for us all. There should be nothing formal in the communion service and it should fall when hearts are ready for it, and if ever people are ready for it, it should be in Passion Week.

My little book, "The Passion Week," by Drs. Strong and Barton, of Oak Park, has passed the committee and will be printed, but not in time for this year's services. Miss Miner and other ladies had a cold time at the "Ch'uan Hsi So," where the native ladies teaching in the city schools invited them to-day. Miss Reed helped in the lectures, a new thing for her. It seems very pleasant to get back into the big church.

The "Little Book," to which Dr. Ament in his letter refers as having passed the committee of the Tract

Society, was the last section of the admirable little booklet prepared by the pastors of Oak Park, Illinois, "His Life." It was issued in Chinese by the North China Tract Society, in time for the Passion Week of the following year, under its title, "The Last Week." A copy was sent to Oak Park, to which the following is a reply.

The First Congregational Church,
Oak Park, Illinois, May 20, 1909.

My dear Miss Porter:

You were good enough to say that I need not answer your letter of the 19th of April, which accompanies the Chinese edition of "His Last Week." But I must write.

I am deeply grateful for the booklet and the letter, and I am more interested in this matter than I can make you understand. This booklet, "His Life," grew out of our church life in Oak Park. It has gone in a wonderful way around the world and we have no little evidence of the good it has done and I hope the good will be multiplied. Among all the tokens that have reached us from many lands, there is no one that touches me so deeply as this, the last literary work of my friend, Dr. Ament. I am deeply grateful that we could grasp hands across the sea in this far-away collaboration. I shall prize the little book which I cannot read, and cherish it with a peculiar interest. And year by year as Easter approaches, it will be a pleasant thought that we are following the same lessons with you in China.

I thank you very heartily for sending me this most interesting booklet and memorial of my friend, Dr. Ament.

Yours very truly,
William E. Barton.

Peking, April 19, 1908.

Glad Easter Day. This is a beautiful day and I trust we shall not lose the spirit of the day by any anticipations of evil or present discomforts. We had a fine congregation and service this A. M. The girls sang "Halleluiah," and Mr. Hicks gave a good talk. He was born at Oberlin, but graduated at Cornell. Seven were received into the church and eight taken in on probation, among them your little girl

Kuei Lan. It was quite a step for her. The visitors seemed to admire our church exceedingly. Mr. Hicks says it stayed in his mind as a beautiful dream. Mr. Hicks takes good interiors and has some pictures of inner life and mission work at Fuchow. It is a new feature. To-morrow we take a short run down to Chang Hsin Tien and return at noon. I am to inspect new buildings there.

Nine P. M.—Just back from the North Church. Had a good turnout and some of the schoolboys followed us out. The schools are in a good condition and Mr. Hicks was much pleased with the outlook. Forty girls are in the memorial school, and more are applying for admission. The new room is very comfortable for meeting purposes and the whole place is well equipped for work. Pastor Wang is fat and healthy and doing good work at Nan Meng.

As to believing the Bible. Modern criticism clarifies the Bible and brings out all its beauties and does away with many old fables and explanations which people do not accept and yet are not heretics. Do not allow Will to take interpretations for the Bible. Let him get the spirit of the Old Book and he can do away with the whale, the floating axe and speaking donkey, if he wishes, but the Bible is still God's Book.

Your

WILLIAM.

Between the writing of the above letter and the following Madam Ament passed away at Oberlin. A sudden attack of pneumonia had, as so often with others, carried her away in haste. She had already passed her ninetieth year, and was in great hopes that she might live to see her dear son once more. This was denied to them both, nor could they have looked forward to the reunion in the Land of Light.

The funeral of the aged mother was duly arranged for at Owosso, to which home she was carried to be laid at rest with the friends of a lifetime who had preceded her. The release from the care of the aged saint made it at once possible for Mrs. Ament to prepare for an early return to her husband. All of these matters are briefly

touched upon in the following letter, written after receiving the cabled message announcing the death of his mother.

Peking, April 26, 1908.

My dear Mary:

I am thinking of you all the time. What are you doing just now? I am thinking of my dear old mother and wonder if her last hours were pleasant or painful. I was glad that in your last letter you speak of her having received two letters from me and that they comforted her. That was unspeakably good news. I am sure mother would feel that all loved and honored her. As to future plans, you will do the best you can. If you can make good arrangements about the house, I have no doubt you will be out here so as to spend a month or so at Pei Tai Ho. Our Sunday here passed off nicely with a good congregation and Sunday-school.

I wonder how you got on with the funeral. I feel sorry that these burdens should fall on your dear shoulders. Would that mother might have lived till I returned. Doubtless the death of Aunt Julia weighed upon her heavily.

Our new building is moving in space and bids fair to add to the symmetry of the grounds. (Reference is made to the parish house, or prayer room, built on the east side of the church, north of Dr. Ament's house.) Sir Robert Hart got off in a halo of glory. Every day will now bring you nearer, not months as before. That is a silver lining as Mrs. Hicks said. Keep up good courage—dear heart.

Andover Theological Seminary has always been noted for the high character of the many missionaries she has sent abroad. The class of 1877 was not behind any of its predecessors in its missionary elements. Cary and Pettee have distinguished themselves in Japan, Christie in Turkey, and Ament and Roberts in China have records of the highest service. In the following class, 1878, J. P. Jones, of India, stands abreast of his fellows in length of service and wisdom in carrying it forward.

The following letter needs no other introduction.

Peking, June 25, 1908.

MY DEAR JONES:

It was very good of you to remember me again. I had not forgotten you, though defects in my correspondence might seem to suggest it. Especially did I think of you after I heard of the death of your dear boy who was taken in such an unexpected way. (Dr. Jones' son was crushed in the falling in of a cave near Oberlin, in which he and his companions had been playing. He alone did not escape.) I felt deeply grieved, as I know the sadness of such partings. You have a group of beautiful children who are a joy and comfort to you, while we have only one boy of our quartette. We have still abundant mercies to be thankful for and these events, seemingly so sad, may usher in a better day for us on all sides. Our memorial school, founded in memory of our Emily, is most flourishing. It overflows with girls and has an excellent reputation and is quite a model for native schools in that region of the city. My most recent grief was the passing away of my dear old mother, just ninety years of age. Of course she had measured the full span of her days, but I did long to see her once more and her last request was that I might come home. I had expected that she might round out the century, as she had a fine constitution and few chronic ailments, but her ambition to do something took her to a cold room in the spring and her cold developed into pneumonia. The silver lining is that her release makes it possible for my wife to return to China. I shall look for her just as soon as she is rested up and has made arrangements about the house.

It is really difficult to see beneath the surface in this old empire. It is an art to feel the pulse of the nation. I make no claims to proficiency in that regard and do not write half as much as I did many years ago, as I have learned the ease of making mistakes and perhaps hanging one's head in shame and humiliation almost before the ink is cold. Under ground China is deeper than the ken of a foreigner.

Our work is growing, despite weak oversight. My colleague is in the United States and I am alone, with the Tract Society, two Bible societies (American and Scotch), twenty-three stations, teachers, general and public duties as a "veteran," pastor of a large church and now last of all in this hot weather our "young theological seminary," of about one hundred men from the out-stations of the four missions who

PASTOR JÊN AND FAMILY

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are engaged in union summer work, calls me to do my best.

In imperial affairs the very hopelessness of the situation may drive the best men to think of Christianity as a solution. Even now a few open-minded men say there is no hope for the country except in a new religion. Most people are away at Pei Tai Ho, our seaside resort, and I shall hope to be there in August.

Yours cordially,

W. S. AMENT.

Why dost thou glare so fierce,
O Death, as thou would'st pierce
With thy uplifted dart
My sinking heart?

Though men thy pity crave,
Though naught from thee can save,
Thy Master rules above,
Thou servest Love.

—*Dodge.*

XXV

ILLNESS AND DEATH

THE annual meeting of the mission was held at Tung-chow June 6th–14th, preceded by the usual meeting with the native helpers. The closing session of the latter coincided with the first Sunday of the annual meeting. It fell to Dr. Ament to preach the morning sermon in Chinese, from the text, Luke xix. 34, "The Lord hath need of him."

The report of the Peking station for 1908 was also his recording, especially the tour of the month of May, a journey of five hundred miles inclusive. Fourteen outstations had been visited. There were advances in many places encouraging to the heart of a missionary. At Chang Hsin Tien a boys' school with twenty members had been started; at Fang Shan a new street chapel had been secured. The year had been one of expenditure which need not be repeated. All of the stations were now provided with buildings and preachers. The Home Missionary Society had entered upon a third year of hopeful effort. Its annual meeting had been held at Shun Yi, with one hundred delegates present. A beautiful spirit of harmony was evidently present.

The growth of the boys' school in Peking was en-

couraging. Fifty pupils were gathered, with two teachers who were college graduates. The report closes with the remark: "Hard individual effort is the order of the day, though the allurements to fancy methods may seem attractive. The situation calls for the missionary who will grapple first of all with the common man. More than ever the preaching of the old Gospel is needed, which means 'Peace on Earth.'" The report of the Emily Ament Memorial School, so dear to him, was hopeful. "The possibilities of this school are more than we can overtake. Two teachers are employed. There are twenty-one boarders, with an attendance of forty in all." The enrollment in the woman's college was ninety-four. These formed a considerable part of his regular Sunday congregation.

The friends attending the mission meeting noticed that Dr. Ament was much worn by the long tour. The death of his aged mother undoubtedly affected him deeply. In his public addresses there was an added depth and tenderness and a quickened grasp upon the life beyond. The prospective coming of Mrs. Ament served to buoy him up and bring back his former resiliency.

Returning to Peking, for a month or more, in addition to his regular work—the daily and weekly service in Street Chapel and Sunday preaching—there was held a "Summer School" for the training of the less educated helpers and deacons from the country stations of several missions. The sessions were held in the rooms of the Union Theological College, at the Presbyterian Mission. There were assembled for the special study of the Scriptures not far from one hundred workers, eager for the instruction of several foreign pastors. The work was a union work and of large interest to all. This daily work, including the ride in the hot sun of a mile or two, was a manifest strain, evident to those who saw him now. His

pupils, long after, recalled that in the class room, while listening to answers to his questions, he would drop into a semi-doze.

It was therefore with special joy that he went to the seaside for rest, expecting to spend but a few days before going to Japan to meet his wife. He arrived at the seaside home on the 23d of July. The first word from there was that Dr. Ament was like a boy in his enjoyment of the change and that he was very well. Who could predict the sudden onset of the struggle before him?

The day following his arrival he played tennis in a most vigorous way, until suddenly his arm gave out. Fatigued by the exercise he lay down and slept. On awaking he found his neck stiff on the right side. On the 27th he was able to watch a game of baseball. The following day he suffered from much rheumatic pain, along the course of the clavicle, the inner portion being hot and swollen. From this time on, the temperature slowly increased, the pain was intense, with acute suffering if the shoulder was moved.

On the 3d of August, Dr. Young decided to lance, since the temperature was at 104.5. In consultation with Dr. Gray of the British Legation, it was found that one of the ribs was affected. Successive operations relieved the septic conditions temporarily. On the 19th, a portion of the first rib was removed. The care of the sick one was most assiduous on the part of many friends.

Dr. Ament was at first troubled that he could not join his wife in Japan. She had sailed from Seattle, August 4th. Arriving at Yokohama on the 19th she first heard of his serious illness. She arrived at Pei Tai Ho August 27th, the very day on which a fourth operation had become necessary.

From this point the patient seemed slowly to recover, and by September 16th Dr. Young thought his patient

out of danger. During the slow convalescence of the following month, he was watched over with anxiety, although the deep surgical wounds were healing. About the middle of October he was safely removed to Peking, much to the joy of the native Christians and others.

Another anxiety now presented itself. On the 8th of November Dr. Young began to notice pressure on the brain. A lady writing at this time says: "Dr. Ament's condition seems to me more sad. The return of physical strength brings no corresponding mental grasp. Sometimes he rallies, but can only talk in short and simple sentences. He seems conscious of his own condition and has a sense of helplessness."

The condition thus presented increased, and by November 16th the patient failed to respond intelligently to questions, and there was a slight paralysis of the face and leg. These conditions led at once to the decision that a return to the United States was necessary. It soon became evident that it would be wise for some one to accompany Dr. and Mrs. Ament, since the strain of the care was increasing. Mr. Lucius C. Porter, who with his wife had arrived but a month previously from America, volunteered for this service.

The party left Peking on the 24th of November, Dr. Young going with them to Shanghai. They went by fast train to Hankow, and thence by river steamer to Shanghai. From here Dr. Young writes briefly to Dr. Barton, November 30th: "So far as I can make out the mental condition is probably due to abscess of the brain. It is impossible to say how much improvement we can hope for. While we feel the loss so great of Dr. Ament's removal, his presence in a state of physical weakness would be no less a source of anxiety. Mrs. Ament has borne wonderfully the terrific strain of the last three months."

The pathos of Dr. Ament's departure from Peking under such sorrowful conditions was well expressed in the words of the young native pastor, who was at once called from Cho Chou to take charge of work in Peking, Mr. Li Pen Yuan:

"When he was sickest, he could not bear to think of leaving for America. When he left, unable to speak as he was, he wept with great feeling, loth to leave. And when the railroad train was about to leave, his two eyes gazed longingly at the church-members. They themselves felt that this unspeakable loss was unendurable." On the Sunday following Dr. Ament's departure this pastor took for his text, "Barnabas was a good man." He began to speak of the good man who had left them. He spoke with a full heart and with a voice of deep emotion of Dr. Ament's strongest characteristics, his devotion to his work and his love for the people.

"Why was it that when he was carried from the mission compound, where so many of you stood in silence, tears stood in his eyes? Why was it that at the railway station he looked at us with so much sadness, when he could not say a word of farewell? He was thinking of the church he was leaving, of all of you for whom he cared so tenderly. He has carried all our burdens. We all went to him with our troubles of every kind, and he never turned away. It was because he carried these loads for us all, and we helped him so little, that he has broken down." After recounting the story of the reconstruction period already fully referred to, he added, "In all of the missions there was no work which was reëstablished after the troubles so speedily and on such a good basis as that under the care of Dr. Ament. Here he showed his administrative ability as well as his love for the people."

Peking, Nov. 23, 1908.

FROM DR. W. A. P. MARTIN:

DEAR MRS. AMENT:—A special engagement prevents me from going to the train to see you and Dr. Ament off for America.

He is one of the great missionaries, and we all trust that with God's blessing on your careful nursing, he may be restored to health and to China. Not only has he conducted with rare ability the growing work of the station in this city, his heroism in rescuing the Tung-chow Mission in 1900 belongs to history. His character and achievements have won for him the love and admiration of his fellow missionaries, as well as the whole body of native Christians in our Protestant churches at this capital. Much prayer has been offered on his behalf. May it please the Lord of the Harvest to spare him to gather in many sheaves from the seed he has sown for these thirty years.

Accept for him and for yourself my affectionate "bon voyage" and "au revoir."

Yours sincerely,
W. A. P. MARTIN.

Dr. Martin is the Nestor of the China missionaries, completing his sixtieth year of service, 1850–1910, April 10th, at eighty-three.

Peking, Nov. 23d.

FROM J. H. PYKE, AMERICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

MY DEAR MRS. AMENT:—I should have very much liked to see you and your dear husband before you leave and to have said one word of good-bye. I have thought of you much during all these weeks and months of suffering and watchfulness, and have often prayed for you both. I have not ventured to ask to see Dr. Ament, hearing from time to time that he was not able to see his friends. He will be missed from Peking. He was carrying so many lines of work and such heavy burdens, carrying them till crushed by them, yet never sparing himself, always so cheerful, brave and hopeful. I want you to know that my thoughts, sympathies and prayers are with you.

Yours most truly,
J. H. PYKE.

Peking, Nov. 23, 1908.

DEAR MRS. AMENT:

I wish I could tell you how much Dr. Ament has helped me during the four years I have known him. Some of his prayers I shall never forget. It seems as if I can hear him to-night. He loved to pray, and it seemed as if God stood by him, at his side, and the many great interests so dear to both were talked over together. And best of all he made all who heard him feel that God was present and the tender, loving Father ever gave that which was best to His waiting children.

Your loving friend,

JESSIE E. PAYNE.

The cordial harmony between our mission and the American Presbyterian Mission has been of long standing. Mr. Cunningham expresses the intimate regard of one family of workers for another.

Peking, Nov. 23, 1908.

MY DEAR DR. AND MRS. AMENT:

I do not know how to write you at such a time. Your going away, while we trust only for a rest, yet has something of uncertainty about it, and our hearts are very sad. We feel that you have a great place impossible to fill in our Peking life. In the evangelistic work, in English church and prayer-meeting we expected and always got something good from you. In the Chinese work, few if any ever entered so fully into the fullness of the missionary life as you. So strong, so varied in work, so sympathetic with all that tended to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Then in the home. How can I speak of dear Emily and our daughter Hope! Like sorrow and like joy have tended to mould into likeness. How many bonds of union there are! These cannot be broken. But we need you here so sorely. At such a time as this, the past thirty-one years of light-bearing here in this dark land must be a great comfort. The Lord has given you graciously to see that He has established the work of your hands. Heathen officials, students and business men, as well as the Christians of all the churches know, honor, and have felt the power of Pastor Ament. Dear friends, we with many other friends will

follow you with our prayers. God has been mindful of you. He will bless you.

Ever gratefully yours,
A. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Mrs. Ament and her failing patient, with the aid of Mr. Porter, left Shanghai on the *Nippon Maru*, December 1st. The condition of Dr. Ament remained much the same until after passing Kobe, Japan. The symptoms now became more severe. Mr. Porter wrote to his father from San Francisco, the day after their arrival:

San Francisco, Dec. 26, 1908.

We got in yesterday at 6 P. M. We went at once to the Lane Hospital with Dr. Ament in an ambulance. Dr. Moffat is attending him. Dr. Ament has been in a stupor much of the time since leaving Yokohama.

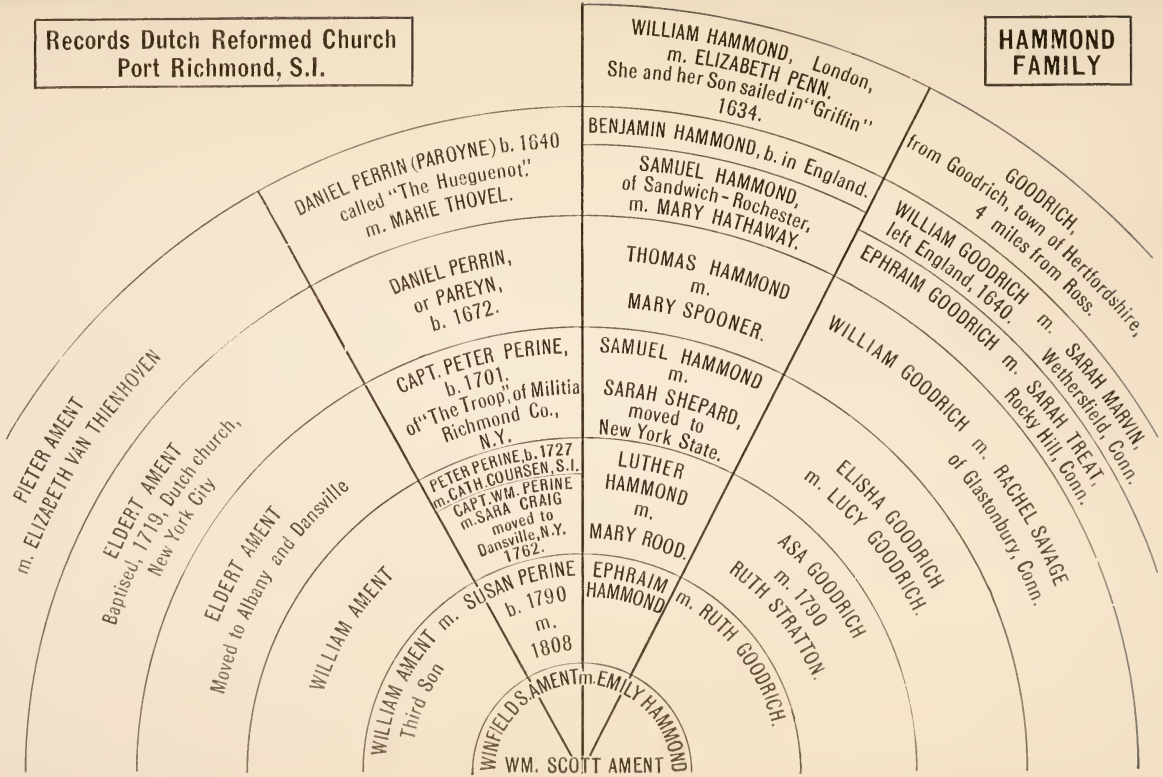
The failing strength of the patient made a suitable operation impossible. In the quietness of unconscious sleep the ardent worker and lovable friend passed away on Wednesday, January 6, 1909. William Ament had arrived to meet his parents, and was happily present at the last.

The judgment of Dr. Moffat coincided with Dr. Young's original diagnosis. An abscess of the brain, resulting from septic conditions, was the source of the later symptoms and disabilities. Thus it was that the long struggle of five months came to its close. A gentler than human hand stood by as the last servitor. The angel, Death, like an armor bearer, unclasped the harness of the weary warrior, who had so long been as he often said "upon the fire line." The call to that higher service of which men dream was not heard by human ears. The one who unclasped the earthly bond must have whispered in his ear and the joy that was before him seemed to abide upon his

face. There is ever a majesty in death. The spirit in its departure leaves the cold frame with the touch of a skillful artist. They who behold discover some mystic transformation, which holds them in awe. The potency and prophecy of a diviner life unfolds itself. Men walk with quiet step as if in the presence of that large world where they know as they are known. And those who are nearest and dearest to the loved one who has gone are ready to say, "This is the victory that overcometh the world." It is only the Christian faith that can feel that assurance.

Records Dutch Reformed Church
Port Richmond, S.I.

HAMMOND FAMILY



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Never to tire; never grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; hope always; like God to love always—that is duty.

—Henri Frédéric Amiel.

XXVI

MEMORIAL SERVICES AND TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF DR. AMENT

MRS. AMENT and her son, William Sheffield Ament, hastened with their precious charge, through the cold days of early January, to Owosso. There a city full of sorrowing friends were to commit him to his mortal rest. Less than a year before these friends had committed the aged mother to her rest, little thinking they would be called so soon to a like sorrow on his behalf.

The burial service was held in the Congregational Church on the 12th of January, in charge of the Rev. C. S. Hanks, for many years the pastor of the church.

There was a peculiar fitness in the memorial services that followed. Four communities upon which his life and work had had a special influence for good were glad to pay their loving respects to his precious memory. The church at Medina held their service upon the Sunday following his interment at Owosso. The pastor, Dr. Kirbye, made a commemorative address. The Dwight Place Congregational Church in New Haven held their service upon the same day, the record of which is given later in the appropriate letter from the clerk of the church. Memorial services were held at Owosso on Sunday the 17th of January. The last and in some respect the most significant was held in his own church in Peking on Sunday, February 14, 1909.

From the Owosso *Times* of January 22d we select a brief account of the services in his native city.

The members of the Congregational church and society together with many old time friends gathered at the church Sunday evening to honor the memory of the late Dr. William S. Ament, Owosso's most distinguished son. The service was deeply impressive throughout, the words of the speakers carrying a lesson to all which will not soon be forgotten. It was indeed a fitting memorial to a man who was loved and respected not alone by the people of Owosso, but by hundreds all over the country, and across the sea where he gave his life for the cause of the Master. The pastor, Rev. C. S. Hanks, in opening the service said it seemed appropriate that the service should be held and that some of those who had known Dr. Ament during all the years since his young manhood should express their appreciation of him. Mr. S. E. Parkhill was called upon and said: "Of all who called Owosso their home, he knew of none who left his impress upon more of the boys, his playmates, who had become men of the city than did Dr. Ament. Like all strong personalities he was quick to resent an injustice, to defend an absent friend, and the propaganda for which he spent his life."

Mr. J. C. Shattuck was introduced as having been present and having a vivid recollection of his ordination. "Will Ament embodied in his character the essential elements of a successful pioneer—self-mastery, boundless energy, courage, faith, hope and charity. He possessed a wonderful constructive imagination. He clearly saw the great work he was afterwards to perform. He never waited for things to happen—he made them happen. Difficulties and dangers only stimulated him to greater and more determined effort. His life exemplifies the power of an idea. Add to these a cultured and scholarly mind, a simple, natural, unaffected personality, a nature full and overflowing with a generous love for mankind, a big heart and broad in sympathies, a devotion to duty that was simply sublime and we have one of earth's noble men, whom all the world delights to honor." To the foregoing Dr. Hanks added his meed of praise. He spoke very tenderly of the love and affection which Dr. Ament had for Owosso. "Dr. Ament was a great lover, and his life and work, his letters, emphasize the depth of his love and the sincerity of his affection for those

whom he held dear." The secular and the religious press have praised him and Dr. Hanks read an extract from a long editorial in the New York *Tribune* upon his death.

The pastor of the Medina Church, Dr. J. Edward Kirbye, sent as his share in these memorial services a summary of his address in Medina at the memorial service there. The main portion of that address will be found in the chapter, "A Pastorate in America." Dr. Kirbye refers to many of his letters and their hopeful and beautiful spirit. He closed with the following estimate: "When Michigan enfolded to her breast the silent form of William S. Ament, she received one of her noblest and best sons. He was a foreign missionary but not in a narrow sense,—he was a hero, a statesman and an empire builder. The great commonwealth of Michigan never gave the world a man with more heroism, with better ideals and with more ability to accomplish large tasks. When the history of modern China is written, he will have a place with the great men who have wrought nobly and wisely for the redemption of that great empire. His message to us all would be, were he here, 'China must be converted and we must all do our share.'"

The final memorial services were held in Peking, also upon a Sabbath day. Two services were held, each in the beautiful church which he had seen erected and where he had taught so many congregations the way to that eternal life upon which he had now entered. The Chinese services were held at two o'clock, followed by those for the foreign residents at Peking who wished to honor their companion and friend. It seems appropriate that extracts from the little pamphlet issued in commemoration should find a record in this volume also.

The service in Chinese was held at 2 P. M. The prin-

cipal address was by Dr. Sheffield. The English service was held at 4:30. Dr. Wilder, of Tung-chow, gave a full estimate of Dr. Ament's life and character. The following paragraphs illustrate the kind of man whom his missionary associates admired :

His work was in the main strongly evangelistic and pastoral. He believed in the new birth and was never content unless souls were being born into the kingdom of love under his ministry. A preacher by birth and training, a good speaker of Chinese, his enthusiasm for preaching to the heathen was deep and abiding. The street chapel at Teng Shih K'ou never had a regular paid Chinese preacher, for he was ready to devote his afternoons daily to it, whenever he was at home. His example inspired sufficient voluntary effort by the native Christians to keep the work there going whether he was present or absent. He believed in a " far flung battle line " and distant trips to the country fields. With a statesman's eye he seized on strategic centres for establishing his out-stations. He was unsparing in the use of his own money to open stations when the home Board was unable to develop new work. He had a knack of finding the influential rich man of a given town, or the local bully who tyrannized over the place, or the scholar who led public thought and by winning the respect of these he would gain an open door for the Gospel. In these things he was full of resources. His straightforward nature could not abide the Chinese custom of using middlemen, and he would often astonish friend and foe alike by going to the enemies of the Gospel or persecutors of the Christians and settle matters face to face. While mainly engaged in evangelistic effort he was also interested in other forms of work. He believed in Christian education for the Chinese. He was an active member of the Board of Managers of the Peking University (Methodist) from the beginning and always had a number of protégés in the college of his own mission at Tung-chow. The large part he took in developing the North China Tract Society and his faithful labors for that organization are well known. He was interested in the work for the higher classes and by reason of his knowledge of Chinese literature, etiquette and social forms, he was able to enter into intercourse with them and to do much in breaking down prejudices in higher circles and

building up confidence in all classes. His active mind was constantly delving in the stores of Chinese history and literature. The result was a number of well written articles and many lectures on historic themes. He early saw the advantages of the Christian Endeavor Society in developing the infant church and is known as the "Father of Christian Endeavor in China."[1] This great field is the enduring memorial to Dr. Ament. Everywhere he made friends, remembered them and followed them with books and messages. In the lowest and most depraved, he saw the new hope of life. He held on to people when others had given them up, still hoping and praying for the turn to a better life. He leaves to us his work and his splendid example. Let us live as he lived.

Let us turn now from what he did to what he was. Dr. Ament's mind was prompt in action, keen in memory, well developed in imagination and poetic faculties, well stored with classic literary forms and historic events. These qualities, combined with a gift for expression, made him a ready and fascinating speaker. He depended not in vain on his fund of information and on the inspiration of the moment to produce attractive and convincing sermons and addresses. When he squared his shoulders and threw back his head with kindling eye, his audience could expect a mental treat and moral uplift.

The basic element in all his lovable and admirable qualities, as well as the secret of his success as a missionary, can be found in a deep conviction of the reality of spiritual things and a genuine love for God and for men. He was deeply religious, without cant. He admired the mystics among religious thinkers and had a mystic strain in his nature, tempered by a strong sense of the practical. He was thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of the Oberlin school of ethics and theology.

From Dr. Sheffield's address we may extract the following:

Dr. Ament had well rounded out thirty years of constructive work in China, and he has made a mark deep and permanent on the New China, writing his name in the first rank of China's moral and spiritual benefactors. Dr. Ament was a man of rich endowments. He had a body of unusual strength and vigor,

[1] Hubbard of Foochow was the founder of the first society and is regarded by the United Society as the founder of the work in China.

a mind of wide culture, of restless activity, and an equally active religious nature. In English he was gifted both as a speaker and writer. With a quick imagination his thoughts clothed themselves, seemingly without effort, in appropriate words, and his living sentences flowed as on a dancing stream, delighting the ear and enriching the minds of hearers.

Dr. Ament was distinguished as an excellent speaker and preacher in the Chinese language. He had a wide and ready vocabulary and with his abounding spontaneity he compelled interest in what he was saying. He stood among the few who had such mastery of the Chinese that he made it a living medium of great thoughts and noble feelings. Among his most valuable gifts to the Christian Church, the writer would venture to place the high quality of his sermonic power as a standard to stimulate effort in imitation among the Christian leaders in China.

Dr. Ament was distinguished for both physical and moral courage. Such courage seemed to be spontaneous in its expression, springing from a permanent mental habit. Following the Boxer upheaval, while the hand of law was still paralyzed, he went boldly among the people everywhere demanding a just reparation to the native Christians for the frightful wrongs done them. He rescued men and women from the hands of their persecutors, gathered together broken families, set little companies of Christians in their places, inspiring them with hope and courage in the new conditions of life.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 12, 1909.

To Mrs. Ament:

Dear Friend:—At a meeting of the Dwight Place Church held this evening it was the expressed desire of the church that you receive from us this brief testimony of the grief we feel with you in the death of Dr. Ament, our honored missionary and your dear husband.

From the 20th of December, 1901, when by a vote of the church we were permitted to call him our "Foreign Missionary Pastor," he has been more and more commending himself to our admiration as a great counsellor and administrator in the things of God's kingdom, and coming closer and closer to our hearts' affection as a true Christian brother. On Saturday, January 9th, we heard that he had passed away beyond our reach, to higher service. Sunday A. M. our pastor preached upon the text, Psalm lxxxiv. 4, "Blessed are they

that dwell in Thy house: they shall be still praising Thee," and in the sermon he appropriately spoke of your husband's place in the missionary movement of to-day, his splendid characteristics as a man, and how he still would praise God through the influence of his life in China, on all who knew him in America, and especially on the Dwight Place Church. We hope you received our telegram before you laid away his body, for we wanted you to feel that we were in spirit standing beside you there. Oh, how great is the number of those who stood there, even of the Celestials redeemed, and coming up, many of them, out of great tribulation. Surely such a life was not lived in vain, cut off as he was in his years of strength. God's ways are not ours. We bow as you do, and own that all must be right. We bow in tears and we bow also in thankfulness for the blessed work God permitted him to do, and in reverence, for we are in His hands, who knows the end from the beginning. We commend you and your son to God and His grace. You have known in other days of storms "that the anchor holds." May it keep us all till the morning dawns and the shadows flee away.

Sincerely,

YOUR FRIENDS OF THE DWIGHT PLACE CHURCH,
William S. Todd, Clerk.

Peking, Feb. 14, 1909.

MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND:

They are just having the Christian Endeavor meeting in the church and we ladies have come away, having done all we could to make it beautiful for our two memorial services this afternoon.

On the pulpit, with the top just even with the reading desk, hangs the fine framed picture of Dr. Ament, reminding me that he "yet speaketh," and always will speak from that pulpit. All around the picture trails a vine, wandering Jew, from a concealed pot, and a slender vase of daisies and rose geranium leaves stands just above the picture. The platform and the communion table and organ are beautiful with green and our few white flowers, chiefly daisies, of which I have three pots in blossom.

I think nothing in Dr. Ament's life and home-going has touched me so much as the beautiful poem found on his desk, which Miss Russell will send you. The reading of it towards the close of the English service was most impressive. Perhaps

it was partly because, lately, I have had to live in such a heart-tiring rush that the "Valley of Silence" appealed to me so.

The words of the speakers on Sunday were not a more beautiful tribute to Dr. Ament than the sympathetic audience. The very air seemed fragrant with living memories and I realized more than ever before what the loss of Dr. Ament means to Peking. Our girls could not sing very well that day, for their voices were too choked. Still, "The Lord is mindful of His own" sounded very sweet. We chose it because it was one of Dr. Ament's favorites.

Very lovingly,

LUELLA MINER.

From Prof. F. W. Williams, son of Dr. Williams, the secretary of the United States Legation, Peking, who for seventeen years filled this distinguished position:

New Haven, Jan. 7, 1909.

MY DEAR MRS. AMENT:

I am distressed to learn of the illness of Dr. Ament and of the necessity of your return with him to this country. I left him in Peking hardly six months ago apparently so well that the news comes to me as a sort of shock, involving as it does the welfare of one whom I have learned to consider as a very dear friend. Dr. Ament was so good to me during my stay in Peking, adding so greatly to the pleasure and profit, as to associate his name with all my memories of the place. I recall the dozen days spent in your house there as among the most delightful in my whole long journey.

I need not tell you how sincerely I hope and pray for you. We cannot see the light far beyond our human vision while we struggle in the dark, but we know it is there, we must know it is there to guide us, or how unutterably miserable we should be.

Believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

F. W. WILLIAMS.

President's Room, Western Reserve University,
Adelbert College, Cleveland, Jan. 19, 1909.

MY DEAR MRS. AMENT:

I learned only last night that you had arrived in Oberlin. Since I knew of the sickness of your husband and of the

end, my heart has gone out to you and to your son in tender sympathy. Mrs. Thwing can never forget what he was to us in Peking, only a year ago. He seemed not only one of nature's noblemen, but also one of Christ's heroes, so vigorous, so strong, so alert, so effective in service, so helpful to every one and to every cause was he.

Your husband, Dr. J. P. Jones and I roomed in the same entry at Andover, thirty years ago. His going breaks another tie which binds us to that happy past. Will you convey to your son my sense of blessedness for him that he has such a father, as well as accept for yourself my gladness that you have such a husband.

Believe me, with great regards,

Ever yours,

CHARLES F. THWING.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 26, 1909.

REV. DR. J. EDWARD KIRBYE, *Medina, Ohio.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Mrs. Ament writes me of your memorial service planned for next Sunday for my dear friend and Andover classmate, Dr. W. S. Ament. As class secretary of the Andover class of 1877, with whom he graduated from the Seminary, permit me, in behalf of us all, this brief word expressive of our love, sympathy and appreciation of the man and our sense of your and our deep bereavement. His bright, happy face and unconventional Christian spirit were always a good cheer to us in student days. We knew his life plan, yet he seemed quite happily unlike the traditional type of missionary candidates. We have watched his growth and achievement through the years, as he has contributed his periodical offering to the class letter going round the world. His Christian heroism during the siege of Peking commanded our wonder and admiration as did his statesmanship and breadth of vision in the days that followed, while he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ from men of narrower vision who misunderstood him. His work is its own crown. His departure seems to us untimely and deplorable, but God, no doubt, has larger things for him to do in His limitless kingdom, and God knows best. To the church of his early love and devotion in the home land, to the wife and son so deeply bereft, to the missionary circle belting the globe who loved him and who mourn his loss, and to the far-away people of his great parish

in the Orient, to whom his loss is irreparable, our hearts go out in sympathetic grief. He was "facile princeps" in our swiftly narrowing class, though we were proud of our four missionaries in Japan, Turkey and China. We shall miss him here, but we shall meet him yonder in God's good time.

With sincere regard,

SAMUEL T. KIDDER.

From Dr. J. P. Jones, of Madura Mission, India:

It is thirty-three years since Dr. Ament and I first met at Andover Theological Seminary. I have known him and rejoiced in him ever since as a brother missionary—a man whom God has greatly honored as a servant in the Far East. Seven years ago we spent together our furlough at Oberlin and in my frequent intercourse with him I was charmed by his combined force and attractiveness. During the last few years I had frequent correspondence with him, especially with reference to the vital problem of church union in China and India. His broad Catholic spirit made him a leader among his peers in China in the advocacy of comity and federation among the Christian forces of that great land of China. The missionary body wisely chose him as the chairman of the Committee on Christian Union, of the Shanghai Conference. Few know how thoroughly and eagerly he studied this fundamental question, but we all know how eloquently and convincingly he advocated the cause of union in his report at the great conference. And Christian union in that far-off land will owe more to his sagacity and eager advocacy than any one can now realize. In his last letter he dwells upon the situation in China revealing a keen understanding of the true inwardness of officials in that land such as only a man of his long experience and statesman-like views and vision could possess. The missionary body feels deeply its loss in the death of Dr. Ament, one of the most able, consecrated and heroic men of God.

An appreciation, Rev. William B. Stelle:

Look at Dr. Ament's picture and you see the man. God gave him a constitution abounding in vigor and kept him growing. Energy multiplied in him. There was always the stir of advance. He was at home out-of-doors. Men were his

chief interest. Children fascinated him. Even the Chinese wondered at his memory of faces and names. He was fond of music and though not a musician, his soul sang. Many tedious hours over rough Chinese roads were enlivened with hymns, generally in Chinese. Humor thrilled him, and the stories of his experiences imparted to his associates convulsed the mirth centres. Not only was his home a veritable asylum of cheer, but his time seemed to have no other course than to flow for his fellow men in distress. This man, gaining rare friendly intercourse with some of the most prominent officials of the empire, directly connected with almost every possible philanthropic organization in the capital, frequently aiding in like movements in the neighboring cities, the chairman of an important missionary committee for all China, this public man the hoodlums of the neighborhood counted as their chum, and they were right. More than the efficient shepherd of his flock of a thousand in a neglected community of three million, he was the slave of any man who seemed to need a friend.

And no pastor ever seemed more exclusively to belong to his parish. There was no troubling of the waters when he did not carry the most needy soul to the brink. Holy Week was a God-given festival when he led his people in psalms of ascent. All of the twenty small churches frequently heard his gospel message and entered with him into the Holy of Holies as the child of God truly communed with the Father. Dr. Ament's greatest talent was the power of prayer. To him prayer was the act, almost an art, in which all of life culminated. His usual pulpit was at the large city church, a college church at the capital, and with its average congregation of five hundred worthy of the best of preachers. He felt the responsibility and rose to the privilege. Day after day, also, at the street chapel, he fished for men, and on Sunday, with some of these new inquirers present, a life-giving process throbbed through the sermon. The form differed but the theme was Christ, our way to God. His rugged faith conveyed itself through his words and God seemed near. The best thoughts that have entered into the hearts of men, lighted up with love, were presented so simply and clearly that the schoolboys were interested. Feeling was strong and the common duties of life were portrayed in warm colors. Large sections of truth were dealt with, which by their very bigness were attractive. And when preparation had been legitimately forced to the minimum, Dr. Ament could

take the subject of the Sunday-school lesson and with almost Socratic freedom carry the discourse to heights of apprehension and desire which enabled the congregation to separate and feel that they had worshipped in the house of God and received strength from on high. In the special pastoral functions of baptism and communion Dr. Ament was at his best and his thought was happy and impressive. His English sermons, preached in turn with other missionaries to a congregation largely of preachers and teachers, were eagerly anticipated, and always suggestive and uplifting. A signal legacy of great worth which the Peking church and the twenty lesser churches received from Dr. Ament is the prayer-meeting training, given by this master of leaders. The boys' school, the training classes, the annual meetings, all were fused with the evangelistic spirit of this apostle at Peking.

Dr. Ament was always ready. He kept himself in condition. His possessions were for the most part at hand. This made him an interpreter of exceptional power.

The fine beauty of his personality, high virtues become habits, the atmosphere of the man, those who were nearest to him know best. And the younger missionaries associated with him are his most ardent eulogists.

If there be a chance to serve in heaven, he is now giving his strength to such high service. Christ was to him a Hero, and the revelation of God. He is with Christ and the Father.

Tientsin, China, Feb. 27, 1909.

My dear Will:

Ever since your father was taken seriously ill last summer I have wanted to write to you. But I hoped and prayed for his recovery, and most of the time definitely expected it, and I wanted to wait till recovery was quite assured before I wrote, so that my letter might be full of good cheer and promise. I heard of your father's death on the morning of February 3d, when I was just starting for the country. During your father's illness I had the privilege of being much with him. Of course extended conversation was not wise and in the early part of each night he was drowsy and often slightly delirious, but towards morning he would often wake up bright and talk to me freely. Perhaps he talked more freely to me than to others, because I had been with him so much in the old days in Peking. The whole impression was of a man who had

done his work well, had practically finished the hardest part of it and was content now to leave it.

That such an opinion was justified, I gather from every evidence. As to the Peking station—it is the largest station in the mission, without question the best organized, and the growth, development and organization were principally his work,—though (at this time) he had the cordial coöperation of Mr. Stelle, Miss Russell and others. There have been raised up three Chinese pastors, who got their example and inspiration from your father, principally, and who are fitted now to carry on the work efficiently, with their memories of him and his precious legacy to them.

Your father was a remarkable man. The active side of his nature was so vigorous, so constantly in evidence that it was a continuing source of surprise to me that he was scholarly also. The combination is so rare that one could hardly credit it at first. I believe it took me a long time to apprehend that one who was always on the alert, ready for anything, and "up and at it," could be anything more than superficial in scholarship. But there were constant evidences that the studious side of his life was genuine. During his illness he wondered why God had called him to suffer so much. But was he not even at the close of his earthly life made perfect through suffering? We can but rejoice for him, but you cannot know how much he will be mourned and missed in Peking and throughout our mission. He was the most effective evangelistic worker and the most successful organizer we ever had.

Yours faithfully,
CHAS. E. EWING.

Resolutions of the North China Mission, June, 1909: "The members of the North China Mission of the American Board wish to express their sorrow and deep sense of loss in the departure from earth of Rev. W. S. Ament, D. D., for more than thirty years a member of this mission. Dr. Ament's executive ability and untiring energy, his fine scholarship and earnest and eloquent preaching, his fidelity to the great evangelical truths of Christianity, his high ideals of character and conduct, his quick and warm-hearted sympathy, his readiness to help the poor and dis-

tressed, and his courage and promptness in action made him a power for good in the city of Peking. Here and in the surrounding region his great life-work was done. The Peking church, with its more than a thousand members, a large number of whom were baptized by him, is his lasting memorial. Both among his own people in the homeland, and among those to whom he ministered in China, he had a rare power of communicating the impulse to purer and better things, and to a higher and nobler life. Respected and loved by multitudes of the Chinese for whom his life had been spent, he has passed, we believe, into the more immediate presence of the Master, with

> "Life's race well run,
> Life's work well done,
> Life's crown well won.

"His sorrowing wife and son, and his mission associates, the Chinese Christians, to whom as pastor and guide he was a tower of strength, and his many friends on both sides of the ocean have in their grief and sorrow the peace and comfort of believing that he has entered into the infinite reward and blessedness of the Master's service in those realms where there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, but are all one in Christ Jesus; and where we believe he is with many who have been brought into God's kingdom through him."

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC

(*Found tacked up in Dr. Ament's desk.*)

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim voiceless valley—alone,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of places
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dreamed all the songs that I sing;
And the music that floats up the valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are furrowed with care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one is the bright mount of Prayer.

—*Father Ryan.*

Appendix

From the Oberlin Review, Jan. 19, 1909:

WILLIAM SCOTT AMENT

An Appreciation—Preacher, Teacher, Statesman, and in a Sense, Martyr, for China

OBERLIN has a long list of honored missionaries, but not one more worthy of distinction than Dr. Ament. This veteran of the North China Mission had completed full thirty years of service when he entered into rest at San Francisco, on January 6, 1909, while on his way home for medical advice.

Dr. Ament's service—nearly all of it in Peking—was in many and varied forms. He was not only pastor of the South Congregational church, attended by many students and the American Board missionaries in Peking, but was at the head of a large evangelistic work centering in Peking, and reaching out into a wide range of country about the capital. He was a trustee of the Peking University (Meth. Episcopal); an examiner of students preparing for diplomatic service; depositary of the Tract Society; chairman of the Committee on Comity and Federation for all China; and for several years, president of the National Christian Endeavor Union of China.

Dr. Ament had a deep and human interest in all classes of people. His friendships were not on a horizontal stratum, but up and down. To every one he met he gave his interest and often practical help, as well. He inspired very many boys to desire and get an education—often having to encounter the lack of interest, or the active opposition of their friends to their attending school.

Though not a physician, he carried simple remedies on his country tours, and relieved many ailments and won many friends to listen to his gospel message. He fully believed in the Christian ministry as the noblest form of service, and could not comprehend why so many of these best equipped for such service should turn aside to other pursuits.

He was a fine linguist. At the opening of the Union Medical College in Peking, he was given but five minutes to read over the manuscript of United States Minister Rockhill's address, which he then interpreted to a select audience, largely made up of high Chinese officials. To overstate the object or plan of the college would be to invite official opposition. Many Americans left the meeting full of praise of his skill and tact in rendering the speech into Mandarin.

From the Congregationalist:

A LOSS TO BOTH CHINA AND AMERICA

By Rev. J. L. Barton, D. D.

Rev. William S. Ament, D. D., entered into missionary service in China under the American Board in 1877, and on January 7, 1909, in Lane's Hospital, San Francisco, while upon his way home for special treatment, he entered into rest. These thirty years mark the span of service of a man who was freely accorded a great place, not only among the missionaries of the American Board, but among the missionaries of all denominations in China.

Few missionaries in these later years have been more wedded to the Church and the direct work of its propagation. He permitted his feet and his hands to be tied by no other institution, so that the Church as an organization and as an expanding, growing body could command his time and his best strength. He was naturally a preacher of the Gospel. Soon after reaching Peking, he was to take me about one evening to see various phases of Christian work. He said he was leaving his street chapel near his house in the care of two Chinese preachers. As we started out we came first to this chapel. We sat for a few moments while a Chinese preacher was addressing the company. Dr. Ament grew uneasy, and turning to me he said, "I think I will have to say a little something to them," and then he spoke with wonderful force for more than a half hour. He then hurried me off, saying, "If we don't start I shall preach all the evening."

He was equally at home with a city or a rural audience. No one's preaching was more sought than his at Peking, and no man in China could better call and hold the crowd for hours

in the remote interior villages. He seemed to understand the heart of the Chinese and know how to satisfy its cravings. The cruel and baseless attack made upon him in this country by Mark Twain, in 1901, left a deep wound in his heart, in spite of the fact that it was clearly shown that his acts had been above criticism. He said one night, as we were sitting in a Chinese inn upon our way to Shansi, "I presume there are many in the United States who regard me as little better than a thief and a robber." I tried to assure him that no missionary was more honored than he, none more absolutely trusted, as it had been proven that the charges had no foundation in fact. He replied, "That is true, but do the people believe the proof, and will the truth ever catch up with the charge?"

I had heard that he possessed a large number of elaborately prepared silk banners and official umbrellas, given him by the people of the different towns to which he had rendered distinguished service in adjusting financial losses incurred by the Boxer troubles. While in his house frequently, I saw none, and asked him if he had them. He said, "Oh, yes, I have some packed away in a trunk." I asked him if I might see them some time. He replied, "Yes, if you wish." The day before I was to leave the city I went to his house and said: "Dr. Ament, you have not yet shown me those banners; what is the reason? Do you not wish to let me see them?" "Certainly," said he; "you can see them if you desire, but I don't care to make an exhibit of them." There was a large trunk packed full of the collection of elaborate and rich silk tokens, made up of hundreds of yards of silk. These were covered by thousands of names of residents in the different towns and cities, officials and common people, who had taken this Chinese way of expressing the gratitude they all felt because what threatened to be an expensive and long drawn out international complication had been quietly adjusted by this man of God to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. As he would take no remuneration for himself, they could but present him with their expression of gratitude, emblazoned in colossal characters of gilt paper upon Chinese silk, to which their names, in black, were attached. There were official umbrellas in the lot that would have commanded homage in any city or town in China, and yet that modest missionary had almost to be forced to drag them out from their place of secret hiding to show them to his secretary.

I asked, "What are you going to do with these?" He replied: "I have no use for them. Of course I cannot show them." I asked, "Will you let me have one?" He said, with animation, "Why, yes; take them all and do with them what you will." I have from that lot one umbrella and two banners, almost enough to put me in the Mandarin class, if only my name were Ament.

Is it any wonder that the Chinese and the missionaries and the officials, native and foreign, loved that man, and with one accord acknowledged his masterful leadership, and to-day mourn his death with a profound consciousness of the loss they and the cause of Christ in China have sustained? Where is the man who will go out to take the place thus made vacant?

From the Advance, January 28, 1909:

A FALLEN HERO

By A. N. Hitchcock, D. D.

It is suggestive of the fortunes of war that, at a time when our Congregational hosts are planning the greatest campaign of their history, one of their most honored commanders, long at the far front of the battle, is silently borne homeward lying upon his shield. It was far into the night of Monday, January 11th, when a belated Illinois Central train rolled almost noiselessly into the great Twelfth Street Station, bearing the remains of Dr. Ament. His heart-broken wife kept silent vigil through all the long journey from San Francisco, where, on January 6th, in Lane Hospital, after a somewhat prolonged illness, which necessitated his return from North China, he fell on sleep. From Chicago the little sorrowful group proceeded by next train to Owosso, Michigan, where our honored brother was laid to rest in the family burial ground.

W. S. Ament was a man of action, of quick decision, of high conscience, and of resolute courage. With these qualities he combined a certain breadth of judgment and a kindness of heart which gave him wide influence in North China, and indeed throughout the various Protestant missions of China.

Standing one day in the spring of 1907 in Tung-chow among some of the ruins of the awful desolation caused by the Boxer uprising, and walking over the same road leading to Peking

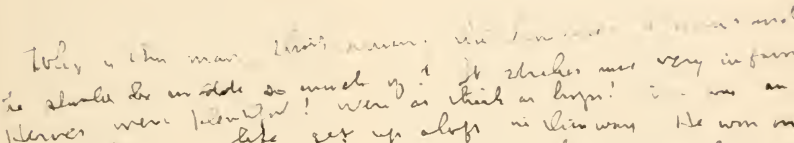
along which Dr. Ament escorted the missionaries and native Christians, I realized as never before the peril of the undertaking. The legations and many missionaries were shut in at the capital. The Chinese soldiers, the Boxers, and the howling mob outnumbered the foreigners and native Christians fifty to one. At that juncture Dr. Ament applied to United States Minister Conger for a detachment of soldiers to rescue the American missionaries in Tung-chow—twelve miles away—and conduct them to Peking. But the American forces were already too few and Minister Conger declined. Nothing daunted, Ament got together something like a dozen carts, with mules and drivers, and under his personal escort they proceeded to Tung-chow, took the missionaries and Christians aboard and returned to Peking in safety, after the lapse of only twelve hours. It was as if some flaming sword of an angel had guarded them on their way. For no sooner were they out of Tung-chow than the fury of the mob broke loose and both college and missionary homes were quickly laid in ruins.

The man of such rugged courage was also a man of kindly patience and of restraint under provocation. I well recall an occasion, just after his return to America, following the liberation from Peking, when he addressed an audience of several hundred at a noon hour in Chicago. At the close of his address a prominent lawyer came to the platform and asked the writer to introduce him to Dr. Ament. This was done, whereupon the lawyer invited both of us to lunch with him. We had not been long at the table before our host, who was saturated with the criticisms of Mark Twain, turned upon Dr. Ament a most irritating fire of cross-questioning. These questions did not seem intended to bring out information, but were adroitly constructed for the evident purpose of entangling the missionary and involving him in misdemeanors if not in crimes. It was a flagrant abuse of courtesy and I have never been able with perfect calmness to recall the incident. But this brave missionary bore it all in patience, spoke calmly and kindly, set forth clearly the exigency of conditions in Peking and the plain instructions of the United States minister, under which he was acting at every step, and withal revealed such a wealth of knowledge, as well as of humane sympathy and practical judgment, that the keen lawyer seemed a moral pygmy in comparison.

One of the latest services rendered by Dr. Ament to the

growing cause of missions in China was his able paper on "Christian Comity" at the great conference in Shanghai, in 1907. I had seen him on various other occasions, but never before had he seemed to me quite so much the Christian statesman as when he outlined and enforced, with eloquent and powerful argument, a great plan of essential union for all the Christian forces of the empire.

Ament is gone. There are many circles of admiring friends in America who sorrow over his departure. But next to the loved ones of his own family there are none who will feel a heavier lonesomeness than his associates in the North China Mission and especially the large company of Chinese Christians to whom he was a tower of strength and a steadfast friend.



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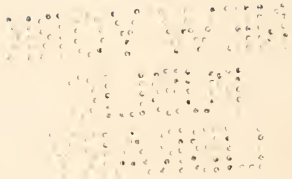
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